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THE

NEW BRITISH DRAMA,

CONTAINING

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

1167 B

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE:

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A COPIOUS INDEX

TO THE

REMARKABLE PASSAGES AND WORDS,

BY

SAMUEL AYSCOUGH.

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VOL. II.

" ———— IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE ROSE;
" EACH CHANGE OF MANY-COLOUR'D LIFE HE DREW,
" EXHAUSTED WORLDS, AND THEN, IMAGIN'D NEW."

LONDON:

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THE

NEW BRITISH DRAMA,

CONTAINING

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

1167 B

Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius[1],
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a French Serjeant, with two Centinels.

Serj. SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
Cent. Serjeant, you shall. [*Exit Serjeant.*] Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.
Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.
Tal. Lord regent—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,——
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.
Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
The English, scaling the walls, cry, St. George! A Talbot!
Cent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!
The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter several ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, half ready, and half unready.
Alen. How now, my lords? what all unready[2] so?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave their beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate, than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.
Enter Charles, and Pucelle.
Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Pucel. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reign. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

[1] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as *Homer's Iliad.* [2] *Unready* was the current word in those times for *undress'd.*

Pucel.

Pucel. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way: 'tis sure they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.
Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, A Talbot! A Talbot[1]*! they fly, leaving their clothes behind.*
Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, &c.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;—
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night,
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates. [began,
Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.
Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure, I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts [train
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal. Here is the Talbot; Who would speak with him?
Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly; that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers*]—You perceive my mind.
Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Countess of Auvergne's Castle.

Enter the Countess, and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ear,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. [*as musing*] Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and wrizled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he goes?
Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

[1] This alludes to a popular tradition, that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT *cometh.* See also the end of Scene iii. Act II.

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like:
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.
Tal. Ha, ha, ha! [turn to moan.
Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall
Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond [1],
To think that you have ought but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?
Tal. I am, indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here;
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling [2] merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I shew you presently.
Winds his horn; drums strike up: a peal of ordnance.
Enter Soldiers.
How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plant. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient. [truth;
Plant. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us. [er pitch,
War. Between two hawks, which flies the high-
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plant. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me [3].
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours [4]; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropt from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected [5];
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plant. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,

[1] i. e. so foolish. [2] The term *merchant*, which was, and now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying, that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The word *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant*, in its less respectable sense, is still in common use, particularly in Staffordshire, and the adjoining counties, as a common denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. [3] The rose (as the fables say) was the symbol of silence, and consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. [4] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*. [5] i. e. it is justly proposed.

The

The argument you held, was wrong in you;
[*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plant. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating, that
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red. [roses;
Plant. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plant. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plant. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plant. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion [1], peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plant. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen [2] from so deep a root?
Plant. He bears him on the place's privilege [3],
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt [4] from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plant. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension [5]:
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spight of thee, shall wear.
Plant. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognisance [6] of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree. [bition!
Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy am-
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plant. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it! [house,
War. This blot, that they object against your
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plant. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plant. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer [7], *brought in a chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the [8] pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent [9]:
Weak shoulders, over-borne with burth'ning grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.—
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is
Unable to support this lump of clay,— [numb,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—

[1] By *fashion* is meant the badge of the *red rose*, which Somerset says he and his friends should be distinguish'd by. [2] i. e. those who have no right to arms. [3] The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. [4] *Exempt* for *excluded*. [5] i. e. opinion. [6] A *badge* is called a *cognisance* a *cognoscendo*, because by it such persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. [7] Mr. Edwards observes, that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinshed says, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V. Mr. Steevens adds, "that his uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales." [8] i. e. the heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. [9] i. e. end.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.
Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfy'd.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance;
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire [1] of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come. [come?
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? is he
Plant. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?
Plant. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease [2].
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head. [me,
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease. [was:
Plant. Discover more at large what cause that
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty [3] great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.
Plant. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather [4]:
But yet be wary in thy studious care. [me:
Plant. Thy grave admonishments prevail with
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick;
Strong fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plant. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughter'r doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell; and fair [5] be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-pass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort [6]:
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.
[*Exit.*

[1] That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. [2] i. e. my *uneasiness* or *discontent*. [3] i. e. *high*. [4] The sense is, I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw. [5] i. e. *lucky* or *prosperous*. [6] We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the north in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support of his own princely ambition.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Parliament.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers to put up a Bill; Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

Win. COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!——

Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. [1] Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not over-borne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Rich. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*

K. Henry. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—
[*A noise within;* Down with the tawny coats!
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again,* Stones! Stones!

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

Mayor. Oh, my good lords,—and virtuous
Pity the city of London, pity us! [Henry,—
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter men in skirmish, with bloody pates.

K. Henry. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what you dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd [2] fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majesty:
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate [3],
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,

[1] *Roam* to Rome.—To *roam* is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. [2] i. e. *unseemly, indecent.* [3] i. e. a *bookman.*

And

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*
Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while. [soul!—
K. Henry. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. My lord protector, yield;——yield,
Winchester;——
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
K. Henry. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard
you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same? [gird[1].—
War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glo. Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not! [not!
Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it
K. Henry. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful I am made by this contract!—
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.
2 *Serv.* So will I.
3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic
The tavern affords. [*Exeunt.*
War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty. [sweet prince,
Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty. [force:
K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
K. Henry. If Richard will be true, not that
But all the whole inheritance I give, [alone,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, 'till the point of death.
K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your knee against
And, in reguerdon[2] of that duty done, [my foot:
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.
Rich. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may
And as my duty springs, so perish they [fall!
That grudge one thought against your majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke
of York!
Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!
[*Aside.*
Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies. [Henry goes;
K. Henry. When Gloster says the word, king
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*
Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in
Not seeing what is likely to ensue: [France,
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed[3].
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Roan in France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and Soldiers with sacks upon their backs, like Countrymen.

Pucel. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
Through which our policy must make a breach:—
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.
1 *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Roan;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

[1] A *kindly gird* is a *gentle* or *friendly reproof.*

[2] i. e. recompence, return.

[3] That is, *propagate itself*, and advance.

Watch. *Qui va là?*
Pucel. *Paisans pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.
Watch. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.
Pucel. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alençon.

Dau. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants[1]:
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,—
No way to that[2], for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle on a battlement, thrusting out a torch burning.

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Roan unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites. [friend,
Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Dau. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Reig. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*An alarum: Talbot in an excursion.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery;—
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride[3] of France. [*Exit.*

An alarum: excursions. Enter Bedford brought in sick, in a chair, with Talbot and Burgundy, without. Within, Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and Alençon, on the Walls.

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants; want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; Do you like the taste?
Burg. Scoffon, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Dau. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time. [treason!
Bed. Oh, let no words, but deeds, revenge this
Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despight,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Pucel. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but follow, rain will follow.—

[*Talbot, and the rest, whisper together in council.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Pucel. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools.
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in France)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-Lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die. [vows.
Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal or woe. [you.
Burg. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes[4]:
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and forces.*

An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[*Exit.*

[1] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps, in the softer sense, *stratagem*. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in stratagems*. [2] That is, *no way equal to that*. [3] *Pride* signifies the *haughty power*. [4] This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to king Arthur.

Retreat:

Retreat: excursions. Pucelle, Alencon, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven shall please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

An alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:—
Yet, heaven have glory for this victory!

Burg. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Burg. What willlord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Plain near the City.

Enter the Dauphin, Bastard, Alençon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped [1] from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd [2] from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum beats afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[*Here beat an English march.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

[*French march.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Enter the Duke of Burgundy, marching.

Dau. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucel. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Burg. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Dau. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I am vanquish'd; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;

[1] To *extirp* is to root out. [2] i. e. expelled.

So,

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.
Pucel. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!
Dau. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.
Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Vernon, Basset, &c. To them Talbot, with Soldiers.

Tal. My gracious prince,——and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.
K. Henry. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
K. Henry. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd[2] with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.
[*Exeunt King, Glo. Tal.*
Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours[1] that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?
Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, who so draws a sword[4], 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll met thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Paris. A Room of State.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.

Glo. LORD bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—
That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.
[*plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Pataie[6],
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,—
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.
Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;

[1] Dr. Johnson on this passage observes, that the inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire; and adds, that he has read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. [2] i. e rewarded. [3] This was the badge of a *rose*, and not an officer's scarf. [4] i. e. in the court, or in the presence-chamber. [5] i. e. *design*, or *intend*. [6] Poictiers has been used by some of the editors; but this gross blunder must be probably imputed to the players or transcribers; for the battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of king Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of king Henry VI. viz. 1428. The action of which Shakspeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse called *Pataie*," which we should read instead of *Poictiers*. "From this battell (adds the same historian) departed without anie stroke stricken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same veere by his valiantlesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c.

Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty [1] courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnished in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—
[*Exit Fastolfe.*
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more, but plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*
[*Reading.*
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend [2] some alteration in good will?
What's here?—*I have, upon especial cause,* [Reads.
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction, [*France.*
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths, [guile?
There should be found such false dissembling
K. Henry. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt? [foe.
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your
K. Henry. Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Henry. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
My lord, how say you? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit Tal.*

Enter Vernon, and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Henry. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Henry. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn [3] the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord;
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. [out,
K. Henry. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord!
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness; Good my lords, be friends. [combatants:
K. Henry. Come hither, you that would be
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords,—remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

[1] i. e. high. [2] To *pretend* seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. to *hold out*. [3] i. e. resist.

Beside,

e, What infamy will there arise,
i foreign princes shall be certify'd,
for a toy, a thing of no regard,
Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
oy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
ink upon the conquest of my father,
ender years; and let us not forego
for a trifle, which was bought with blood!
ıe be umpire in this doubtful strife.
no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
any one should therefore be suspicious
e incline to Somerset, than York:
are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
ıll they may upbraid me with my crown,
ıse, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
our discretions better can persuade,
I am able to instruct or teach:
herefore, as we hither came in peace,
us still continue peace and love.—
n of York, we institute your grace
: our regent in these parts of France:—
good my lord of Somerset, unite
troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
ıearfully together, and digest
angry choler on your enemies.
lf, my lord protector, and the rest,
some respite, will return to Calais;
thence to England; where I hope ere long
: presented, by your victories,
Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*
ıent York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.
r. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
ly, methought, did play the orator.
k. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
t he wears the badge of Somerset.
r. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame
him not;
: presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
k. And, if I wist[1], he did—But let it rest;
affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt.*
Manet Exeter.
:. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress
thy voice:
ıad the passions of thy heart burst out,
, we should have seen decypher'd there
rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,
yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
owsoe'er, no simple man that sees
ıarring discord of nobility,
ıhould'ring of each other in the court,
factious bandying of their favourites,
ıat he doth presage some ill event.
ıuch, when sceptersare in children's hands;
ıore, when envy breeds unkind division;
:comesthe ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the walls of Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trumpets and drum.

. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
ıon their general unto the wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,——Open your city gates,
Be humbled to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,—
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.
Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortify'd,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive[2] their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due[3] thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the walls.*
Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their
O, negligent and heedless discipline! [wings.—
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:
Not rascal[4] like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's
right!
Prosper ourcolours in thisdangerousfight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of France.

Enter a Messenger meeting York, who enters with a trumpet, and many soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,

[1] i. e. if I knew. [2] i. c. to *direct*. [3] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*. [4] A rascal deer
: a lean poor deer.

That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted[1] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.
York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!
York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.
Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul! [since,
And on his son young John; whom, two hours
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.
Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of France.

Enter Somerset, with his Army.

Som. It is too late: I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with the sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Capt. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about[2] with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring[3], looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation[4].
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that shall lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default. [him aid.
Som. York set him on, York should have sent
Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition. [the horse;
Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.
Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.
Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen
Within six hours they will be at his aid. [straight:
Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Field of Battle near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, and his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;

[1] i. e. I am *let down*, I am *lowered*. [2] i. e. environed, encircled. [3] i. e. protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. [4] In this line, *emulation* signifies merely *rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence.

That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now art thou come unto a feast of death [1],
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then, let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard [2] should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's sword.
Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.
John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
'Till with thy warlike sword, despight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purposing the bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.
John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
Oh what advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
And like [3] me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
And if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.
Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side.
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot, led by the French.

Tal. Where is my other life?——mine own is gone:—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—

[1] To a field where *death will be feasted* with slaughter. [2] Meaning, your care of your own safety. [3] i.e. *make me like*, or *reduce me to a level with*, the peasant boys, &c.

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity[1]!
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring[2] my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter John Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither[3] sky,
In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say—
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[*Dies.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, and Joan la Pucelle.

Char. HAD York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's raging-wood[4],
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majestical, high scorn—
He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born—*
To be the pillage of a giglot[5] *wench:*
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Shefield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great Marshall to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Pucel. Here is a silly stately style, indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.——
Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial, as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear
Them hence: but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix, that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what thou wilt.

[1] i.e. stained and dishonoured with captivity. [2] i.e. watching me with tenderness in my fall.
[3] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yielding*. [4] *Raging-wood* signifies *raging mad*. [5] *Giglot* is a *wanton*, or a *strumpet*.

w to Paris, in this conquering vein;
be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

England.

er King Henry, Gloster, and Exeter.

nry. Have you perus'd the letters from the
peror, and the earl of Armagnac? [pope,
have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
umbly sue unto your excellence,
: a godly peace concluded of,
i the realms of England and of France.
enry. How doth your grace affect their
motion?
Vell, my good lord; and as the only means
effusion of our Christian blood,
blish quietness on every side.
nry. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
oth impious and unnatural,
ch immanity[1] and bloody strife
reign among professors of one faith.
Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
er bind, this knot of amity,—
l of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
f great authority in France,—
his only daughter to your grace
age, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
nry. Marriage? uncle, alas! my years are
er is my study and my books, [young;
unton dalliance with a paramour.
the ambassadors; and, as you please,
iem have their answers every one.
e well content with any choice
› God's glory, and my country's weal.

Legate, and two Ambassadors; with Winchester as Cardinal.

What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
'd unto a cardinal's degree!
perceive, that will be verify'd,
ie fifth did sometime prophesy,——
e come to be a cardinal,
ke his cap co-equal with the crown.
My lords ambassadors, your several suits
en consider'd and debated on.
rpose is both good and reasonable:
refore, are we certainly resolv'd
conditions of a friendly peace;
by my lord of Winchester, we mean
transported presently to France.
nd for the profferof my lord your master,—
iform'd his highness so at large,
ig of the lady's virtuous gifts,
uty, and the value of her dower,—
intend she shall be England's queen.
nry. In argument and proof of which
contract,
this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
my lord protector, see them guarded,
ly brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.
[*Exeunt King, and train.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these brave ornaments.
Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, nor in birth, nor for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

France.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alençon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French. [France,
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices! [speak.
Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee,
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.
Dau. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Pucel. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Dau. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarum: excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts[2]; [fly.—
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north[3],
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*

barbarity, savageness. [2] Periapts were charms sewed up and worn about the neck as ives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the cacious. [3] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. ssembles the rebel angels in the north.

Oh, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a future benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.——
A goodly prize! fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape. [be.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not
York. Oh, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye. [thee!
Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning[1] hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Suffolk, leading in lady Margaret.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art. [king,
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She is going.*
Oh, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself[2];
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How can'st thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond[3] man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear. [card
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me
Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing[4]
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.——
Madam, I have a secret to reveal. [knight
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,

[1] To *ban* is to curse. [2] Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* the judgement of another was, in our author's age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. [3] i. e. foolish. [4] i. e. a *awkward business*, an *undertaking not likely to succeed.*

If thou wilt condescend to be my ——
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.
Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walls.
Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.
Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.
Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories,
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the countries Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two countries, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him. [rected.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly di-
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty? [heart,
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish [1]tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*
Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk,
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth; [stay,
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Mad[2], natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart out-right!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless [3]cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!
Pucel. Decrepit miser[4]! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood!
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out!——My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows;
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my batchelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle[5]!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan. [this man
Pucel. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

[1] i. e. childish. [2] i. e. *wild* or *uncultivated*. [3] i. e. *untimely*. [4] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. [5] A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*.

Of thy nativity! I would, the milk [breast,
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Pucel. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shorten'd.
Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death. [child?
York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge. [live;
War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards
Especially since Charles must father it.
Pucel. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel;
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. [my curse:
Pucel. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; 'till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[*Exit guarded.*
York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell! [*Cardinal Beaufort, &c.*
Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse at these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And see at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.
York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
Oh, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.
Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, and Reignier.
Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler choaks
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful[1] enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself,
Adorn his temples with a coronet[2];
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known already, that I am possess'd
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord embassador; I'll rather keep

[1] *Baleful* had anciently the same meaning as *baneful.* [2] *Coronet* is here used for a *crown.*

That

That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all. [means
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit [1] proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[*Aside to the Dauphin.*
War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?
Char. It shall;
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[*Charles and the rest give tokens of fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

England.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Suffolk in conference with King Henry; Gloster, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord. [sume.
K. Henry. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph [2] having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
Her father is no better than an earl, [that?
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship [3];
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And, therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in woman commonly is seen) will
Answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.
K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that [report,

[1] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king. [2] That is, at the ports by which a triumph is celebrated. [3] i. e. by the discretional agency of another.

My

My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, 'till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure[1] me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief[2]. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece; [goes,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king:
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*Exit.*

[1] i. e. judge. [2] *Grief* in this line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneasiness*; in the line that follows, specially for *sorrow*.

[1]SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY *the Sixth.*
HUMPHREY *Duke of* GLOSTER, *Uncle to the King.*
Cardinal BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Duke of YORK, *pretending to the Crown.*
Duke of BUCKINGHAM, } *of the King's Party.*
Duke of SOMERSET, }
Duke of SUFFOLK, }
Earl of SALISBURY, } *of the York Faction.*
Earl of WARWICK, }
Lord CLIFFORD, *of the King's Party.*
Lord SAY.
Lord SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD.
Young STAFFORD, *his Brother.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*
Young CLIFFORD, *Son to Lord Clifford.*
EDWARD PLANTAGENET, } *Sons to the Duke*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, } *of York.*
VAUX, *a Sea Captain, and* WALTER WHITMORE, *Pirates.*
A Herald. HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *two Priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *an Astrologer.*
A Spirit, attending on Jordan the Witch.
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.* PETER, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Albans.
SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*
JACK CADE, BEVIS, MICHAEL, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the Butcher,* SMITH *the Weaver, and several others, Rebels.*

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry VI.*
Dame ELEANOR, *Wife to the Duke of Gloster.*
Mother JORDAN, *a Witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaufort, on the one side; the Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suf. AS by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calabar, Bretaigne, Alençon, [shops,—
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bi-
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hand, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.
K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;
The mutual conference that my mind hath had—
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

[1] This and the Third Part, (which were first written under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*, printed in 1600, and afterwards greatly improved by the author) contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster; and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Alban's, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign: so that it comprises the history and transactions of ten years. It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it pre-supposes the First Part already known.

In

In courtly company, or at my beads,—
With you mine alder-liefest[1] sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister. [speech,
K. Henry. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.
All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!
2. *Mar.* We thank you all. [*Flourish.*
Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.
Glo. reads.] Imprimis, "It is agreed between
"the French king, Charles, and William de la
"Poole, marquess of Suffolk, embassador for Hen-
"ry king of England,—that the said Henry shall
"espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Reignier
"king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and
"crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth
"of May next ensuing."
Item, "That the dutchies of Anjou and of
"Maine shall be released and delivered to the
"king her fa——"
K. Henry. Uncle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.
K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Win. Item, "It is further agreed between them,
"that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be
"released and delivered to the king her father;
"and she sent over of the king of England's own
"proper cost and charges, without having any
"dowry."
K. Henry. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword.—
Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,
'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,
Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*
Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Study'd so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro [awe?
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in
Or hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despight of foes;
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our councils die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown;
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been! [course?
Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse
This peroration with such circumstance[2]?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
Sal. Now, by the death of Him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!
York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in
Before—— [France,
Car. My lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

[1] According to Warburton, *alder-lievest* is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached; *lievest* being the superlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lief*; but Mr. Steevens asserts *alder-liefest* to be a corruption of the German word *alder-liebste*, beloved above all things; and adds, that the word is used by Chaucer. [2] Meaning, this speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation.

Glo.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings[1].—
Farewell, my lords; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords—he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords! let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster:*
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.
Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.
Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*
Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.
Buck. Thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*
Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common weal.—
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people:
Join we together, for the public good;
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend[2] the profit of the land.
War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!
York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause. [*Aside.*
Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.
War. Unto the main! Oh father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle[3] point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: What is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penny-worths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon[4].
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own:
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, 'till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
'Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;

[1] To *bicker* is *to skirmish.* [2] i. e. *direct to.* [3] *Tickle* for *ticklish.* [4] i. e. Meleager.

And

And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit York.*

SCENE II.

The Duke of Gloster's House.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas[1] the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exit Gloster.*
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, [man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Elean. My majesty! why, man, I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to shew your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward: make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit Eleanor.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the dutchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the dutchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, A crafty knave does need no broker[2];
Yet am I Suffolk's and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

[1] *Whereas* is the same as *where*.

[2] This is a proverbial expression.

Well,

stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
lavery will be the dutchess' wreck;
tainture will be Humphrey's fall:
it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

e or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's Man, being one.

ly masters, let's stand close; my lord
vill come this way by-and-by, and then
eliver our supplications in the quill[2].
larry, the Lord protect him, for he's a
! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

lere a' comes, methinks, and the queen
I'll be the first, sure.
Come back, fool; this is the duke of
nd not my lord protector.
ow now, fellow? wouldst any thing

I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye
'd protector.
For my lord protector! are your sup-
to his lordship? Let me see them:
ine?
Mine is, an't please your grace, against
odman, my lord cardinal's man, for
ıy house, and lands, and wife and all,

y wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.
ur's! what's here! [*reads.*] *Against f Suffolk for enclosing the commons of* —How now, sir knave?
Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of
township.
Against my master, Thomas Horner, for
hat the duke of York was rightful heir
wn.
. What say'st thou? Did the duke of
he was rightful heir to the crown?
That my mistress was? No, forsooth:
r said, That he was; and that the king
urper.
ho is there?—Take this fellow in, and
is master with a poursuivant presently:—
more of your matter before the king.
[*Exit Peter guarded.*
. And as for you, that love to be protected
e wings of our protector's grace,
ır suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the petitions.*

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

2. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are—the prophets, and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would chuse him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

2. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

2. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress, than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
'Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,

happen. [2] Mr. Steevens thinks, that the phrase *in the quill*, or *in quill*, implies no more *written* or *penn'd* supplications. Mr. Tollet supposes it may mean, with great exactness and ce of form, or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony; that it seems to be taken from part of of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*; and that while these were worn, it might be the say, such a thing is in the *quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taste, as it has been since y to use the similar phrase of a thing being *in print*, to express the same circumstance of . Another critic and commentator, however, conjectures, that this may be supposed to n a phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *quille* in a nine-pin, and in some parts of England nine-pins are still called *cayls*. *Quelle* in the old nguage also signifies any piece of wood set upright.

That

That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
'Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York,—this late complaint[1]
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphrey, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchess of Gloster.

K. Henry. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me. [France,
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him. [no,
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son;—and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this. [so.
2. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure[2]: these are no women's matters. [grace
2. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your
To be protector of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions. [attire,
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's
Have cost a mass of publick treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law. [France,
2. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in
If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?
Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will. [in time;
Elean. Against her will!—Good king, look to't
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Tho' in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit Eleanor.*
Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[*Exit Buckingham.*

Re-enter Duke Humphrey.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spightful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.
Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.
York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
'Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
'Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.
War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner the Armourer, and his Man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: What are these?
Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.
K. Henry. Say, man, were these thy words?
Arm. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.
Peter. By these ten bones, my lord, [*holding up*

[1] i. e. the complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king. [2] i. e. judgement or opinion.

his

his hands] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:— I do beseech your royal majesty, Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge. Let Somerset be regent o'er the French, Because in York this breeds suspicion: And let these have a day appointed them For single combat, in convenient place; For he hath witness of his servant's malice: This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset, We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! the spight of a man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!—

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison: and the day Of combat shall be the last of the next month.— Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Duke Humphrey's Garden.

Enter Mother Jourdain, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters; the dutchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us [*Exit Hume*]. Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: John Southwel, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor, above.

Elean. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times: Deep night, dark night, the silent[1] of the night, The time of night when Troy was set on fire; The time when scritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs[2] howl, When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves, That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise, We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwel reads,* Conjuro te, &c.

It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth.

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath, By the eternal God, whose name and power Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask; For, 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become? [*Reading out of a paper.*

Spirit. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose; But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the spirit speaks, they write the answer.*

Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun castles; Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains, Than where castles mounted stand. Have done, for more I hardly can endure. [lake:

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham, with their guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.——

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.— What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal Are deep indebted for this piece of pains; My lord protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guerdon'd[3] for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's king, Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close, And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:— Stafford, take her to thee.—— We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all; Away! [*Exeunt guards with Jourdain, Southwel, &c.*

[1] *Silent* for *silence.* [2] Mr. Steevens says, that the etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unsettled. They seem, however, to have been designed by poets to signify some terrific beings whose office it was *to make night hideous.* [3] i. e. rewarded.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chose to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death. [*posse.*
Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords:
These oracles are hardily attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;
With him the husband of this lovely lady: [them;
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector. [York,
Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of
To be the post, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.——Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

At Saint Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Gloster, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers hallooing.

Q. Mar. BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook[1],
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out[2].
K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain[3] of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds. [that?
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?
K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat[4] on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? [peremptory?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship. [lence.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insо-
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Henry. I pr'ythee, peace, good queen;
And whet not on these too too furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that! } *Aside.*
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.
K. Henry. How now, my lords?
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to Gloster.*
Glo. True, uncle.
Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?
Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*
K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—— [for this,
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
Or all my fence[5] shall fail. [*Aside.*
Car. [aside] *Medice, teipsum;*

[1] This is the falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. [2] The meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather; while Dr. Percy says, that the passage signifies, that the wind was so high, it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. *Utrum horum mavis, accipe.* [3] i. e. glad. [4] To *bait* or *beat (bathe)* is a term in falconry. [5] *Fence* is the art of defence.

Protector,

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.
K. Henry. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.
Enter one, crying, A miracle!
Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
One. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. Henry. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren, bearing Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.
Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.
Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king.
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
K. Henry. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
K. Henry. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good saint Alban; who said,—*Saunder, come; come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said; what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.
K. Henry. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—
My lords, saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
Would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O, master, that you could!
Glo. My masters of saint Alban's,
Have you not beadles in your town, and things Call'd whips?
Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.
Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[*Exit Messenger.*
Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by-and-by.
Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.
Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.
Enter a Beadle, with whips.
Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah, beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that same stool.
Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.
Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.
[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow and cry,* A Miracle!
K. Henry. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?
Queen. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.
Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town
Until they come to Berwick, whence they came.
[*Exit Beadle, with the woman, &c.*
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly[1] bent,——
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ring-leader and head of all this rout,——
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forth-coming yet at London[2].
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Gloster.*

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company;
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:——
Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as both you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line I claim the crown) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: She then was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claimeth it from the third.
'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.——
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:

[1] i. e. wickedly. [2] That is, your lady is in custody.

And

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey;
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full. [wick
War. My heart assures me, that the earl of War-
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Hall of Justice.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess, Mother Jourdain, Southwel, Hume, and Bolingbroke, und. r guard.

K. Henry. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;
[*To the other prisoners.*
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.
Elean. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death. [thee;
Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.——
[*Exeunt Eleanor, and the others, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease[1].
K. Henry. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.
2. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.——
God and king Henry govern England's realm:
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
Glo. My staff?—Here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly, do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne!
[*Exit Gloster.*
2. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught[2]:—There let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand. [sprays;
Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight. [fore
2. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely there-
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.
K. Henry. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested[4],
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.
Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag[5] fastened to it; and at the other door enters his Man, with a drum and a sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.
1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And, fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.
2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco[6].
3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.
Arm. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!
1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.
2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.
Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer;—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

[1] That is, sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease. [2] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*. [3] i. e. let him pass out of your thoughts. [4] i. e. in a worse plight, perhaps worse betyd. [5] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with sand. [6] A name for a sort of sweet wine, probably much in use in our author's time.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.——Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York,—I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart[1].

York. Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?

O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right! [sight;

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt[2]:

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.——

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Duke Humphrey, and his men, in mourning cloaks,

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud; And, after summer, evermore succeeds Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet[3].— Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me, To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess: Uneath[4] may she endure the flinty streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet! Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook The abject people, gazing on thy face, With envious looks still laughing at thy shame; That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels, When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets. But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives; let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!

See, how the giddy multitude do point,

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;

For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

Mail'd up[5] in shame, with papers on my back;

And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice

To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;

And, when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trow'st[6] thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;

Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, 'till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,

Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;

I must offend, before I be attainted:

And had I twenty times so many foes,

And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scathe[7],

So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,

But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;

These few-days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff, Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

[1] *Ascapart*—the giant of the story—was a name familiar to our ancestors. The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. [2] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. [3] To *fleet* is to change. [4] *Eath* is the ancient word for *ease*. *Uneath*, therefore, implies *uneasily* or *painfully*. [5] i. e. wrapped up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. [6] Think'st. [7] *Scathe* is *harm* or *mischief*.

And

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.
Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.
Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh[1] again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.
Elean. What, gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?
Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. [*Exit Gloster.*
Elean. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.
Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully? [lady,
Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's
According to that state you shall be us'd.
Elean. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
Elean. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go? [this sheet,
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, and Buckingham, &c. to the Parliament.

K. Hen. I MUSE, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now. [serve
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not ob-
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself!
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin:
But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth[2] then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now, 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lords of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegation if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.
Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind.
I think, I should have told your grace's[3] tale.
The dutchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing[4] of his high descent,
(As, next the king, he was successive heir)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepest;
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,

[1] i. e. the world may look again favourably upon me. [2] i. e. it seemeth to me. [3] Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of king James the First. [4] *Reputing of his high descent*, means, *valuing himself upon it*.

Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown, [Humphrey.
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke
K. Henry. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns, that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
2. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Henry. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
K. Henry. Cold news, lord Somerset: but God's will be done! [France,
York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear[1] ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here. [blush,
Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they, that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.
Suf. My lord, these faults are easy[2], quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep until your further time of trial.
K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent. [ous!
Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are danger-
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:——
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life:
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:

[1] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. [2] *Easy* here means slight, inconsiderable.
[3] i. e. *dear liege*.

If

If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
2. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play me false!—
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exit guarded.*
K. Henry. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.
2. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament? [with grief,
K. Henry. Ay, Margaret: my heart is drown'd
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewail good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—*Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.* [*Exit.*
2. Mar. Free[1] lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd on a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein, I judge my own wit good)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.
York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.
York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death[2].——
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of [Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
2. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death. [then,
Suf. Madam, 'tis true; And were't not madness,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates[3] him first, that first intends deceit.
2. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest[4].
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, and censure well[5] the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
2. Mar. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly[6] who impugns our doom.

[1] By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live. [2] Because duke Humphrey stood between York and the crown. [3] *Mates* him means—that first puts an end to his moving. To *mate* is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. [4] i. e. I will be the attendant on his last scene. [5] i. e. judge the deed good. [6] i. e. is of no importance.

Enter

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify—that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable:
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent a regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.——

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, 'till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

2. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still;—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all! [shame!

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And, what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:—
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but York.*

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
And change misdoubt to resolution: [thoughts,
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart. [thought;
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell:
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw[1].
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, 'till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
Caper upright like to a wild Morisco[2],
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute:
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' minds,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortur'd;
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will)
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter two or three, running over the stage, from the murder of duke Humphrey.

First M. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Second M. O, that it were to do!—What have
Didst ever hear a man so penitent? [we done!

Enter Suffolk.

First M. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

First M. Ay, my good lord, he's dead. [house;

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
I will reward you for this venturous deed.

[1] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind, that is, a Moorish dance.

[2] A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris,

The

The king and all the peers are here at hand:——
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First M. Yes, my good lord.
Suf. Away, be gone! [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset, with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. Lords, take your places;—And I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
2. Mar. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Henry. I thank thee: Well, these words content me much.——

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
2. Mar. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word. [*The King swoons.*
2. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
2. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—Oh, Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again;—Madam, be patient.
K. Henry. O heavenly God!
2. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Henry. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now[1] to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
2. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man! [he is.
2. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statue then, and worship it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
And twice by awkward[2] wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves:
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cowr'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish[3] Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land; the sea received it;
And, so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)

[1] i. e. just now, even now. [2] i. e. adverse. [3] i. e. kill or destroy.

To

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign, [der'd
That good duke Humphrey traiterously is mur-
By Suffolk's and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, 'till I return.
[*Warwick goes in.*

K. Henry. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
[*A bed, with Gloster's body, put forth.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death[1].

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

2. *Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's[2] nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy. [your knife?

2. *Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exit Cardinal.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

2. *Mar.* He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say it;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race. [thee,

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,

[1] i. e. I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.

[2] The *puttock* is the *kite*.

Quitting

Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men! [blood,
Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt.*
K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*
2. *Mar.* What noise is this?
Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.
K. Henry. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.
Noise of a crowd within. Enter Salisbury.
Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm[1] might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.
Commons [*within*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury. [hinds,
Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort[2] of tinkers to the king.
Within. An answer from the king, or we will all break in.
K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care:
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore,—by His Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit Salisbury.*
2. *Mar.* Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk! [Suffolk.
K. Henry. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—
If, after three days space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt all but Suffolk, and the Queen.*
2. *Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!
Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations;
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
2. *Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan[3],
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,

[1] Serpents in general are called *worms*. [2] i. e. a company. [3] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground, it groans, and that, this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

As

As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees[1]!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks[2]!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards'[2] stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding scritch-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——

2. *Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself:
And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban[3], and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

2. *Mar.* Oh, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;
[*Kisses his hand.*
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
Oh, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

2. *Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast! what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

2. *Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit Vaux.*
Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss[4],
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows? [coming;
Now, get thee hence.—The king, thou know'st, is
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death;
O, let me stay, befall what may befall. [corrosive,

2. *Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris[5] that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

2. *Mar.* And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

2. *Mar.* This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

The Cardinal's Bed-chamber.

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, and others, to the Cardinal in bed.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

[1] *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. [2] It has been said of the *basilisk*, that it had the power of destroying by a single glance of its eye.—A *lizard* has no sting, but is quite inoffensive. [3] i. e. curse. [4] Meaning, *Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? [5] Iris was the messenger of Juno.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
Enough to purchase such another island, [treasure,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Coast of Kent.

Alarm. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, and other pirates, with Suffolk, and other prisoners.

Cap. THE gaudy, blabbing[1], and remorseful[2] day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
[*Pointing to Suffolk.*
1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.
Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;
Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.
1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[*To Suffolk.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.—
Whit. And so am I; my name is——Walter Whitmore
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright? [death.
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me—that by *Water*[3] I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. Gualtier, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
And bare-head plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,

[1] The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*. [2] *Remorseful* is pitiful. [3] See the fourth scene of the first act of this play.

Fed

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive [1] pride;
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's [side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thine own.
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? Lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground; [death,
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy [2] a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are rising up in arms: [crown,
And now the house of York—thrust from the
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges! [here,
Small things make base men proud: this villain
Being captain of a pinnace [3], threatens more
Than Bargulus [4] the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.
Cap. Walter,— [death.
Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy
Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus:—'tis thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more;
Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.—
Suf. That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians [5]:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave [6]
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand [7]
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the great [8]; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exit Walter Whitmore, with Suffolk.*
Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exit Captain, with all but the first Gentleman.*

Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit Whit.*
1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king;
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of Kent.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.
Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.
Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.
Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

[1] Meaning, pride assumed before its time. [2] To *affy* is to betroth in marriage. [3] A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war's boat, but a ship of small burthen. [4] This Bargulus is to be met with in *Tully's Offices;* and the legend is the famous *Theopompus's History.* "*Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit,*" lib. ii. cap. 11. [5] See note [2], page 505. [6] i.e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Lænas, tribune of the soldiers. [7] Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar. [8] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other.

Bevis.

Bevis. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handycrafts-men.

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True; And yet it is said,—Labour in thy vocation: which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver:—

Bevis. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and a sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father,——

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings[1]. [*Aside.*

Cade. For our enemies shall fall[2] before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack[3], she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith: the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market-days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being so often burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—There shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters[4];—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; Rise up Sir John Mortimer.

[1] That is, a barrel of herrings. Perhaps the word *keg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupted. [2] He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall*. [3] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. [4] i. e. of letters missive, and such like public acts.

Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; Rise up Sir Dick Butcher. Now sound up the drum.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:— The king is merciful, if you revolt. [blood,

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to If you go forward: therefore yield, or die. [not[1];

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer; And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, [not?

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did he

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's false. [true:

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away; And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer, when he came to age: His son am I; deny it, if you can. [king.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.* Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this: Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king. [*Staf.* Herald away: and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those, which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors:— And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, with their train.*

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.— Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon; For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field. The parties fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

Re-enter Cade, and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus I will reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This monument of the victory[2] will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, 'till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Black-Heath.

Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head; the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

2. *Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind, And makes it fearful and degenerate; Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep. But who can cease to weep, and look on this? Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast: But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat: For God forbid, so many simple souls Should perish by the sword! And I myself, Rather than bloody war should cut them short, Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—

[1] i. e. I pay them no regard. [2] Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour.

But stay, I'll read it over once again. [face
Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?
K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn
to have thy head.
Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have
K. Henry. How now, madam? [his.
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.
Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but
die for thee.
Enter a Messenger.
K. Henry. How now! what news? why com'st
thou in such haste?
Mes. The rebels are in Southwark: Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.
K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not
what they do.
Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels should be soon appeas'd.
K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee,
Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.
Say. So might your grace's person be in danger;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.
Enter another Messenger.
2 Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court. [horse.
Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take
K. Henry. Come, Margaret; God, our hope,
will succour us.
Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd. [rebels.
K. Henry. Farewell, my lord: trust not to Kentish
Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London.

Enter Lord Scales, and others, on the walls of the Tower. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels. [mand;
Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall com-
But I am troubled here with them myself,
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into Smithfield, gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Gough[1]:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—Lord Mortimer.
Enter a Soldier running.
Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!
Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*
Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.
Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.
Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter Jack Cade with his company. They fight with the King's forces, and Matthew Gough is slain.

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.
Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.
Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.
Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.
John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*
Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*
Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.
John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aside.*

[1] According to Holinshed, Matthew Gough was "a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father."

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the town in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say[1], thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing[2] to be us'd; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and, because they could not read[3], thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth[4], dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,——

Dick. What say you of Kent? [*gens.*

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin. [will.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done; [never.
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent[5] to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—— [field?

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks! [your good.

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar[6] under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done. [prayers,

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.
[*Exeunt some, with lord Say.*

The proudest peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead[7] ere they have it: Men

[1] *Say* was the old word for *silk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*. [2] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. [3] That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. [4] A *footcloth* was a horse with housings which reached as low as his feet. [5] Dr. Johnson is inclined to think that *Kent* slipped into this passage by chance, and would read: "When have I aught exacted at your hand, *But* to maintain the king, the realm, and you?" Mr. Steevens proposes to read, "*Bent* to maintain," &c. i. e. *strenuously resolved to the utmost, to*, &c. [6] A *familiar* is a dæmon who was supposed to attend at call. [7] Alluding to an ancient usage during the existence of the feudal tenures.

shall

shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills[1]?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, we will ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss[2].—Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum, and retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—— [*A parley sounded.*
What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat and parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou hast mis-led;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, 'till you had recover'd your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprize me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despight of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.——
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Kenelworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset, on the Terras.

K. Henry. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old;
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!——

[1] A pun, perhaps alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. [2] This fact is recorded by Holinshed, p. 634; "and as it were in a spite caused them in every street *to kisse* together."

Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallow-glasses, and stout Kernes [1],
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms, to second him.——
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower:—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

A Garden in Kent.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet [2], my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears [3].

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.——Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou may'st be turn'd to hobnails.

[*Here they fight.*

O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,

[1] Gallowglasses and Kernes were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish. [2] A *sallet*, by corruption from *cælcta*, a helmet, (says Skinner,) *quia galeæ cælatæ fuerunt.* [3] That is, *As for more words*, whose pomp may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, *and refer the rest to my sword.*

And

And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead[1]:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.
Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge. [thee!
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Enter York, attended, with drum and colours.

York, at a distance from his followers.

FROM Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or scepter, balance it[2].
A scepter shall it have, have I a soul:
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well. [greeting.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,——
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
Oh, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep and oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
O Buckingham, I pr'ythee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.
Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.——
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,—
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King Henry, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Whom since I hear to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. Henry. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!——
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your majesty. [degree?
K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;

[1] I will make a votive offering of thee, and for that purpose hang thee over the tomb in which I purpose to have my body laid, when I am dead. [2] That is, balance my hand.

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves the king.
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.
K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!
K. Henry. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.
Enter Queen Margaret, and Somerset.
2. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
2. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.
Enter Edward and Richard.
See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.
Enter Clifford.
2. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*
York. We thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
K. Henry. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
2. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons? [serve.
E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will
R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall. [here!
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears[1],
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.
Drums. Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.
Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
R. Plan. Oft have I seen[2] a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves. [to bow?—
K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat. [me?
K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto
Sal. I have.

[1] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a *bear and ragged staff* for their cognizance. [2] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself. [hast,

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou can'st conjure up to-day:
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet[1],
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell these traitors and their 'complices.

R. Plan. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic[2], that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Field of Battle at Saint Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit Warwick.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy. [esteem,

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay[3]!—address[4] thee instantly. [*Fight, and Clifford falls.*

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*

York, Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
And the premised[5] flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together! [*Seeing his dead father.*
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease[6]!——Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve[7]
The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity;
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house! [*Taking up the body.*

[1] i. e. thy *helmet.* [2] A *stigmatic* is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity. [3] i. e. a dreadful wager. [4] i. e. prepare. [5] *Premised,* for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now. [6] i. e. to stop. [7] i. e. to obtain.

As

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lie thou there;—
[*Somerset is killed.*
For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death[1].—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, and Queen Margaret, and others.

2. *Mar.* Away, my lord, you are slow; for shame, away!

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

2. *Mar.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly;
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply 'scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush [2] of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth [3],
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him [4]; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites to such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

[1] The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we met with at the close of the First Act of this play. [2] i. e. all wear or ravage. [3] The *brow* of *youth* means the *height* or *summit* of youth. [4] i. e. three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY *the Sixth.*
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*

Duke of SOMERSET,
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,
Earl of OXFORD,
Earl of EXETER,
Earl of WESTMORELAND,
Lord CLIFFORD,
} *Lords on King Henry's side.*

RICHARD, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King,*
GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster,*
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
} *His Sons.*

Duke of NORFOLK,
Marquis of MONTAGUE,
Earl of WARWICK,
Earl of SALISBURY,
Earl of PEMBROKE,
Lord HASTINGS,
Lord STAFFORD,
} *Of the Duke of York's Party.*

Sir John MORTIMER,
Sir Hugh MORTIMER,
} *Uncles to the Duke of York.*

Lord RIVERS, *Brother to the Lady Gray.*
Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Mayor of York, Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.
HUMPHREY *and* SINKLO, *two Huntsmen.*
LEWIS XI. *King of France.*

Queen MARGARET.
BONA, *Sister to the French King.*
Lady GRAY, *afterwards Queen to Edward* IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, &c.

In part of the Third Act, the Scene is laid in France; during all the rest of the Play in England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London. The Parliament House.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerously:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Shewing his bloody sword.*
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,
[*To Warwick, shewing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*
York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
Is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.
War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

[1] The action of this play opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years.

For

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to put us out by force. [ment;
York. The queen, this day, here holds her parlia-
But little thinks, we shall be of her council:
By words, or blows, here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells[1].
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*
Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, at the further end of the stage.
K. Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel. [down:
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
K. Henry. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly. [heart,
K. Henry. Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's
To make a shambles of the parliament house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the duke.*
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou art deceived, I am thine.
Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry. [king?
Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York. [throne?
K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my
York. It must and shall be so.—Content thyself.
War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.
North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. Henry. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose:—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace! [leave to speak.
K. Henry. Peace, thou! and give king Henry
War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.
K. Henry. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France—
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

[1] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to fright the birds from rising.

Shall

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Henry. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Henry. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Henry. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign the crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown[1]?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Henry. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.
K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despight of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Henry. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the soldiers shew themselves.*
K. Henry. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;——
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England, and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I. [news.
Clif. Come, cousin, let's go tell the queen these
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, & Westmoreland.*
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. [yield.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not
K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord? [son,
K. Henry. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign; and
Neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes! [*Here the Lords come forward.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.
War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York, and his sons, Warwick, Northumberland, and Montague.*
K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow, to the court.
Enter the Queen, and Prince.
Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.
K. Henry. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*
Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Henry. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Queen. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Henry. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—

[1] i. e. to the prerogative of the crown.

The

The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.
Queen. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm:
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.
K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.
K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace: 'till then, I'll follow her.
Queen. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus. [*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*
K. Henry. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown[1], and, like an empty eagle,
Tire[2] on the flesh of me, and of my son!
The loss of those three lords[3] torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.
Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.
Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.
Enter the Duke of York.
York. Why, how now, sons, and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention[4].
York. About what? [and us;
Rich. About that which concerns your grace
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn!
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou can'st not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms: And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish men will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty[5], and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?
Enter a Messenger.
But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post? [lords,
Gab. The queen, with all the northern earls and
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
My brother Montague shall post to London;
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:

[1] i. e. hover over or range about my crown.
[2] To *tire* may either mean to fasten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer*; or *to peck*.
[3] viz. Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford.
[4] Meaning, that the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topic, viz. the question of their father's immediate right to the crown.
[5] *Witty* would here seem to mean, *of sound judgement*.

And

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit Montague.*
Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.
York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen means to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle, betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford comes!
Enter Clifford and Soldiers.
Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,—
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.
[child,
Tutor. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, drag'd off.*
Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey:
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
[enter.
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
[thine,
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And 'till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
[me!
Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Clifford stabs him.*
Rut. [1] *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*
[Dies.
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Alarum. Enter Richard Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles [2] both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cry'd—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd [3] again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.
Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiers.
Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,

[1] This line is in Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon.* [2] These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. [3] i. e. we *failed* or *miscarried* again.

I dare

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick[1].
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons:
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou can'st for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice, [this.
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
[*Draws.*
Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:—[causes,
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland. [much,
North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*
Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.
[*York is taken prisoner.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty!
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto him now? [berland,
Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northum-
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught[2] at mountains with out-stretched arms
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin[3] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear could fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold up his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
'Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
Clif. That is my office, for my father's death.
Queen. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France, [tooth!
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verify'd,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at;
'Tis government[4], that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
Oh, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,

[1] Or, noon-tide point on the dial. [2] i. e. that *reach'd*, *raught* being the ancient preterite and participle passive of *reach*. [3] A napkin is a handkerchief. [4] *Government* here signifies evenness of temper, and decency of manners.

To

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death.—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet boy,
And lo! with tears I wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foe will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!— [curse;
There, take the crown, and with the crown, my
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabs him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!—
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I Wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares our brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks, 'tis prize[1] enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated by the racking clouds[2],
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds[3],
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

[1] i. e. *honour* enough. [2] Meaning, the clouds as they are driven by the winds; from *racke*, Belg. a track. [3] i. e. illustrious and shining by the armorial ensigns granted us as *meeds* or rewards of our great exploits.

Mes. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despight;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks,
A napkin, steep'd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
Oh Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast, [quench.
And burn me up with flames, that tears would
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it. [thee;

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquis of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad? [count

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should re-
Our baneful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh, 'till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death[*].

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought, [queen,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again. [wick?

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle War-
And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-
land? [power;

War. Some six miles off the duke is with his
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war. [tied:

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire. [hear;

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not:
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords. [you out;

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
And therefore comes my brother Montague.

[*] *Done to death* for *killed*, was a common expression long before Shakspeare's time.

Attend

ıe, lords. The proud insulting queen,
fford, and the haught[1] Northumberland,
heir feather, many more proud birds,
ought the easy-melting king like wax.
: consent to your succession,
enrolled in the parliament:
to London all the crew are gone,
ate both his oath, and what beside
te against the house of Lancaster.
wer, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
he help of Norfolk, and myself,
he friends that thou, brave earl of March,
the loving Welshmen can procure,
amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
a! to London will we march amain;
: again bestride our foaming steeds,
: again cry—Charge upon the foe!
r once again turn back, and fly.
Ay, now, methinks, I heard great War-
wick speak:
ıy he live to see a sun-shine day,
s—Retire, when Warwick bids him stay.
Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I
lean;
n thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
ward fall, which peril heaven forefend!
No longer earl of March, but duke of
York;
degree is, England's royal king:
of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
borough as we pass along:
hat casts not up his cap for joy,
he offence make forfeit of his head.
vard,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
ıo longer dreaming of renown,
l the trumpets, and about our task.
Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
as steel,
hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds)
pierce it, or to give thee mine.
hen strike up, drums;—God, and Saint
George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

low now? what news? [me,
he duke of Norfolk sends you word by
n is coming with a puissant host;
s your company for speedy counsel.
hy then it sorts[2], brave warriors: Let's
way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

York.

Henry, the Queen, the Prince of Wales,
l, and Northumberland, with forces.

Welcome, my lord, to this brave town
of York.
the head of that arch-enemy,
ht to be encompass'd with your crown;
the object cheer your heart, my lord?
y. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear
heir wreck;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
"What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
"My careless father fondly gave away?"
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell[3]?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.— [know,
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
Queen. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.
K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson—Draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

igh. [2] Meaning, Why then things are as they should be. [3] This alludes to the com-
rb of "Happy the child whose father went to the devil."

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign[1] your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune. [I'll stay.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too: therefore

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter Edward, Clarence, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montagu, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke: for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Art thou there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak! [thee,

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. [the crown?

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands[2].

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence. [you stay.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed,

K. Henry. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak. [lips.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic[4],
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom'd toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt[5],
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,) [traught,
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw[6] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat[7] know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,

[1] That is, *Range* your host. [2] Alluding to the proverb, "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." [3] i. e. it is my firm persuasion. [4] A *stigmatic* is said to have been a notorious lewd fellow, who hath been burnt with a hot iron, or beareth other marks about him as a token of his punishment. [5] *Gilt* is a superficial covering of gold. [6] Mr. Steevens comments on this passage thus: Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets the word *wispe* by *peniculus*, which signifies any thing to wipe or cleanse with; a cook's linen apron, &c. Pewter is still scoured by a *wispe of straw*, or *hay*. Perhaps, Edward means one of these *wisps*, as the denotement of a menial servant. Barrett adds, that, like a *wase*, it signifies "a wreath to be laied under the vessel that is borne upon the head, as women use." If this be its true sense, the prince may think that such a *wisp* would better become the head of Margaret, than a *crown*. Mr. Steevens afterwards adds, that "a *wispe* was the punishment of a scold." [7] *Callat*, a lewd woman, a drab.

And

And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claim until another age.

Cla. But, when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any further conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, I'll no longer stay:
Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle, near Towton in Yorkshire. Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent[1] with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spight of spight, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage:
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up, and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand:—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops;
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Fore-slow[2] no longer, make we hence amain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard, and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and bro-
To execute the like upon thyself; [ther,
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. wasted, tired.

[2] To *fore-slow* implies to be dilatory, to loiter.

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best:
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had killed his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed of some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—Oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
Oh heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief[1].

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—Is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late[2]!

K. Henry. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruefful deeds!—
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!——
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
The other, his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd!

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woeful chances,
Mis-think[3] the king, and not be satisfy'd!

[1] The meaning of the king is, that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*, all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves. [2] i. e. He should have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and son thus miserable. [3] To *mis-think* is to think ill, unfavourably.

Son.

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?
Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?
K. Henry. Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the body.*
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious[1] will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [*Exit, with the body.*
K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.
Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, and Exeter.
Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Queen. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before. [Exeter.
K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.
Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
Ah, Lancaster! I fear thine overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York.
The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemy?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
And as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies—
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
And thou this day had'st kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
And, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your father's bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*
Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, Clarence, Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.
Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause, [looks.—
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford flew with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[*Clifford groans, and dies.*
Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave? [parting.
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's de-
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford:
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof, let his supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered. [house,
Edw. Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward.*
War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
As in the time of death he gave our father.
Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager[2] words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

[1] *Obsequious* here implies careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites. [2] i. e. Sour, harsh words.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now? [wast wont.
War. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
That I in all despight might rail at him,
I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy. [head,
War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord. [be;
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous[1].
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo[2]*, and Humphrey, with cross-bows in their hands.*

Sink. UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this[3] laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.
Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
Sink. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self place where now we mean to stand.
Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself? [fee:
Sink. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's
This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.
K. Henry. Let me embrace these sour adversities
For wise men say, it is the wisest course. [him
Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon
Sink. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more
K. Henry. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pity'd much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ah, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

[1] Alluding, perhaps, (says Mr. Steevens,) to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey dukes of Gloster. [2] According to Hall and Holinshed, the name of the person who took King Henry was *Cuntlowe*. [3] i. e. *laun*.

Hum

Hum. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?
K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
K. Henry. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.
Hum. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy. [tent,
Hum. Well, if you be a king crown'd with con-
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy. [oath?
K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an
Hum. No, never such an oath; nor will we now.
K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England? [main.
Hum. Here in this country, where we now re-
K. Henry. I was anointed king at nine months
My father and my grandfather were kings; [old;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
Sink. No; for we were subjects but while you were king. [a man?
K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
Sink. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.
K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is. [the king's,
Sink. We charge you, in God's name, and in
To go with us unto the officers. [be obey'd:
K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. The Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
This noble gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her. [pause.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a
Glo. Yea! is it so? [*Aside.*
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind! [*Aside.*
Glo. Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.
Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [vantage.
Glo. [*Aside.*] God forbid that, for he'll take
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me. [of her.
Clar. [*Aside.*] I think, he means to beg a child
Glo. [*Aside.*] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.
Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. [*Aside.*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [ther's land.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their fa-
Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit. [leave,
Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have
'Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.
[*Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.*
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good? [harm.
Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands to do them good.
Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service. [them?
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give
Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon?
Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask. [commands.
Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace
Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*
Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside.*
Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.
Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks. [sy.
Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'-
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
What love, thinkst thou, I sue so much to get?
Grey. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love. [did.
Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands. [er;
Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dow-
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily. [and me.
Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord;
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen. [call you—father.
Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should
K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside.*
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should
Clar. To whom, my lord? [marry her.
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands. [both,

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.— [ably.
Widow, go you along:—Lords, use her honour-

[*Exeunt King, Lady, Clarence, and Lords.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his young son Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought, and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.

And

And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaled[1] with a glorious crown,
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

France.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, Lady Bona, Bourbon, Queen Margaret, Prince Edward her Son, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Queen. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lewis. Why say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears, [cares.
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in

K. Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both mis-led,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lewis. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe. [thee.

K. Lewis. The more I stay, the more I'll succour

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lewis. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lewis. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?
[*He descends. She ariseth.*

Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise:
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
[*Speaking to Bona.*
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Queen. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me speak,

[1] i. e. encircled.

Before

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death! and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death!
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lewis. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Queen. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [*They retire.*

K. Lewis. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lewis. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lewis. Then further,—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy[1], but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lewis. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, that often ere this day,
[*Speaking to Warwick.*
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lewis. Then, Warwick, this,—Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:—
Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Queen. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lewis. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father[2] able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;
Proud setter-up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance[3], and thy lord's false love;
[*Post, blowing a horn within.*
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lewis. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you; [*To Warwick.*
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
[*To king Lewis.*

[1] *Envy* in this place seems to be put for *malice* or *hatred.* [2] This seems to be spoken ironically; the poverty of Margaret's father being a very frequent topic of reproach. [3] *Conveyance* is here put for artifice and fraud.

And,

dam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[*To the Queen. They all read their letters.*
I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
t her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
:. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he
ill's for the best. [were nettled:
x. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen? [joys.
Mine, such as fills my heart with unhop'd
Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
:. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?
', to sooth your forgery and his,
e a paper to persuade me patience?
e alliance that he seeks with France?
presume to scorn us in this manner?
I told your majesty as much before:
veth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty. [heaven,
King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of
the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—
m clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
: my king, for he dishonours me;
: himself, if he could see his shame.—
rget, that by the house of York
:r came untimely to his death?
: pass the abuse done to my niece'?
ipale him with the regal crown?
it Henry from his native right;
I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
n himself! for my desert is honour.
repair my honour lost for him,
nounce him, and return to Henry:—
e queen, let former grudges pass,
ceforth I am thy true servitor;
renge his wrong to lady Bona,
ant Henry in his former state.
Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
rgive and quite forget old faults,
that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.
So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
ting Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
ne few bands of chosen soldiers,
rtake to land them on our coast,
e the tyrant from his seat by war.
is new-made bride shall succour him:
or Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
y likely now to fall from him;
hing more for wanton lust than honour,
or strength and safety of our country.
Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
hy help to this distressed queen?
Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
ou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.
War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid. [once.
Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at
K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past, go fear[2] thy king withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. [aside.
Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid
And I am ready to put armour on. [wrong;
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [*Exit Post.*
K. Lew. But, Warwick;
Thyself, and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine. [it;
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*
K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, 'till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt. Manet Warwick.*
War. I came from Edward as embassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

learn from Holinshed, "That king Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house is much against the earles honestie, (whether he would have defloured his daughter or his certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted Edward."
[2] i. e. *fright* thy king.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Palace in England.

Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Glo. NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings. Four stand on one side, and four on the other.
Glo. And his well chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgement,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended-
Glo. Not I: [ed too?
No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd,
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonour'd by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthened this our common-wealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France. [France
Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas[1],
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son[2],
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee
Clar. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgement:
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

[1] Dr. Johnson observes, that this has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. [2] Prior to the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites.—Dr. Johnson remarks on this passage, that he knows not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards.

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. [*aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France? [words,
Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate. [brief,
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
"That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
"To revel it with him and his new bride."
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?
Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
"I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen:
For I have heard, that she was there in place.
Post. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,
"And I am ready to put armour on."
K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Post. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
"And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long."
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship, [daughter.
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's
Clar. Belike, the younger; Clarence will have the elder.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*
Glo. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*
But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause! [by us?
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand
Glo. Ay, in despight of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Cla. Fear not that, my lord. [Warwick;
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love; [ther,
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's bro-
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry, Henry!*
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Edward's Camp.

Enter the Watchmen to guard his tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
'Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow, then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report. [that,
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend. [king,
3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous. [ness,
3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quiet-
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage. [tent,
2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal
But to defend his person from night foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters; honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick, and the rest, cry all,—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the guard; who fly, crying—Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the rest, following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair: Gloster and Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke. [parted last,
K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we
Thou call'd'st me king?
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassage,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use embassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies? [too?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here
Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer [lov
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit King Edward, led o*
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have
To free king Henry from imprisonment, [d
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeu*

SCENE IV.

London. The Palace.

Enter the Queen, and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change? [lea
Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner:
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Queen. 'Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then come? [Lond
Queen. I am informed, that he comes towards
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence, [do
(For trust not him that once hath broken faith)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick takes us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park. [brother,
Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game. [huntsmen stand.—

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the
Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders. [meaning.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Tower in London.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, Young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Henry. Master lieutenant, now that God and
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat; [friends
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars[1]:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse Clarence only for protector.

K. Henry. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands; [hearts,
Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your
That no dissention hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise. [will?

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself. [sent;

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content;
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscated. [min'd.

Clar. What else? and that succession be deter-

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part. [fairs,

K. Henry. But, with the first of all our chief af-
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd. [speed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all

K. Henry. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care? [mond.

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Rich-

K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*

[1] The meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their destiny.

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad[1] will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My lord, I like not this flight of Edward's:
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help:
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy [mond;
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Rich-
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
'Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay: for, if Edward re-possess the crown,
'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest;
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom? [this;

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us. [mon them.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to sum-

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. [king,

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*He descends.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with a Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. [in arms!

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you

Montg. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do. [now forget

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*The drum begins a march.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points? [make our claim?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll
'Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule. [crowns

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

[1] He was afterwards Henry VII. a man who put an end to the civil war of the two Houses. He was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited.

The bruit[1] thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem. [himself;
Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Flourish.*
Sold. [*reads*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,* &c.
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's
By this I challenge him to single fight. [right,
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car,
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother! [wick.
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and War-
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

London.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague, Exeter, and Oxford.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him. [again.
K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wond'rous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall rest in London, 'till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign. [true hope.
K. Henry. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate! [leave.
Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my
Oxf. [*Kissing Henry's hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu. [tague,
K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mon-
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.*
K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed[2] hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[*Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!*
Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?
Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.
K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains;
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Before the Town of Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others, upon the walls.

War. WHERE is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2 *Mes.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.
Enter Sir John Somerville.
War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

[1] i. e. noise or report. [2] i. e. merit.

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Somerv. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick. [friends.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for
Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.
March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.
K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parley.
Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages. [hence,
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least he would have said—the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother. [wick's gift.
K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by War-
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?
Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck[1]!—
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.
War. O chearful colours! see, where Oxford comes!
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.
Enter Montague, with drum and colours.
Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.
Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.
Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.
Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.
War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love: [calls.
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick
[A parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime[2] the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt[3], unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephthah's when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate. [like.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-
War. O passing[4] traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

[1] A pack of cards was anciently, and is still in Staffordshire, term'd *a deck of cards.* [2] i.e. to *cement* the stones. Lime makes mortar. [3] Stupid, insensible of fraternal fondness. [4] i.e. eminent, egregious.

What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the
wn, and fight?
: beat the stones about thine ears?
is, I am not coop'd here for defence:
towards Barnet presently,
ee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
ads the way:—
he field; Saint George, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*
Warwick and his company follow.

SCENE II.

Field of Battle near Barnet.
d Excursions. Enter Edward, bring-
ng forth Warwick wounded.
So, lie thou there: die thou, and die
ur fear;
ck was a bug[1], that fear'd[2] us all.
itague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
ick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*
, who is nigh? come to me, friend,
r foe,
e, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
hat? my mangled body shows, [shows,
my want of strength, my sick heart
t yield my body to the earth,
y fall, the conquest to my foe.
s the cedar to the axe's edge,
is gave shelter to the princely eagle,
se shade the ramping lion slept;
ranchover-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
w shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
, that now are dimm'd with death's
lack veil,
as piercing as the mid-day sun,
the secret treasons of the world:
es in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
'd king, but I could dig his grave?
rst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
y glory smear'd in dust and blood!
my walks, my manors that I had,
forsake me; and, of all my lands,
left me, but my body's length!
is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
ve how we can, yet die we must.
Enter Oxford and Somerset.
, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as
e are,
recover all our loss again! [power;
from France hath brought a puissant
re heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!
y, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
there, sweet brother, take my hand,
hy lips keep in my soul a while!
t me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
rould wash this cold congealed blood,
my lips, and will not let me speak.
kly, Montague, or I am dead. [last;
Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his
latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,
And said,—Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke
Which sounded like a clamour[3] in a vault,
That could not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
O, farewell, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*They bear away his body, and Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloster, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords,—those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum: cry—Courage! and away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tewksbury.

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Queen. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But chearly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, our holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea, [much;
And give more strength to that which hath too
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
Why, is not Oxford here, another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?

[1] means a bugbear. [2] i. e. which made us all fear. [3] i. e. a clamour of tongues.

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep; [no,
But keep our course, though the rough winds say—
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes:
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.
Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee! Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!
Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at. [thanks.
Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford,
Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.
Queen. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness. [budge.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not
March. *Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and Soldiers, on the other side of the stage.*
K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.
Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay[1]; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes. [vereign,
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your so-
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Both parties go out. Alarum. Retreat. Excursions.*

SCENE V.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, &c. The Queen, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. [fortune.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my [*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*
Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is, and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers with the Prince.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Queen. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop[2] fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word. [men.
Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold. [rather.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
And thou mishapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here[3]. [*Stabs him.*
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony: [*Glo. stabs him.*

[1] To *gainsay* is to deny, to contradict.
[2] The Prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, *Æsop.*
[3] i. e. Thou that resemblest thy railing mother. *Clar.*

r. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[*Clar. stabs him.*
en. Oh, kill me too!
*. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
*. Why should she live, to fill the world with words? [her recovery.
Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for
*. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
*nce to London on a serious matter:
*e come there, be sure to hear more news.
r. What? what?
*. The Tower, man, the Tower! [*Exit.*
en. Oh, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—
that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
ot offend, nor were not worthy blame,
foul deed were by, to equal it.
s a man; this, in respect, a child;
nen ne'er spend their fury on a child.
's worse than murderer, that I may name it:
o; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—
will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
ers and villains, bloody cannibals!
sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
ave no children, butchers; if you had,
hought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
you ever chance to have a child,
in his youth to have him so cut off,
athsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince. [force.
Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence by
en. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
heath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
r. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
en. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
r. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?
en. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;
sin before, but now 'tis charity.
! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
ner for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.
Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
en. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit Queen.*
Edw. Where's Richard gone?
*. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
ke a bloody supper in the Tower. [head.
Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his
arch we hence: discharge the common sort
ay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope, she hath a son for us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Tower of London.

Enter King Henry with a book, and Gloster with the Lieutenant, on the Tower walls.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard? [say rather;
K. Henry. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*
K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Henry. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth[1] every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye, [kill'd.
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and
Glo. Why, what a peevish[2] fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Henry. I, Dædalus; my poor son, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.—
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?
K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd[3] her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.

*. fears, or suspects. [2] i. e. childish. [3] To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north-country signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing.—*All of a ruck* is a Staffordshire expression *on a heap*.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an undigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.
Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy speech. [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*
Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted. [death!
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, to hell; and say,—I sent thee thither, [*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signify'd—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father:
I have no brother, I am like no brother: [vine,
And this word—love, which grey-beards call di-
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort[1] a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, 'till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Palace in London.

Enter King Edward, the Queen, with the young Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:— [*Taking the child.*
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute[2]. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cry'd—All hail! when as he meant— } *Aside.*
All harm. }
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] i. e. I will *select* or *chuse* such a day, whose gloom shall be as fatal to thee. [2] It is supposed he speaks this line, first *touching* his *head*, and then *looking* on his *hand*.

LIFE AND DEATH OF

ING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

RD IV.
rince of Wales, } Sons to Edward IV.
Edward V. }
Duke of York, }
ke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.
of Clarence.
uke of Gloster, Brother to Edward IV.
King Richard III.
URCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
of YORK.
LY.
CKINGHAM.
RFOLK. *Earl of* SURRY.
S, *Brother to King Edward's Queen.*
DORSET, } *Sons.*
MOND, *afterwards King Henry* VII.
NGS.
S VAUGHAN.
D RATCLIFF.

Lord LOVEL.
Sir WILLIAM CATESBY.
Sir JAMES TYRREL.
Lord STANLEY.
Earl of OXFORD.
Sir JAMES BLOUNT.
Sir WALTER HERBERT.
Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest.*
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of Edward* IV.
Queen MARGARET, *Widow of Henry* VI.
ANNE, *Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry* VI. *afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.*
Dutchess of YORK, *Mother to Edward* IV. *Clarence, and Richard* III.

eriff, Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Ghosts, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

England.

London. A Street.

er Richard Duke of Gloster.

V is the winter of our discontent
lade glorious summer by this sun [2] of York;
louds, that lowr'd upon our house,
bosom of the ocean bury'd.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed [3] steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,

gedy, though it is call'd the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the ars of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapp'd up in the Tower, n'd in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485. [2] Alluding to the cogniward IV. which was *a sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appear'd which he gain'd over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. [3] i. e. steeds furnished , or warlike trappings.

Nor

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling[1] nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant[2] on mine own deformity:
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions[3] dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys[4] as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Nought to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects[5], and must obey,
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister,—
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long:
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce[6]: farewell.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

[*Exeunt Clarence and Brakenbury.*

[1] i. e. deceitful. [2] Sir John Hawkins observes, that *descant* is a term in music, signifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other. I prefer the common acceptation—to consider or ruminate on. [3] i. e. preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. [4] i. e. fancies. [5] That is, not the queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away. [6] Alluding to the proverb, "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog."

n will take the present at our hands.
comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?
Enter Hastings.
Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
is much unto my good lord chamberlain!
e you welcome to this open air.
th your lordship brook'd imprisonment?
With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
all live, my lord, to give them thanks,
re the cause of my imprisonment.
No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
y, that were your enemies, are his,
e prevail'd as much on him, as you.
More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd[1],
ites and buzzards play at liberty.
What news abroad?
No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
g is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
physicians fear him mightily.
Now, by saint Paul, that news is bad, indeed.
ith kept an evil diet long,
r-much consum'd his royal person;
y grievous to be thought upon.
s he in his bed?
He is.
Go you before, and I will follow you.
[Exit Hastings.
not live, I hope; and must not die,
eorge be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
o urge his hatred more to Clarence,
s well steel'd with weighty arguments;
I fail not in my deep intent,
e hath not another day to live:
done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
ve the world for me to bustle in!
I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
ough I kill'd her husband, and her father?
diest way to make the wench amends,
ecome her husband, and her father:
ich will I; not all so much for love,
nother secret close intent,
rying her, which I must reach unto.
I run before my horse to market:
e still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;
hey are gone, then must I count my gains.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

Another Street.

e Corse of Henry the Sixth, with halberds ard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.

. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
ur may be shrouded in a hearse,—
I awhile obsequiously[2] lament
timely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold[3] figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
Enter Gloster.
Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.
Gen. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern[4] of thy butcheries:—
Oh, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh[5]!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.——

[dwells!

ew was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. [2] *Obsequious*, nstance, means *funereal*. [3] A key, on the account of the coldness of the metal of which it osed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. [4] i. e. *instance* or *example*. [5] It lition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. llet observes, that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern from whom we descend; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases.

O God,

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd[1] infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. [have
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
Oh, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyest!
Glo. So will it, madam, 'till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower[2] method;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

[1] i. e. *irregular, uncouth*; or the phrase may mean, Thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. [2] i. e. a more *serious* method.

My

eyes did scorn an humble tear;
ese sorrows could not thence exhale,
hath, and made them blind with weep-
to friend, nor enemy; [ing.
could never learn sweet soothing word;
r beauty is propos'd my fee, [speak.
heart sues, and prompts my tongue to
[*She looks scornfully at him.*
hy lip such scorn; for it was made
lady, not for such contempt.
ageful heart cannot forgive,
lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
ou please to hide in this true breast,
soul forth that adoreth thee,
ed to the deadly stroke,
ly beg the death upon my knee.
is breast open, she offers at it with his sword.
t pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
hy beauty that provoked me.
dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young
ard;——
hy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
e sword again, or take up me.
rise, dissembler; though I wish thy
e thy executioner. [death,
n bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
have already.
it was in thy rage:
ain, and, even with the word,
which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
hy love, kill a far truer love;
eir deaths shalt thou be accessary.
would, I knew thy heart.
s figur'd in my tongue.
fear me, both are false.
en never man was true.
Vell, well, put up your sword.
r then, my peace is made.
hat shall you know hereafter.
t shall I live in hope?
ll men, I hope, live so.
uchsafe to wear this ring.
[*She puts on the ring.*
o take is not to give.
k, how this ring encompasseth thy fin-
r breast encloseth my poor heart; [ger,
of them, for both of them are thine.
poor devoted servant may
e favour at thy gracious hand,
confirm his happiness for ever.
What is it? [signs
at it may please you leave these sad de-
at hath more cause to be a mourner,
atly repair to Crosby-place[1]:
iter I have solemnly interr'd
y monastery this noble king,
s grave with my repentant tears,—
all expedient duty see you:—
unknown reasons I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me
To see you are become so penitent.—— [too,
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt two, with Lady Anne.*
Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.
Gen. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against
And I no friends to back my suit withal, [me,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury? [since,
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature[2],
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers her brother, and Lord Grey her son.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,

[1] *-place* is now *Crosby*-square in Bishopsgate-street. [2] i. e. when nature selected all her materials to complete a perfect man.

And

And chear his grace with quick and merry words.
Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Grey. No other harm than loss of such a lord.
Queen. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.
Queen. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?
Queen. It is determin'd[1], not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham, and Stanley.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley!
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Stanley. God make your majesty joyful as you have been! [of Stanley,
Queen. The countess Richmond, good my lord
To your good prayer will scarcely say—Amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Queen. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?
Stanley. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty. [lords?
Queen. What likelihood of his amendment,
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks chearfully. [with him?
Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer
Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn[2] them to his royal presence.
Queen. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be!——
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure
Who are they, that complain unto the king? [it:—
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks? [grace?
Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,——
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Queen. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the
The king—of his own royal disposition, [matter:
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself;
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
Glo. I cannot tell:—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends:
God grant, we never may have need of you!
Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those [noble.
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a
Queen. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd, [height
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for—— [not so?
Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert. [she—
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.
Queen. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I'd rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me. [king?
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the
Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

[1] *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act consequent on the final judgement. [2] i. e. to *summon* them.

'Tis

'Tis time to speak, my pains [1] are quite forgot.
2. Mar. Out [2], devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. [king,
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize [3] his blood, I spilt mine own.
2. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine. [Grey,
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am. [art.
2. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick, [don!—
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu par-
2. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world. [world,
2. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Queen. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
2. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.—[*She advances.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd [4] from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that I, being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle [5] villain, do not turn away! [my sight:
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in
2. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?
2. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it. [came,
2. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me? [ven,
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with hea-
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king [6],
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine?
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers-by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!
Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag. [shalt hear me.
2. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, 'till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

[1] i. e. my labours. [2] *Out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, frequent in the mouths of the common people of the North. [3] i. e. to make royal. [4] i. e. pillaged. [5] *Gentle* in this place implies *high-born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*. [6] Alluding to his luxurious life.

Thou

Thou elvish-mark'd [1] abortive, rooting hog [2]!
That thou wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature [3], and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour [4]! thou detested—
Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.
Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself. [fortune!
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled [5] spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous hunch-back'd toad. [curse;
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty. [me duty,
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable! [them;
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.
Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top, [high,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my sun, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's [6] nest:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so! [rity.
Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for cha-
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done. [hand,
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him; [him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon
And all their ministers attend on him. [ham?
Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*
Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine; I wonder, she's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Queen. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up [7] to fatting for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe [8] to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

[1] The common people in Scotland have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief. [2] She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. [3] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves: by which it is insinuated, that his mishapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. [4] Intimating that much of his honour was torn away. [5] A spider is called bottled, because, unlike other insects, he has a middle slender, and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider. [6] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest. [7] Mr. Pope says, that a *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-stye*, and that 'tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Mr. Steevens, however, asserts, that a *frank* was not a common *hog-stye*, but the pen in which those hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made. [8] i. e. harm, mischief.

Enter

Enter Catesby.

lam, his majesty doth call for you,—
grace,—and you, my noble lords.
tesby, I come:—Lords, will you go
me?
am, we will attend your grace.
[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*
he wrong, and first begin to brawl.
nischiefs that I set abroach,
grievous charge of others.
om I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
to many simple gulls;
Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
n—'tis the queen and her allies,
king against the duke my brother.
elieve it; and withal whet me
g'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
gh, and, with a piece of scripture,
hat God bids us do good for evil:
lothe my naked villainy
l ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
aint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

come my executioners.—
y hardy, stout, resolved mates?
going to dispatch this thing?
e are, my lord; and come to have
warrant,
be admitted where he is. [me:
thought upon, I have it here about
ave done, repair to Crosby-place.
sudden in the execution,
ate, do not hear him plead;
is well spoken, and, perhaps,
our hearts to pity, if you mark him.
at, tut, my lord, we will not stand
rate,
o good doers; be assur'd,
our hands, and not our tongues.
eyes drop mill-stones, when fools'
s drop tears[1]:
ds;—about your business straight;
atch.
e will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Apartment in the Tower.

Clarence, and Brakenbury.

y looks your grace so heavily to-day?
ave past a miserable night,
rful dreams, of ugly sights,
a christian faithful man[2],
spend another such a night,
re to buy a world of happy days;
mal terror was the time.
at was your dream, my lord? I pray
, tell me.
hought, that I had broken from the
ver,
ark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd towards England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued[3] jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting[4]*, perjur'd Clarence,*
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

[1] *y*, a proverbial expression. [2] i. e. not an infidel. [3] i. e. invaluable. [4] *Fleeting* is *changing sides.*

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone: [dren!—
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor chil-
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!— [*Clarence sleeps.*
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours, [night.
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares[1]:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?
Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?
2 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.
Brak. What, so brief? [dious:—
1 *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than te-
Shew him our commission, talk no more.
Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.
1 *Murd.* You may, sir, 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*
2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
1 *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.
2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgement-day.
1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.
2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgement, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?
2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.
1 *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.
2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.
1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.
2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this compassionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.
1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?
2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.
1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done. [ward.
2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the re-
1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?
2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.
1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.
2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.
1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?
2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.
1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.
2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.
1 *Murd.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.
2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall[2] fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?
1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard[3] with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.
2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.
1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.
2 *Murd.* Strike.
1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason[4] with him.
Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine. [anon.
1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord,
Clar. In God's name, what art thou?
1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own. [speak!
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
2 *Murd.* To, to, to—
Clar. To murder me?
Both. Ay, ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

[1] Meaning, they often suffer real miseries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications. [2] *Tall*, in old English, means *stout, daring, fearless*, and *strong*. [3] i. e. the head, a name adopted from an apple shap'd like a man's head. [4] i. e. we'll talk.

Clar.

Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
the innocent? What is my offence?
s the evidence that doth accuse me?
wful quest[1] have given their verdict up
e frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
er sentence of poor Clarence' death?
be convict by course of law,
iten me with death, is most unlawful.
you, as you hope to have redemption,
u depart, and lay no hands on me;
d you undertake is damnable. [mand.
rd. What we will do, we do upon com-
rd. And he that hath commanded is our king.
Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
the table of his law commanded,
u shalt do no murder; wilt thou then
t his edict, and fulfil a man's?
ed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
upon their heads that break his law.
rd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
: forswearing, and for murder too:
dst receive the sacrament to fight
el of the house of Lancaster.
rd. And, like a traitor to the name of God, [blade,
reak that vow; and, with thy treacherous
dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
rd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend. [law to us,
rd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful
hou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
rard, for my brother, for his sake;
s you not to murder me for this:
nat sin he is as deep as I.
will be avenged for the deed,
r you yet, he doth it publicly:
t the quarrel from his powerful arm;
ds no indirect nor lawless course,
off those that have offended him. [ster,
rd. Who made thee then a bloody minion-
allant-springing[2], brave Plantagenet,
ncely[3] novice, was struck dead by thee?
My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
l. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
e us hither now to slaughter thee.
If you do love my brother, hate not me;
brother, and I love him well.
re hir'd for meed, go back again,
rill send you to my brother Gloster;
all reward you better for my life,
dward will for tidings of my death.
rd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you. [dear:
Oh, no; he loves me, and he holds me to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will. [York
Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.
1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.
Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
O, sirs, consider, he that sets you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2 *Murd.* What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you—
Would not intreat for life? as you would beg,
Were you in my distress,——
1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.
1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not serve, [*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit.*
2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!
Re-enter first Murderer.
1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not? [been.
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you've
2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*
1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
'Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.
[*Exit with the body.*

[1] i. e. *inquest* or jury. [2] i. e. blooming Plantagenet, a prince in the spring of life. [3] i. e. one yet *new* to the world.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. WHY, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest He, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.
Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly. [remember
Queen. There, Hastings;—I will never more
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquis.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so swear I. [this league
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love
[*To the Queen.*
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.
[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart. [ham,
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.
Enter Gloster.
Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Of you, lord Woodville,—and, lord Scales, of you,—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.
Queen. A holy-day this shall be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury, to scorn his corse. [he is?
K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows
Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red-colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.
Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand[1],
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!
Enter Lord Stanley.
Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

[1] This alludes to a proverbial expression, that "Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;" "Comfort's a *cripple*, and comes ever slow."

K. Edw.

ke. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
ke. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.
The forfeit[1], sovereign, of my servant's life;
w to-day a riotous gentleman,
ttendant on the duke of Norfolk.
ke. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
ll that tongue give pardon to a slave?
ther kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
his punishment was bitter death.
d to me for him? who, in my wrath,
at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
oke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
d me, how the poor soul did forsake
hty Warwick, and did fight for me?
d me, in the field at Tewksbury,
xford had me down, he rescu'd me,
l, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
d me, when we both lay in the field,
lmost to death, how he did lap me
his garments; and did give himself,
and naked, to the numb-cold night?
from my remembrance brutish wrath
pluck'd, and not a man of you
nuch grace to put it in my mind.
n your carters, or your waiting vassals,
me a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
cious image of our dear Redeemer,
ight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
injustly too, must grant it you:—
ny brother not a man would speak,—
ngracious) speak unto myself
, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
en beholden to him in his life;
e of you would once plead for his life.—
I fear, thy justice will take hold
and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh,
rence! [*Exeunt King and Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.*
These are the fruits of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
t the guilty kindred of the queen [death?
pale, when they did hear of Clarence'
did urge it still unto the king:
l revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
fort Edward with our company?
We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

e Dutchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
. No, boy. [breast?
h. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
,—*O Clarence, my unhappy son!* [head,
Why do you look on us, and shake your
l us,—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
ur noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me
I do lament the sickness of the king, [both:
As loth to lose him; not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I. [love you well:
Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, gran-
Dutch. Ay, boy. [dam?
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?
Enter the Queen, distractedly; Rivers, and Dorset, after her.
Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.—— [tience?
Dutch. What means this scene of rude impa-
Queen. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!
Son. Ah, aunt! [*To the Queen.*] you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolours likewise be unwept!

[1] He means the *remission* of the forfeit.

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence! [Clarence!
Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and
Queen. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone. [gone.
Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's
Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.
Queen. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.
Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.
Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:——
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you. [ther,
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mo-
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd: in him your comfort lives:
Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing. [thy breast,
Dutch. God bless thee; and put meekness in
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing! [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out. [peers,
Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.
Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out:
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself:
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true in me.
Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore, I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hast. And so say I.
Glo. Then be it so: and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures[2] in this weighty business?
[*Exeunt Queen, &c.*

Manent Buckingham, and Gloster.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index[3] to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street near the Court.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?
1 *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead. [better:
2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady: seldom comes a
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!
1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir. [death?
3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's
2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

[1] Edward the young prince, in his father's life-time, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales, under the governance of Anthony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welchmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. [2] i. e. your opinions. [3] i. e. preparatory—by way of prelude.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign. [child!
3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace. [mother.
1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and
3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster; [proud:
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and
And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well. [their cloaks;
3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton:
At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night: [ton!
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.
Queen. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Dutch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow [ter,
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloss*mall herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:*
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste. [not hold
Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did
In him that did object the same to thee: [young,
He was the wretched'st [1] thing, when he was
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd [2],
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two years old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee
York. Grandam, his nurse. [this?
Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born. [me.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told
Queen. A parlous [3] boy:—Go to, you are too shrewd. [child.
Dutch. Good madam, be not angry with the
Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?
Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to
Queen. How doth the prince? [unfold.
Mes. Well, madam, and in health.
Dutch. What is thy news?
Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, prisoners; and, with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Dutch. Who hath committed them? [ham.
Mes. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.
Queen. For what offence?
Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Queen. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless [4] throne:—
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

[1] *Wretched* here means *paltry, pitiful*, being below expectation. [2] *To be remembered* is used by Shakspeare to imply, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. [3] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. [4] i. e. not producing awe, not reverenced. To *jut upon* is to *encroach*.

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanc-
Madam, farewell. [tuary.—
Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.
Queen. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go.
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

In London.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloster and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, and others.

Buck. WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber[1].
Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sove-reign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.
Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

Mayor. God bless your grace with health and happy days!
Prince. I thank you, good my lord:—and thank you all.
I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.
Prince. Welcome, my lord; What, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional[2]:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft I have heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.
Card. My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt Cardinal, and Hastings.*
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn 'till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.
Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

[1] London was anciently called *Camera regia.*

[2] *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs.

Prince.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd[1] to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long[2].
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice[3], Iniquity, } *Aside.*
I moralize,—two meanings in one word. }
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glo. Short summers lightly[4] have a forward spring. [*Aside.*

Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York, how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late[5] he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death has lost much majesty.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.
Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give:
And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly[6], were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord? [me.
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape.
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go into the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, and Attendants.*
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?
Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,

[1] i.e. diffused, dispersed. [2] A proverbial line. [3] By vice the author means not a *quality*, but a *person*. See note [1], p. 492. [4] i.e. commonly, in ordinary course. [5] i.e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. [6] i.e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier.

To

To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided[1] councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cates. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both. [*Exit Catesby.*

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord,—

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mes. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't o'clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mes. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. And then,—

Mes. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt, the boar had raced[2] off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him, [sure,—
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance[3]:
And for his dreams,—I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mes. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring;
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
'Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How? wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?

Cates. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cates. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

[1] i. e. a *private consultation, separate* from the known and public council. [2] This term *raced* or *rashed* is alway given to describe the violence inflicted by a *boar*. By a *boar*, throughout this *scene*, is meant Gloster, who was called the *boar*, or the *hog*, as has been before observed, from his having a *boar* for his cognizance, and one of the supporters of his coat of arms. [3] i.e. wanting some *example* or *act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified.

Enter

Enter Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stanl. My lord, good morrow;—and good morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood[1],
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am? [London,
Stanl. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you[2].—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stanl. They, for their truth[3], might better wear their heads,
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Lord Stanley, and Catesby.*
Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was. [tent!
Purs. God hold[4] it, to your honour's good con-
Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. [*Throws him his purse.*
Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour. [heart.
Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my
I am in your debt for your last[5] exercise;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work[6] in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower? [there:
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
Come, will you go?
Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Pomfret-castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, conducting Lord Rivers, Lord Richard Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.
Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty. [you!
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of
A knot you are of damn'd blood-suckers. [after.
Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this here-
Rat. Dispatch: the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink. [heads:
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
As for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied; dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!
Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd. [embrace:
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, with others at a table.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are
Is—to determine of the coronation: [met
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stanl. They are, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind here-
Who is most inward with the noble duke? [in?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind. [hearts,—
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me
But, for his purpose in the coronation, [well;
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

[1] i. e. the cross. [2] A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, *I have something to say to you.* [3] i. e. honesty. [4] i. e. continue it. [5] i. e. performance of divine service. [6] *Shriving work is confession.*

His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time:
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloster.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all good morrow,
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue[1], my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.*

Stanl. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries. [morning;

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stanl. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood[2] he shew'd to-day? [ed;

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offend-
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have mark'd me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,— [pet,

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strum-
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head;—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exit Council, with Richard and Buckingham.*

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly. [ble,
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse[3] did stum-
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cates. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim. [gland!

Hast. Oh, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Tower-Walls.

Enter Gloster, and Buckingham, in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

[1] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. [2] i.e. appearance. [3] The *housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth*.

Are

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?
Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.
Enter the Lord Mayor, and Catesby.
Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor!
Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls. [you,—
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for
Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!
Enter Lovel, and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.
Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect. [traitor
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd
That ever liv'd.——Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?
Mayor. What! had he so?
Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution? [death;
Mayor. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.
Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should
Until your lordship came to see his end; [die,
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.
Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case. [here,
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
To avoid the censures of the carping world.
Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Mayor.*
Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen[1],
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust; [wives,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
Even where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.
Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.
Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit Buckingham.*
Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,
Go thou to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.
[*Exeunt Lovel and Catesby.*
Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,

[1] This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside.

Untainted,

Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought[1].
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Baynard's Castle.

Enter Gloster, and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word. [dren?

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's chil-

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo. And did they so? [word:

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend[2] some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself;
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit Gloster.*

Enter the Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Cates. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise. [duke;

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him straight.
[*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross[3] his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay! [again:—

Buck. I fear, he will: here Catesby comes

Re-enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says your lord? [sembled,

Cates. He wonders to what end you have as-
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.
[*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence:
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloster above, between two Bishops. Catesby returns.

Mayor. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

[1] i. e. seen in silence, without notice or detection. [2] i. e. pretend. [3] i. e. to fatten; to pamper.

Buck.

Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
im from the fall of vanity:
a book of prayer in his hand;
iments to know a holy man.—
Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
ourable ear to our requests;
on us the interruption
evotion, and right-christian zeal.
ly lord, there needs no such apology;
lo beseech you pardon me,
rnest in the service of my God,
the visitation of my friends.
ing this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,
ood men of this ungovern'd isle.
do suspect, I have done some offence,
ns disgracious in the city's eye;
you come to reprehend my ignorance.
You have, my lord; would it might
please your grace,
ntreaties, to amend your fault!
se wherefore breathe I in a christian land:
Know, then, it is your fault, that you re-
eme seat, the throne majestical, [sign
ter'd office of your ancestors,
te of fortune, and your due of birth,
il glory of your royal house,
orruption of a blemish'd stock:
n the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
here we waken to our country's good)
e isle doth want her proper limbs;
defac'd with scars of infamy,
l stock graft with ignoble plants,
st shoulder'd [1] in the swallowing gulph
orgetfulness and deep oblivion.
) recure [2], we heartily solicit
icious self to take on you the charge
dy government of this your land:
rotector, steward, substitute,
factor for another's gain;
ccessively, from blood to blood,
ht of birth, your empery, your own.
consorted with the citizens,
y worshipful and loving friends,
heir vehement instigation,
st suit come I to move your grace.
cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
ly to speak in your reproof,
th my degree, or your condition:
to answer, you might haply think,
ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
the golden yoke of sovereignty,
ndly you would here impose on me;
rove you for this suit of yours,
r'd with your faithful love to me,
the other side, I check'd my friends,
e,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
ely thus I answer you.
e deserves my thanks; but my desert
able, shuns your high request,
ll obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which God defend that I should wring from him!
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first was he contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course. [you.
Mayor. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love. [suit.
Cates. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful
Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
(As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse [3],
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates;)
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

[1] i. e. immersed up to the shoulders. [2] i. e. recover. [3] i. e. pity.

And,

And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more. [*Exeunt.*
Cates. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
[*Exit Catesby.*
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—
Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.
Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
Mayor. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!
All. Amen. [crown'd?
Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be
Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.
Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.
Glo. [*To the Clergymen.*] Come, let us to our holy work again:—
Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset, at one door; Anne Dutchess of Gloster, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter, at the other.

Dutch. WHO meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day! [away?
Queen. As much to you, good sister! Whither
Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there. [ther:
Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all toge-
Enter Brakenbury.
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Queen. The king! who's that?
Brak. I mean, the lord protector. [title!
Queen. The lord protect him from that kingly
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?
Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt am I in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me,
[*Exit Brakenbury.*
Enter Stanley. [hence,
Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the Dutchess of Gloster.*
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.
Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace? [gone,
Queen. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stanl. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours:
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Dutch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous! [scut.
Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste will
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,

Were

Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain[1]!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!
Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse; [hands,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou,* quoth I, *accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
E'en in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
Queen. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, thou tak'st thy leave of it!
Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To Dorset.*
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To Anne.*
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To the Queen.*
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen[2].
Queen. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.——
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Court.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Richard, as King, Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham.
Buck. My gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch[3],
To try if thou be current gold indeed:— [speak.
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king. [liege.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned
K. Henry. Ha! am I king? 'tis so: but Edward
Buck. True, noble prince. [lives.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence, [prince!—
That Edward still should live—True! noble
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
Before I positively speak in this: [dear lord,
I will resolve your grace immediately.
[*Exit Buckingham.*
Cates. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective[4] boys; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy!—
Page. My lord. [gold
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
Would tempt unto a close exploit[5] of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man: Go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit boy.*
The deep-revolving witty[6] Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—
Enter Stanley.
How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour is abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

[1] This seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, viz. by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot, upon his head. [2] i.e. sorrow. [3] *To play the touch,* means, to *represent the touchstone.* [4] i.e. inattentive, inconsiderate. [5] i.e. secret act. [6] *Witty* implies in this place *judicious,* or cunning. A *wit* was not in our author's time employed to signify *a man of fancy,* but was used for *wisdom* or *judgement.*

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daugh-
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.— [ter:—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me. [*Exit Catesby.*
I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—
Enter Tyrrel.
Is thy name—Tyrrel? [subject.
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord. [mine?
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of
Tyr. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies. [mies,
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep ene-
Focs to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;
Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*
Re-enter Buckingham.
Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to
Buck. I hear the news, my lord. [Richmond.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it. [mise,
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by pro-
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife, if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—
Buck. My lord,— [that time
K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in court'sy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack[1], thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day. [or no.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will
K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein. [*Exit.*
Buck. Is it even so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes;—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost chang'd my mind:*
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, ere she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.
Enter King Richard.
And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

[1] An image like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*.—Perhaps these figures were called *Jacks*, because the engines of that name which turn the spit were anciently ornamented with such a puppet.

Mean

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, 'till then.
Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My lord,—
K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly? [Richmond;
Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-men,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay[1];
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men; My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction[2] am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.— [here?
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes

Enter the Queen and the Dutchess of York.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation! [right[3]
Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. [lambs,
Queen. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son! [ghost,
Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!
Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of [4] signiory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
[*Sitting down with them.*
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, 'till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, 'till a Richard kill'd him.
Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her [5] pue-fellow with others' moan!
Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine!
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot[6], because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate [7] Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:

[1] Meaning that timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. [2] *Induction* means preface, introduction, first part. [3] *Right for right* is *justice answering to the claims of justice.* [4] *Signiory* is here used for *seniority.* [5] *Pue-fellow* seems to be companion.—We still say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box.* [6] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. [7] i.e. *Faithless:* or *adulterate* may be put for *adulterer.*

Earth gapes, Hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead! [come,
Queen. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant[1],
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot[2];
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place: And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance,
These English woes shall make me smile in France.
Queen. O thou well skill'd in curses! stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.
Queen. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!
Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit Margaret.*
Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?
Queen. Windy attorneys to their client-woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate[3] joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries! [part
Let them have scope: though what they do im-
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart. [me,
Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd. [*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, and his train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done. [crown,
Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?
Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet his son? [Grey?
Queen. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
Dutch. Where is kind Hastings? [drums!
K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war,
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Dutch. Art thou my son? [self.
K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and your-
Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch[4] of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Dutch. O, let me speak.
K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.
Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious; [turous;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ven-
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

[1] The pageants displayed on public occasions in those days, were generally preceded by a short account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These *indexes* were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of the allegory exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. [2] This alludes to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. [3] i.e. words, turn'd to complaints, succeed joys that are dead; and unbequeath'd to them, to whom they should properly descend. [4] i.e. a *spice* or *particle* of your disposition.

More

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd [1] me in thy company?
K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphry Houre [2], that call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.
Dutch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Dutch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So. [dinance,
Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just or-
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves [1] thy life, and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*
Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say Amen to her. [*Going.*
K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.
Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious. [live,
Queen. And must she die for this? O, let her
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.
Queen. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite. [contrary.
Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Queen. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins: [cozen'd
Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady. [heads.
Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type [4] of this earth's glory.
Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine? [all,
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethè of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.
Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling, than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter. [soul.
Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
K. Rich. What do you think? [thy soul:
Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it,
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Queen. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen; Who else should be?
Queen. What, thou? [madam?
K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it,
Queen. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart. [brothers,
Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her

[1] i. e. *bless'd*, or made me happy. [2] Mr. Steevens remarks, that this may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the Dutchess had been suspected; or, that the poet's fondness for a quibble may perhaps have induced him at once to personify and christen that *hour* of the day which summon'd his mother to breakfast. [3] i. e. accompanies. [4] i. e. exhibition, shew.

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne. [the way
K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not
To win your daughter.
Queen. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?
Queen. Nay, then indeed, she cannot chuse but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil [1].
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid [2] like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsa
Queen. What were I best to say? her fath brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by alliance. [ing
Queen. Which she shall purchase with still
K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may comma entreats—
Queen. That at her hands, which the ki King forbids [3]. [qu
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mig
Queen. To wail the title, as her mother do
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly
Queen. But how long shall that title, ever,
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's
Queen. But how long fairly shall her sweet last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengt
Queen. As long as hell, and Richard, likes o
K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her sub low. [sov'reig
Queen. But she, your subject, loaths
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her
Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being pla told. [ving t
K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my
Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a st
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and quick. [dead
Queen. O, no, my reasons are too deep
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their gra
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; is past. [bre
Queen. Harp on it still shall I, 'till heart-stri
K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, my crown,— [usur
Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the t
K. Rich. I swear.
Queen. By nothing; for this is no oath.
The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy hono
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virt
The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glo
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ
Swear then by something that thou hast wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now by the world,—
Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

[1] i. e. havock. [2] *Bid* is in the past sense from *bide*. [3] Alluding to the prohibition in Levitical law. See Leviticus xviii. 14.

K. Rich. My father's death,—
Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Queen. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by heaven,—
Queen. Heaven's wrong is most of all.
If thou didst fear to break an oath with heaven,
The unity, the king my husband made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. By time to come. [o'erpast;
Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this;
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.
Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Queen. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
Queen. But thou didst kill my children.
K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery[1], they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.
Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Queen. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [*Kissing her. Exit Queen.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
How now? what news?

Enter Ratcliff, and Catesby.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.
K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk;—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?
Cates. Here, my good lord.
K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.
Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To Catesby.*
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?
Cates. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cates. I go. [*Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury? [before I go?
K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there,
Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter Lord Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?
Stanl. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Stanl. Richmond is on the seas.
K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stanl. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess? [Morton,
Stanl. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?

[1] Alluding to the phœnix.

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
Stanl. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear. [not.
Stanl. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me
K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
Stanl. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north. [the north,
K. Rich. Cold friends to me; What do they in
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stanl. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust you, sir.
Stanl. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Well, go, muster thy men. But, hear you, leave behind [firm,
Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stanl. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit Stanley.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

Enter a Messenger.

2 *Mes.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are
And every hour more competitors[1] [in arms;
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 *Mes.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.
3 *Mes.* The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. Oh, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in? [liege
3 *Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dor
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms. [set
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are u
If not to fight with foreign enemies, [in arms
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken
That is the best news: That the Earl of Richmon
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told. [her
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reaso
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me.
[*Exeun*

SCENE V.

Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswic

Stanl. Sir Christopher[2], tell Richmond this fro
That, in the stye of this most bloody boar [me;-
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now
Chri. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, i
Stanl. What men of name resort to him? [Wale
Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renown'd soldier
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal. [to him
Stanl. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend m
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeun*

[1] i. e. opponents. [2] The person who is called Sir Christopher here, appears by the Chronick to have been Christopher Urswick, a batchelor in divinity; and chaplain to the countess of Richmond who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the countess of Richmond and her husband nd the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. Dr. Johnson has observed, that *Sir* was anciently a title assumed by graduates.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Sal.sbury.

ıeriff, with Buckingham, led to execution.

ILL not king Richard let me speak with him[1]?
›, my good lord; therefore be patient.
astings, and Edward's children, Rivers,
Henry, and thy fair son Edward, [Grey,
and all that have miscarried
and corrupted foul injustice;
r moody discontented souls
h the clouds behold this present hour,
evenge mock my destruction!—
-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?
is, my lord. [doomsday.
Vhy, then All-Souls' day is my body's
day, which, in king Edward's time,
ıight fall on me, when I was found
s children, or his wife's allies:
day, wherein I wish'd to fall
e faith of him whom most I trusted:
All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
rmin'd respite of my wrongs[2].
All-seer whom I dally'd with,
d my feigned prayer on my head,
in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
he force the swords of wicked men
ir own points on their masters' bosoms:
garet's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
uoth she, *shall split thy heart with sor-*
Margaret was a prophetess.— [*row,*
, convey me to the block of shame;
h but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt Buckingham, &c.*

SCENE II.

on the borders of Leicestershire. A camp.

ry Earl of Richmond, Earl of Oxford,
ıes Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and
vith drum and colours.

Fellows in arms, and my most loving
derneath the yoke of tyranny, [friends,
ıto the bowels of the land
narch'd on without impediment;
'eceive we from our father Stanley
ir comfort and encouragement.
hed, bloody, and usurping boar,
d your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
r warm blood like wash, and makes his
'ough
nbowell'd[3] bosoms,—this foul swine
:ven in the centre of this isle,
e town of Leicester, as we learn;
ıworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
To fight against that bloody homicide. [swords,
Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.
Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms, with the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth Field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,— [looks.
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not? [lord.
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving
K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie tonight; [that.—
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.—
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction[4]:—
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, Dorset, &c.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:—
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

ason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the king, is explained in VIII. Act I. [2] i. e. the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was *respited* ere means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices. [3] i. e. ripped up. [4] i. e. true judge. d military skill.

And

And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible, [him,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*
Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.
K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cates. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent? [diness.
Cates. It is, my liege; and all things are in rea-
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.
Nor. I go, my lord. [Norfolk.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord!
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine:—Give me a watch[1]:—
[*To Catesby.*
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves[2] be sound, and not too
Ratcliff,— [heavy.
Rat. My lord! [thumberland?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Nor-
Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey and himself,
Much about cock-shut time[3], from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of
I have not that alacrity of spirit, [wine:
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me, Ratcliff.—Leave me, I say.
[*Exit Ratcliff.*
Richmond's Tent opens, and discovers him, and his Officers, &c.
Enter Stanley.
Stanl. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can af-
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law! [ford,
Tell me, how fares our loving mother? [ther,
Stanl. I, by attorney[4], bless thee from thy mo-
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:—
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning!
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war[5].
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy tender brother George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure[6], and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-sundred friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peize[7] me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt lords, &c.*
O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*
Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth.
Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To K. Rich.*
Think how thou stabb'dst me in the prime of youth
At Tewksbury; despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
[*To Richm.*
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

[1] That particular kind of candle is here meant, anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain proportion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. [2] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence. [3] i. e. twilight.—*Cockshut* is said to be a net to catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after sun-set or before its rising, *cockshut* light may very properly express the evening or the morning twilight. [4] i. e. by deputation, or by virtue of letter of attorney. [5] By *staring war* is probably meant *war that looks big*. [6] *Leisure* in this passage stands for *want* of leisure. [7] i. e. *weigh me down*; from *peser*, French.

Enter

r *the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.*
Vhen I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To K. Rich.*
s punched full of deadly holes:
be Tower and me; despair and die;
sixth bids thee despair and die!—
nd holy, be thou conqueror! [*To Richm.*
t prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,
ort thee in thy sleep; live, and flourish.
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.
et me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To K. Rich.*
wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
ace, by thy guile betray'd to death!
in the battle think on me,
y edgeless sword; despair, and die!—
pring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To Richm.*
ed heirs of York do pray for thee;
s guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!
hosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.
me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To K. Rich.*
dy'd at Pomfret; despair, and die!
nk upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!
[*To K. Rich.*
hink upon Vaughan; and, with guilty
ar,
lance! despair, and die!
[*To K. Rich.*
ke! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
som
er him;—awake, and win the day!
[*To Richm.*
r *the Ghost of Lord Hastings.*
oody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To K. Rich.*
oody battle end thy days!
rd Hastings; and despair, and die!—
ubled soul, awake, awake! [*To Richm.*
and conquer, for fair England's sake!
e *Ghosts of the two Young Princes.*
Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
ower!
ead within thy bosom, Richard,
[*To K. Rich.*
thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
ys' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
chmond, sleep in peace, and wake in
y; [*To Richm.*
s guard thee from the boar's annoy!
eget a happy race of kings!
nhappy sons do bid thee flourish.
ter *the Ghost of Lady Anne.*
chard, thy wife, that wretched Anne
y wife, [*To K. Rich.*
slept a quiet hour with thee,
y sleep with perturbations:
in the battle think on me,
edgeless sword; despair, and die!—
iet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To Richm.*
ıccess and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.
Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.
Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown; [*To K. Rich.*
The last was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I dy'd for hope[1], ere I could lend thee aid:
[*To Richm.*
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*
[*K. Richard starts out of his dream.*
K. Rich. Give me another horse,——bind up my wounds,——
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by;
Richard loves Richard: that is, I am I.
Is there a murd'rer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no; alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lye, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair,—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.
Enter Ratcliff.
Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. My lord, 'tis I: The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,— [dows.
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of sha-
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

[1] i. e. I died for wishing well to you.

It

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me
Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt K. Richard, and Ratcliff.*
Richmond wakes. Enter Oxford, and others.
Lords. Good morrow, Richmond. [men,
Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentle-
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords. [der'd,
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means [1] to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help [him:
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt—
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and Saint George [2]! Richmond, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, &c.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: And what s
Surrey then? [pc
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our p
K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, i
Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.—
[*Clock stril*
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord. [bo
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day it will be to somebody.——
Ratcliff,——
Rat. My lord!
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the grou
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heav
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.
Enter Norfolk.
Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in t
field. [horse:
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either si
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot [3]!—what think'
thou, Norfolk?
Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a scro*
K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold, [Read
For Dickon thy master is bought and sol
A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
For conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our la
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort [5] of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Brittains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wive
They would distrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Brittaine [6] at our brother's cost?

[1] To *make means*, in our author's time, always signified—*to come at any thing by indirect practic*
[2] *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy.
[3] *boot* here would seem to mean *to help*. [4] The ancient abbreviation of Richard. [5] I. e. a co
pany. [6] Bretagne.

A mil

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Brittains; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves[1]!—
Enter a Messenger.
What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy hath past the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue! rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite[2] to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!
Alarum. Enter King Richard.
K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [horse.
Cates. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeunt.*
Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight, Richard is slain.
Retreat, and flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.
Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead!
Stanl. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it[3].
Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all!—
But tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stanl. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stanl. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.——
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] That is, fright the skies with the shivers of your lances. [2] i. e. *an adversary.* [3] i. e. don't use it like the tyrant you have destroyed.

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ENRY *the Eighth.*
L WOLSEY. *Cardinal* CAMPEIUS.
US, *Ambassador from the Emperor*
'S V.
ER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
NORFOLK. *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.
SUFFOLK. *Earl of* SURREY.
amberlain.
MAS AUDLEY, *Lord Keeper.*
ER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
f LINCOLN.
ERGAVENNY. *Lord* SANDS.
RY GUILDFORD.
MAS LOVELL.
HONY DENNY.
HOLAS VAUX.
LIAM SANDS[1].
ELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Garter King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Serjeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.

Queen KATHARINE.
ANNE BULLEN.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*
Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

E no more to make you laugh; things now,
ear a weighty and a serious brow,
h, and working, full of state and woe,
ile scenes as draw the eye to flow,
present. Those that can pity, here
they think it well, let fall a tear;
ect will deserve it. Such, as give
ney out of hope they may believe,
e find truth too. Those, that come to see
how or two, and so agree,
may pass; if they be still and willing,
rtake, may see away their shilling
two short hours. Only they,
e to hear a merry, bawdy play;
of targets; or to see a fellow
motley coat[2], guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, (beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend:)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we could make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London.

An antichamber in the Palace.

Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other, of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

OOD morrow, and well met. How
J have you done,
t we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh[4] admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.
Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:

Steevens observes, that *Sir William Sands* was created *Lord Sands* about this time, but is oduced among the persons of the drama, as a distinct character. Sir *William* has not a single ssigned to him; and, to make the blunder the greater, is brought on after *Lord Sands* has made his appearance. [2] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced for the generality in s a little before our author's time; and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. etend. [4] i. e. an untired admirer.

I was

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
'Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant[1], all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one: and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure[2]. When these suns,
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis[3] was believ'd.
Buck. Oh, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function[4].
Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, *certes*, that promises no element[5]
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce[6] vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech[7] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propt by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalk'd successors their way) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.
Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him; Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file[8]
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out[9],
Must fetch in him he papers[10].
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many [them
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communcation of
A most poor issue[11]?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

[1] i. e. all *glittering*, all *shining*. [2] *Censure* for the determination of which had the noblest appearance. [3] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton. [4] i. e. the commission for regulating this festivity was well executed. [5] No initiation, no previous practices. [6] i. e. *proud*. [7] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in some places a *keech*.—There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolsey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in the Second Part of *King Henry* IV. a butcher's wife is called—Goody *Ketch*. [8] i. e. the *list*. [9] That is, all mention of the board of council being *left out* of his letter. [10] i. e. His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him whom he papers down. [11] i. e. Issue here refers to the wretched conclusion of this pompous shew, as also to the poverty of their families, occasioned by laying manors on their backs.

Nor.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd[1]?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace[2]; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, [rock,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?
Secr. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
Secr. Ay, please your grace. [ingham
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur[3] is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood[4].
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
Which your disease requires. [only,
Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant [king;
He bores[5] me with some trick: He's gone to the
I'll follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may out-run,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd;
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions[6]) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous. [as strong
Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests' the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Nor. 'Faith, and so it did. [cardinal
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our court-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for, from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd:—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,

[1] *Silenc'd* for *recalled.* [2] A fine name of a peace! spoken ironically. [3] Wolsey, as has been before observed, is said to have been the son of a butcher. [4] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unletter'd, martial nobility. [5] i. e. he stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. [6] i. e. from honest indignation; warmth of integrity. [7] i. e. *excites.*

And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the guard.

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.
Serj. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!——I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king [*To Aberg.*
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He. [dinal
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great car-
Hath shewn him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Council Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovel. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that choak'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.
A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen.
Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The king riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and places her by him.
Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take your place by us:—Hall your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been commissions [heart
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although, [*To Wolsey.*
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many[1] to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.
King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file[2]
Where others tell steps with me.
Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,

[1] i. e. the multitude. [2] i. e. I am but first in the row of counsellors.

The

is sacrifice to the load. They say,
devis'd by you; or else you suffer
an exclamation.
itill exaction!
e of it? In what kind, let's know,
uction?
I am much too venturous
ng of your patience; but am bolden'd
r promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
rough commissions, which compel from each
part of his substance, to be levy'd
lelay; and the pretence for this
your wars in France: This makes bold
mouths: [freeze
spit their duties out, and cold hearts
: in them; their curses now,
e their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
able obedience is a slave
ncensed will. I would, your highness
ve it quick consideration, for
o primer business[1].
By my life,
inst our pleasure.
nd for me,
further gone in this, than by
oice; and that not past me, but
l approbation of the judges. If I am
by ignorant tongues, which neither know
ies, nor person, yet will be
icles of my doing,—let me say,
e fate of place, and the rough brake
e must go through. We must not stint[2]
sary actions, in the fear
malicious censurers; which ever,
us fishes, do a vessel follow
w trimm'd; but benefit no further
ly longing. What we oft do best,
erpreters, once[4] weak ones, is
or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
grosser quality, is cry'd up
est act. If we shall stand still,
motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
l take root here where we sit, or sit
es only.
hings done well,
i care, exempt themselves from fear:
ne without example, in their issue
fear'd. Have you a precedent
nmission? I believe, not any.
not rend our subjects from our laws,
them in our will. Sixth part of each?
ng contribution! Why, we take,
y tree, lop[5], bark, and part o' the timber;
gh we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
ll drink the sap. To every county,
s is question'd, send our letters, with
on to each man that has deny'd
of this commission: Pray, look to 't;
your care.
word with you. [*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man, so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this? [France,

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish

[1] matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch. [2] i. e. *stop*. [3] i. e. to en-
ith. [4] *Once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our an-
rs. [5] *Lop* signifies the *branches*.

Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Who (after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter) with demure confidence [heirs,
Thus pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
For the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.——
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
King. Let him on:—
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha! what, so rank[1]? Ah, ha! [further?
There's mischief in this man:——Canst thou say
Surv. I can, my liege.
King. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—
King. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?
Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.
King. A giant traitor! [freedom,
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in
And this man out of prison?
Queen. God mend all!
King. There's something more would out of thee; What say'st? [*knife*,—
Surv. After—*the duke his father*,—with—*the*
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was—Were he evil-us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: If he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
Men into such strange mysteries[2]? [juggle
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face[3]; but they are shrew'd ones;
For, when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors [ly,
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin
And springhalt[4] reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How
What news, Sir Thomas Lovel? [now?
Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.
Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.
Cham. What is 't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather[5], that they got in France,

[1] Rank weeds are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength.—*What*, says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch?* [2] *Mysteries* were allegorical shews, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd and fantastic habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *mummers* in a mystery. [3] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. [4] The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. [5] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong), but to an effeminate fashion of young gentlemen carrying *fans of feathers* in their hands.

With

l their honourable points of ignorance
ng thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
; better men than they can be,
a foreign wisdom) renouncing clean
:h they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
ister'd breeches[1], and those types of travel,
derstand again like honest men;
to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
ıay, *cum privilegio*, wear away
end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
. 'Tis time to give them physick, their
wn so catching. [diseases
. What a loss our ladies
ve of these trim vanities!
Av, marry, [sons
vill be woe indeed, lords: the sly whore-
ot a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
h song, and a fiddle, has no fellow. [going;
. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're
re, there's no converting of 'em) now
est country lord, as I am, beaten
ime out of play, may bring his plain song,
e an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
ırrent music too.
. Well said, lord Sands;
ılt's tooth is not cast yet.
. No, my lord;
ll not, while I have a stump.
. Sir Thomas,
were you a-going?
To the cardinal's;
rdship is a guest too.
. O, 'tis true:
ght he makes a supper, and a great one,
y lords and ladies; there will be
ıuty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
That churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed;
as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
rs fall every where.
. No doubt, he's noble;
a black mouth, that said other of him.
. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
in him,
would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine:
his way should be most liberal,
e set here for examples.
. True, they are so;
now give so great ones. My barge stays;
rdship shall along:——Come, good Sir
Thomas,
l be late else; which I would not be,
ıs spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
ht to be comptrollers.
. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to York-Place.

*A small table under a state for the Car-
a longer table for the guests. Then enter
Bullen, and divers other Ladies and Gen-
men, as guests, at one door; at another
enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;
Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovel.
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones. [fessor
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now con-
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies: [*Sits.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir? [too:
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.——
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.
Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.
Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you:—cheer your neighbours:—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,

[1] i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like *blisters*.

My lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play[1].
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—
Anne. You cannot shew me.
Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets, chambers*[2] *discharg'd.*
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of you.
[*Exit Servant.*
Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.
Re-enter Servant.
Cham. How now? what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—
[*All arise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.
Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.
A noble company! What are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, [I pay them
They have done my poor house grace; for which
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Chuse ladies for the dance. King, and Anne Bullen.*
King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*
Wol. My lord,—
Cham. Your Grace?
Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much as from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it[3].
Wol. Let me see then.— [make
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll
My royal choice.
King. You have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now[4] unhappily.
Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
King. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady 's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women,
King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
[*To Anne Bullen.*
And not to kiss you[5].—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber. [partner,
King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet
I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

[1] i. e. if I make my party. [2] A *chamber* is a gun (used only on occasions of rejoicing) which stands erect on its breech, and so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to its bulk. They are called *chambers*, because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Chambers are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the Parliament-house, when the king goes thither. [3] i. e. take the chief place. [4] i. e. *unluckily, mischievously.* [5] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.

1 *Gent.* WHITHER away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O,—God save you!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could
And so his peers, upon this evidence, [not:
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,
—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgement,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely[1],
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.
2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.
1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buck-
The mirrour of all courtesy;— [ingham,
1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.
Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, (Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge toward him; halberds on each side,) accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovel, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.
2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die; Yet, Heaven bear
witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more
christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that
lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences

[1] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed.

'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave[1].—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him; May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument! [grace;
Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming; see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me,
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:——
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake you; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when ye would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt Buckingham, and Train.*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.
2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?
2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith[2] to conceal it.
1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis woeful,
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king: which stopp'd our mouths, sir.
I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.

[1] Meaning, that envy should not procure or advance his death. [2] i. e. great fidelity.

Suf.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause? [wife
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. This king will know him one day. [else.
Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true, ['em,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks
And every true heart weeps for 't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end, [open
The French king's[1] sister. Heaven will one day
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch[2] he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud,—the pope.
Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
A door opens, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.
Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
King. Who's there? ha?
Nor. Pray God, he be not angry!
King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.
King. You are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?
Enter Wolsey, and Campeius with a Commission.
Who's there? my good lord cardinal?——O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king,—You're welcome,
[*To Campeius.*
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To Wolsey.*
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
King. We are busy; go. [*To Norf. and Suf.*
Nor. This priest has no pride in him? } *Aside.*
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though[3], for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.
Suf. I another. [*Exeunt Norf. and Suf.*
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if he have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.
King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for. [gers' loves,
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all stran-

[1] The duchess of Alençon. [2] Meaning, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low. *Pitch* here implies *height*. [3] I. e. *so sick* as he is proud.

You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.
King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted [diner?
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gar-
Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd
So dear in heart, not to deny her that [her
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.
Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with Gardiner.
Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour
You are the king's now. [to you;
Gard. But to be commanded [me.
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised
[*Aside.*
King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely. [then
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me? [him;
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man [1] still: which so griev'd
That he ran mad, and dy'd. [him,
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartments.
Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! [2] it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel [3], fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's stranger now again [4].
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content,
Is our best having [5].
Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which
(Saving your mincing) the capacity [gifts
Of your soft cheveril [6] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth.— [be a queen?
Old L. Yes, troth and troth,—You would not
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth. [a little [7];
Old L. Then you are weakly made; pluck off
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to; if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England

[1] i. e. kept him out of the king's presence, by employing him in foreign embassies. [2] i. e. to send her away contemptuously. [3] Dr. Warburton says, "she calls fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called."—Dr. Johnson, however, thinks the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for *murderer*, the act for the agent. [4] i. e. she is again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. [5] i. e. our best *possession*. [6] *Cheveril*, kid-skin, soft leather. [7] i. e. let us descend still lower, and more upon a level with your own quality.

You'd

enture an *emballing*[1]: I myself
or Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Good morrow, ladies. What were't
worth, to know
et of your conference?
My good lord,
demand; it values not your asking:
ress' sorrows we were pitying.
It was a gentle business, and becoming
on of good women: there is hope,
e well.
Now I pray God, Amen! [blessings
You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
ich creatures. That you may, fair lady,
I speak sincerely, and high notes
your many virtues, the king's majesty
ds his good opinion to you, and
pose honour to you no less flowing
rchioness of Pembroke; to which title
nd pounds a year, annual support,
s grace he adds.
I do not know,
id of my obedience I should tender:
in my all is nothing: nor my prayers
vords duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
rth than empty vanities; yet prayers,
and wishes,
can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
e to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
ealth, and royalty, I pray for.
Lady,
t fail to approve the fair conceit
; hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;
nd honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
y have caught the king: and who knows
yet,
this lady may proceed a gem,
n all this isle[2]?—I'll to the king,
I spoke with you.
My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamber-*
Why, this it is; see, see! [*lain.*
en begging sixteen years in court,
a courtier beggarly) nor could
t betwixt too early and too late,
uit of pounds: and you, (O, fate!)
A very fresh fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd
Before you open it. [up,
Anne. This is strange to me. [no.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence[3],
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Ægypt:—Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: by my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a dutchess;—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short Silver Wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great Silver Pillars[4]; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals sit under him, as Judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the

meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is, "You would venture to be distinguished by the ensign of royalty." Mr. Tollet, however, says, "Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be cause a *queen-consort*, such as *Anne Bullen* was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign r, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished." [2] From this and many other kes of address, the poet has thrown in upon queen *Elizabeth* and her mother, it should seem, play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king *James*. [3] Mr. Steevens on this emarks, "*Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small ney was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and d fee." [4] Dr. Burney in his *General History of Music* conjectures, that *sennet* may mean for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. Mr. Steevens t he has been informed that *seneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune. [5] Pillars e of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Wolsey had two great *silver pillars* orne before him by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This re- piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare.

Bishops. The rest of Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions: having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful; Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: If not; i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal,——
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge[1],
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me.—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: If it be known to him,
That I gainsay[2] my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak

[1] *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term, *challenge* him. [2] i. e. deny. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, I

To

cunning. You are meek, and
e-mouth'd;
place and calling, in full seeming,
and humility: but your heart
a arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
ortune, and his highness' favours,
r low steps; and now are mounted,
re your retainers: and your words,
ou, serve your will, as 't please
nce their office[2]. I must tell you,
re your person's honour, than
ession spiritual: That again
for my judge; and here,
appeal unto the Pope,
ole cause 'fore his holiness,
'd by him,
es to the King, and offers to depart.

een is obstinate,
tice, apt to accuse it, and
e try'd by it; 'tis not well.
ay.
er again. [the court.
rine, queen of England, come into
m, you are call'd back.
need you note it? pray you, keep
way:
all'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
ast my patience!—pray you, pass
; no, nor ever more, [on:
ness, my appearance make
courts.
Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.

y ways, Kate:
e world, who shall report he has
let him in nought be trusted,
alse in that: Thou art, alone,
alities, sweet gentleness,
saint-like, wife-like government,—
mmanding,—and thy parts
pious else, could speak thee out[3])
arthly queens:—She is noble born;
rue nobility, she has
towards me.
gracious sir,
anner I require your highness,
lease you to declare, in hearing
s, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
e unloos'd; although not there
lly satisfied[4]) whether ever I
is business to your highness; or
uple in your way, which might
the question on't? or ever
—but with thanks to God for such
-spake one the least word, that might
dice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd: but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
to 't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—
give heed to 't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick[5], on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassa-
Who had been hither sent on the debating [dor;
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male-issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought
This was a judgement on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling[6] in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember

hew or *denote*. [2] That is, Having now got power, you do not regard your word. veral qualities could speak thy praise. [4] The sense is, "I owe so much to my own to clear up my character, though I do not expect my wrongers will do me justice." aving first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole speaks the *cardinal*'s sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any ish, to stir that business. [5] i. e. prick of conscience, which was the term in con- A ship is said to *hull*, when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the mercy of the waves.

How

How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.
Lin. Very well, my liege. [say,
King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to
How far you satisfy'd me.
Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.
King. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.
Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*
King. I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.
[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst; leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now? [dinals
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great car-
Wait in the presence[1].
Queen. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Queen. Pray their graces [business
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs[2] are righteous:
But, all hoods make not monks.

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness! [wife:
Queen. Your graces find me here part of a house-
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Queen. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.
Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*
Queen. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed

[1] i. e. in the presence-chamber. [2] *Affairs* for *professions.*

(And

rvice to his majesty and you)
suspicion, where all faith was meant.
ıe not by the way of accusation,
that honour every good tongue blesses;
betray you any way to sorrow;
ve too much, good lady: but to know
ıu stand minded in the weighty difference
ı the king and you; and to deliver,
:e and honest men, our just opinions,
ınforts to your cause.
Most honour'd madam,
l of York,—out of his noble nature,
d obedience he still bore your grace;
ing, like a good man, your late censure
his truth and him, (which was too far)—
as I do, in a sign of peace,
rice, and his counsel.——
ı. To betray me. [*Aside.*
ls, I thank you both for your good wills,
k like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
r to make ye suddenly an answer,
a point of weight, so near mine honour,
ıear my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
such men of gravity and learning,
, I know not. I was set at work
my maids; full little, God knows, looking
or such men, or such business.
sake that I have been[1], (for I feel
t fit of my greatness) good your graces,
have time, and counsel, for my cause;
am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears;
ppes and friends are infinite.
ı. In England,
e for my profit: Can you think, lords,
y Englishman dare give me counsel?
known friend, 'gainst his highness' plea-
sure,
h he be grown so desp'rate to be honest)
e a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
at must weigh out[2] my afflictions,
at my trust must grow to, live not here;
:e, as all my other comforts, far hence,
own country, lords.
I would, your grace
leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
ı. How, sir? [tection;
Put your main cause into the king's pro-
ring, and most gracious: 'twill be much
r your honour better, and your cause;
he trial of the law o'ertake you,
part away disgrac'd.
He tells you rightly. [ruin:
ı. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my
our christian counsel? out upon ye!
is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
king can corrupt.
Your rage mistakes us. [thought ye,
ı. The more shame for ye; holy men I
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your
comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
once
The burdens of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Queen. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago; I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse. [myself,
Queen. Have I liv'd thus long,—let me speak
Since virtue finds no friends,—a wife, a true one?
A woman, (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections [him?
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd
Been, out of fondness, superstitious[3] to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at. [guilty,
Queen. My lord, I dare not make myself so
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me. [earth,
Queen. 'Would I had never trod this English
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels'[4] faces, but heaven knows your
hearts.
What will become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your for-
tunes? [*To her women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish.
Wol. If your grace [nest,
Could but be brought to know, our ends are ho-

for the sake of that royalty I have formerly possessed. [2] To *weigh out* here implies the to *outweigh*. [3] i. e. served him with superstitious attention. [4] A quibble, said to have iginally the quibble of a saint.—"*England*, a little island, where, as *Saint Augustin* saith, people with *angels' faces*, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lyons."

You'd

You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak woman's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Antichamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force[1] them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself[2]?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his[3] contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive,*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges[4], his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace[5] the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd[6].

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause of the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,

[1] i. e. enforce, urge. [2] i. e. except in himself. [3] i. e. his private practices opposite to his public procedure. [4] To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path. [5] To *trace* is to *follow*. [6] To *memorize* is to make memorable.

To

nd all his plot. I do assure you,
ıg cry'd ha! at this.
'. Now, God incense him,
him cry ha! louder.
But, my lord,
eturns Cranmer?
He is return'd, in his opinions[1]; which
ıtisfy'd the king for his divorce,
er with all famous colleges
in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
ond marriage shall be publish'd, and
oination. Katharine no more
: call'd queen; but princess dowager,
low to prince Arthur.
This same Cranmer's
ıy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
ing's business.
le has; and we shall see him
n archbishop.
So I hear.
Tis so.
dinal——

Enter Wolsey, and Cromwell.

Observe, observe, he's moody.
The packet, Cromwell,
you the king?
To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.
Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Presently
unseal them: and the first he view'd,
it with a serious mind; a heed
his countenance: You, he bade
him here this morning.
Is he ready
e abroad?
I think, by this he is.
Leave me a while.— [*Exit Cromwell.*
e to the dutchess of Alençon,
nch king's sister: he shall marry her.—
llen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
ll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish
from Rome.—The marchioness of Pem-
broke!—
He's discontented.
lay be, he hears the king
et his anger to him.
harp enough,
r thy justice! [daughter,
The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
r mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
dle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
ut it goes.—What though I know her
virtuous,
l-deserving? yet I know her for
y Lutheran; and not wholesome to
e, that she should lie i' the bosom of
d-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
ic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Sur. I would, 'twere something that would
fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule[2]; and Lovel.

Suf. The king, the king.
King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of
thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have [tion
Stood here observing him: Some strange commo-
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning,
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It is heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.
King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*He takes his seat; and whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.*
Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!
King. Good my lord, [tory
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inven-
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce
time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require

[1] with the same sentiments he entertained before he went abroad, which sentiments justify the vorce. [2] Mr. Steevens on this passage remarks thus: "That the cardinal gave the king an y of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that n, as owing to a similar incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another." nished, vol. ii. p. 796.

Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
King. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!
King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean? [*Aside.*
Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours[1]: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd[2] with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.
King. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
King. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—[Read o'er this; [*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.*
Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so:
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends: indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.
Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Esher house, my lord of Winchester's,
'Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay, [carry
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot
Authority so mighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king [me;
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,

[1] The sense is, my *purposes* went beyond all human *endeavour*. [2] i. e. ranked, or have gone an equal pace with my abilities.

Ty'd

y letters patents: Now, who'll take it?
he king, that gave it.
It must be himself then.
hou art a proud traitor, priest.
roud lord, thou liest;
hese forty hours Surrey durst better
rnt that tongue, than said so.
hy ambition,
arlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Buckingham, my father-in-law:
ls of all thy brother cardinals
:e, and all thy best parts bound together)
not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
t me deputy for Ireland;
his succour, from the king, from all
ht have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
our great goodness, out of holy pity,
him with an axe.
his, and all else
ing lord can lay upon my credit,
is most false. The duke by law
s deserts: how innocent I was
private malice in his end,
jury and foul cause can witness.
many words, lord, I should tell you,
as little honesty as honour;
the way of loyalty and truth
he king, my ever royal master,
e a sounder man than Surrey can be,
at love his follies.
my soul, [feel
coat, priest, protects you: thou should'st
i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
dure to hear this arrogance?
this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
is jaded by a piece of scarlet,
obility; let his grace go forward,
us with his cap, like larks[1].
l goodness
to thy stomach.
s, that goodness
g all the land's wealth into one,
own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
ness of your intercepted packets,
to the pope, against the king: your
goodness,
provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
f Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
spect the common good, the state
espis'd nobility, our issues,
live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
he grand sum of his sins, the articles
from his life:—I'll startle you [wench
in the sacring bell[2], when the brown
g in your arms, lord cardinal. [man,
w much, methinks, I could despise this
am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners. [at you.
Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stampt on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him. [is,—
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*,——
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection[4]:—This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,

it of a cardinal was scarlet; and the method of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them. bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, her offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell; from the French er. [3] i. e. absolute. [4] The judgement in a writ of *Præmunire* is, that the defendant *of the king's protection*; and his *lands* and *tenements, goods* and *chattels*, forfeited to the that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure.

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world! I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.——

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities, [me,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans'[1] tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance
Some little memory of me will stir him, [thee;
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord;
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't? [thee
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that ha
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear no
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwe
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies[2].

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dw
[*Exe*

[1] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans.

[2] This sentence was really uttered by Wolse

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

YOU are well met[1] once again.
So are you. [behold
You come to take your stand here, and
Anne pass from her coronation?
'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
of Buckingham came from his trial.
'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sor-
eral joy. [row;
'Tis well: the citizens,
, have shewn at full their loyal minds;
have their rights, they are ever forward,
ition of this day with shews,
and sights of honour.
Never greater,
ssure you, better taken, sir.
May I be bold to ask what that contains,
r in your hand?
Yes; 'tis the list
that claim their offices this day,
of the coronation.
of Suffolk is the first, and claims
steward; next the duke of Norfolk,
marshal: you may read the rest.
thank you, sir; had I not known those
ustoms,
ve been beholden to your paper.
ech you, what's become of Katharine,
ss dowager? how goes her business?
That I can tell you too. The archbishop
bury, accompanied with other
d reverend fathers of his order,
court at Dunstable, six miles off
thill, where the princess lay; to which
cited by them, but appear'd not:
short, for not appearance, and
late scruple, by the main assent
learned men, she was divorc'd,
e marriage made of none effect:
, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
remains now, sick.
las, good lady!—
ts sound: stand close; the queen is co-
ing. [*Hautboys.*

RDER OF THE CORONATION.

y flourish of trumpets.
wo Judges.
Chancellor, with the purse and mace
e him.
ers singing. [*Music.*
of London, *bearing the mace. Then*
r, in his coat of arms, and on his
a gilt copper crown.

6. *Marquis* Dorset, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of* Surrey, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of* Suffolk, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him the Duke of* Norfolk, *with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it the* Queen *in her robe; her hair richly adorn'd with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the bishops of* London *and* Winchester.
9. *The old dutchess of* Norfolk, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They pass over the stage in order and state.

---

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that, that bears the sceptre? [know;—
1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same, high-steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee! [*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports. [her.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; so are all are near
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,
And, sometimes, falling ones. [indeed;
1 *Gent.* No more of that. [*pets.*
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trum-*
Enter a third Gentleman.
God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled [finger
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

[1] Alluding to their former meeting, in the second act.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her: while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams [1]
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.
2 *Gent.* But what follow'd? [paces
3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury,
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gent.* You must no more call it York place, that's past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.
3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 *Gent.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary)
The other, London.
2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gent.* All the land knows that: [comes,
However, yet there's no great breach; when it
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him
Master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thith
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeu*

SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick, led between Gri
her Gentleman-usher, and Patience her woma

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the ea
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Did'st thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wols
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam: but, I think your grac
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily [2],
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forw
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule,
Kath. Alas, poor man! [ces
Grif. At last, with easy roads [3] he came to L
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abb
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd hi
To whom he gave these words—"O father abb
"An old man, broken with the storms of stat
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
"Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentanc
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. [h
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gentl
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak h
And yet with charity;—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking [4]
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestic
[5] 'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play
His own opinion was his law: I' the presenc
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was ne
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

[1] i. e. like battering-rams. [2] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, haply.* [3] by short stages. [4] i. e. (says Mr. Tollet) He was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ran himself with princes, and, by suggestion to the king and the pope, he [5] *'d*, i. e. limited, circumscri and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, app from various passages in the play.

ı body he was ill [1], and gave
/ ill example.
ɔble madam,
manners live in brass; their virtues
n water [2]. May it please your highness
ıe speak his good now?
es, good Griffith;
licious else.
ıis cardinal,
ɔm an humble stock, undoubtedly
n'd to much honour. From his cradle,
ıcholar, and a ripe and good one:
; wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
ıour, to them that lov'd him not;
se men that sought him, sweet as sum-
h he were unsatisfy'd in getting, [mer.
ıs a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
ost princely: Ever witness for him
ıs of learning, that he rais'd in you,
ıd Oxford! one of which fell with him,
to out-live the good he did it;
though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
nt in art, and still so rising,
tendom shall ever speak his virtue.
row heap'd happiness upon him;
ınd not 'till then, he felt himself,
the blessedness of being little:
d greater honours to his age
could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.
ter my death, I wish no other herald,
peaker of my living actions,
ıine honour from corruption,
n honest chronicler as Griffith.
ıost hated living, thou hast made me,
eligious truth, and modesty,
ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
ɔe near me still; and set me lower:
long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
musicians play me that sad note
y knell, whilst I sit meditating
estial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

e is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
uiet,
e wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

*Enter, solemnly tripping, one after an-
r personages, clad in white robes, wear-
eir heads garlands of bays, and golden
on their faces; branches of bays, or
their hands. They first congee unto her,
ɔe; and, at certain changes, the first two
ɔare garland over her head; at which,
four make reverend curtsies; then the
t held the garland, deliver the same to
next two, who observe the same order in
nges, and holding the garland over her
hich done, they deliver the same garland
st two, who likewise observe the same
order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she
makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth
up her hands to heaven; and so, in their dancing,
they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The
musick continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye
all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw you none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly. [dreams
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.
Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a sawcy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this
Let me ne'er see again. [fellow
[*Exeunt Griffith, and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray
What is your pleasure with me? [you,
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

inal connection with women was anciently call'd *the vice of the body*. So, in *Holinshed*, he labour'd by all means to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *evill of her bodie* with Dr. Percy remarks, that "this reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in Sir Tho- 's *History of Richard* III. where, speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore expe- m those whom she had served in her prosperity; More adds, "Men use, if they have an to write it in marble, and whoso doeth us a good turne, we write it in duste."

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do: and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam. [ness
Kath. In which I have commended to his good-
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband; let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus. [lord,
These are the whole contents:—And, good my
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man! [me
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.——Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;—
Call in more women.——When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.—— [*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Some Part of the Palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.

Gard. IT 's one a'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us [Thomas!
To waste these times.——Good hour of night, sir
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at pri-
With the duke of Suffolk. [mero
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.
Gard. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find [me,
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir Tho-
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gard. But, sir, sir,——
Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way[2]; I know you wise, religious;

[1] *Primero* and *primavista*, two games at cards, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can shew such an order of cards first, wins the game. [2] i. e. of mine own opinion in religion.

And,

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,—
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two [well,—
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade[1] of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The arch-
bishop [speak
Is the king's hand, and tongue: And who dare
One syllable against him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch-heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
Have broken[2] with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board [mas,
He be convented[3]. He's a rank weed, Sir Tho-
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas!
Lov. Many good nights, my lord! I rest your
servant. [*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*
As Lovel is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of Suffolk.
King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desired your high-
Most heartily to pray for her. [ness
King. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out? [made
Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance
Almost each pang a death.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, good night.— [*Exit Suffolk.*

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows? [bishop,
Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! Canterbury?
Denny. Ay, my good lord.
King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?
Denny. He attends your highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit Denny.*
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*
Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.
King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovel seemeth to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt Lovel, and Denny.*
Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. [know
King. How now, my lord? You do desire to
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me
your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, 'till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contended
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us[4],
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.
King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person! which I weigh not,

[1] i.e. the practised method, the general course.
[2] i.e. they have broken silence, and told their minds to the king.
[3] i.e. *summon'd, convened.*
[4] i.e. you being one of the council.

Being

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
King. Know you not [world?
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween[1] you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
His language in his tears. [*Exit Cranmer.*

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. [*within.*] Come back; what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring [angels
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.
King. Lovel,—

Enter Lovel.

Lov. Sir.
King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit King.*
Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Council Chamber.

Cranmer, Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait 'till you be called for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So,—
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit Butts.*
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor, [sure
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleas
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—
King. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.
King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close:
We shall hear more anon.—

Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat them-

selves

[1] To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Obsolete.

r on each side, Cromwell at the lower
etary.
c to the business, master Secretary:
ıet in council?
e your honours,
e concerns his grace of Canterbury.
ıe had knowledge of it?

vaits there?
ithout, my noble lords?

y lord archbishop:
ıalf an hour, to know your pleasures.
im come in.
our grace may enter now.
anm r approaches the council table.
ood lord archbishop, I am very sorry
this present, and behold
ıd empty: But we all are men,
tures frail; and capable
:w are angels[1]: out of which frailty,
sdom, you, that best should teach us,
ean'd yourself, and not a little,
ıg first, then his laws, in filling [lains',
m, by your teaching, and your chap-
: inform'd) with new opinions,
ıngerous; which are heresies,
nn'd, may prove pernicious.
:h reformation must be sudden too,
s: for those, that tame wild horses,
ı their hands to make 'em gentle;
mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
/ the manage. If we suffer ['em,
ısiness, and childish pity
honour) this contagious sickness,
hysic: And what follows then?
uproars, with a general taint
ate: as, of late days, our neighbours,
rmany, can dearly witness,
tied in our memories.
ood lords, hitherto, in all the progress
'e and office, I have labour'd,
ittle study, that my teaching,
g course of my authority,
way, and safely; and the end
do well: nor is there living
h a single heart, my lords,)
ıore detests, more stirs against,
ivate conscience, and his place,
public peace, than I do.
the king may never find a heart
gıance in it! Men, that make
ooked malice, nourishment,
best. I do beseech your lordships,
ase of justice, my accusers,
will, may stand forth face to face,
ge against me.
ıy lord,
ıe; you are a counsellor,

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.
Gard. My lord, because we have business of more moment, [pleasure,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for. [thank you,
Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gard. Not sound, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gard. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do:
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I. [agreed,
Cham. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, 'till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gard. What other [some:
Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-
Let some o' the guard be ready there.
Enter Guard.
Cran. For me?

chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In of the fourth act, we heard that Sir Thomas More was appointed lord chancellor: but it *ım* the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th , 1529; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to Sir Thomas More, who *ıem* on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of queen rth (which brings it down to the year 1534), Sir Thomas Audlie must necessarily be our *ılor*; who succeeded Sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. [1] Meaning, per- *: perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity.* [2] i. e. your fair outside.

Must

Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.
Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.
Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender!
King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
[*To Cranmer.*
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your grace,—
King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lowsy foot-boy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice:
I am sure, in me.
King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me:
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?
King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons[1]: you shall have [Norfolk,
Two noble partners with you: the old dutchess of
And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it.
Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.
King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his Man.
Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals!
Do you take the court for[2] Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.
Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.
Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads; You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?
Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible

[1] Mr. Steevens says, "It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present for the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint in honour of whom the child received its name." [2] The bear-garden of that time, and in a line with Bridewell.

(Unless

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning[1]; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand[2], to mow 'em down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Morefields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a cry of fornication is at door! O' my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier[3] by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake[4] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece, to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor[5] once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples[6]; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill[7], or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these [have
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. Please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards[8], when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess!

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing two great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follow the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.—

Gar. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling*]. And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,

[1] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a-*maying* on the first of May. [2] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard.—Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. [3] A *brasier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood. [4] A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dipsas*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o' th' Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*. A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial *firework*. [5] i.e. the brasier. [6] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low (viz. a *penny*, *two-pence*, and *six-pence*, each, for the *ground*, *gallery*, and *rooms*:—the boxes were somewhat higher, being a *shilling* and *half-a-crown*), that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakspeare in this scene; especially when it is added, that *tobacco* was smoaked, and *ale* drunk in them. [7] Dr. Johnson suspects the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. [8] A public whipping. [9] To *bait bumbards* is to *tipple*, to *lie at the spigot*. *Bumbards* were large vessels in which the beer was carried to soldiers upon duty: they resembled *black jacks* of leather.

May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name!

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.—[*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen. [digal:

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too pro-
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, [her,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows
with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect way of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[[1] Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud
darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terro
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's chi
Shall see this, and bless heaven. [dre
King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England
An aged princess[2]; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethen, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holy-day.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.[3]

'TIS ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—that's witty!
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we shew'd 'em[4]*: If they smile,*
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

[1] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of king James. [2] Theobald remarks, that the transition here from the complimentary address to king *James* the first is so abrupt, that it seems to him, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was written, as in his opinion it was, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. He makes no question but the poet rested here:

And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.

All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. [3] Dr. Johnson is of opinion, with other Critics, that both the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* to Henry VIII. were written by *Ben Jonson*. [4] In the character of Katharine.

CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the people.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*
Conspirators with Aufidius.
VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*
VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus*
VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*
Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

The SCENE[1] *is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't,

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good[2] citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good; What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes[3]: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol—

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

[1] The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch*. [2] *Good* is here used in the *mercantile* sense. [3] Alluding to the proverb, *as lean as a rake*; which perhaps owes its origin to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Dr. Johnson observes, that *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*.—*As lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it: and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily; to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't [1] a little more.

2 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace [2] with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where [3] the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

2 Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs [4], but even thus—
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly [5]
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 Cit. Your belly's answer—What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart [6], the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they——

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
"Which you do live upon; and fit it is;
"Because I am the store-house, and the shop
"Of the whole body: But, if you do remember,
"I send it through the rivers of your blood,
"Even to the court, the heart, to the seat [7] o' the brain;
"And, through the cranks and offices of man,
"The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
"From me receive that natural competency
"Whereby they live: And though that all at once
"You, my good friends," (this says the belly) mark me,—

2 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot
"See what I do deliver out to each;
"Yet I can make my audit up, that all
"From me do back receive the flour of all,
"And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?

2 Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,

[1] To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North. The meaning is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest. [2] *Disgraces* are *hardships, injuries*. [3] *Where* for *whereas*. [4] i.e. with a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. [5] i.e. exactly. [6] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. [7] *Seat* for *throne*.

Touching

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall
No public benefit, which you receive, [find,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves:—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?——
2 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage[1].——
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale[2].—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
2 Cit. We have ever your good word. [flatter
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
Beneath abhorring.—What would have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead, [ye?
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd. [they say,
Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth[3],
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pitch[4] my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop? [you,
Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em! [verbs;
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proThat, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;— [sent not
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity[5], [caps
And make bold power look pale) they threw their
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation. [doms,
Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisOf their own choice: One 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not —— s'death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.
Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?
Mar. Here: What's the matter?
Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators; Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Velutus.

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told[6] us;
The Volces are in arms. [told[6] us;
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
Com. You have fought together. [and he
Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

[1] The meaning is, Thou art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. [2] *Bale* is an old Saxon word for *misery* or *calamity*. [3] i. e. their pity, compassion. [4] The old copy reads—*picke* my lance; and so the word is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, throw any thing that the demander wants. [5] Meaning, To give the final blow to the *nobles*. *Generosity* is *high birth*. [6] viz. that *the Volces are in arms*.

Men. O, true bred! [know,
1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:—
Follow, Cominius: we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.
Com. Noble Lartius!
1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*
Mar. Nay, let them follow: [ther,
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thi-
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.—
[*Exeunt.*
Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius, and Brutus.
Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal. [ple,—
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the peo-
Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts. [gods.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to [1] gird the
Sic. Be-mock the modest moon. [grown
Bru. The present wars devour him [2]! he is
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out on Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business!
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits [3] rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Senate-House in Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:
" They have press'd a power, but it is not known
[*Reading.*
" Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
" The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
" Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
" (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)
" And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
" These three lead on this preparation
" Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
" Consider of it."
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.
2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army [4]; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more.
All. The gods assist you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
1 *Sen.* Farewell.
2 *Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Caius Marcius' House in Rome.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it

[1] To *sneer*, to *gibe*. [2] The sense is, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities.* [3] *Merits* and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning. [4] i. e. We will learn what he is to do, besides *going himself*; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. [5] That is, If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army *to remove them.*

was

etter than picture-like to hang by the
nown made it not stir,—was pleas'd to
ek danger where he was like to find fame.
l war I sent him; from whence he re-
s brows bound with oak [1]: I tell thee,
—I sprang not more in joy at first hear-
is a man-child, than now in first seeing
oved himself a man.
it had he died in the business, madam;

ien his good report should have been my
rein would have found issue. Hear me
cerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in
like, and none less dear than thine and
Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die
their country, than one voluptuously
of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Iadam, the lady Valeria is come to visit
you. [self.
eseech you, give me leave to retire my-
leed, you shall not.
I hither hear your husband's drum;
luck down Aufidius by the hair;
n from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
you cowards; you were got in fear,
u were born in Rome: His bloody brow
nail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
lose his hire.
s bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!
ray, you fool! it more becomes a man,
his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
:tor's forehead, when it spit forth blood
n swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*
:avens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
upon his neck.

ria, with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

y ladies both, good day to you.
eet madam,——
m glad to see your ladyship.
ow do you both? you are manifest
pers. What, are you sewing here? A
in good faith.—How does your little

hank your ladyship; well, good madam.
had rather see the swords, and hear a
lrum,
upon his school-master.
my word, the father's son: I'll swear,
pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon
ednesday half an hour together: he has
nfirm'd countenance. I saw him run
ed butterfly; and when he caught it, he

let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd [3] it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack [4], madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

---

rown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, and was accounted more e than any other. [2] *Gilt* is an obsolete word, meaning a superficial display of gold, *nock* is a phrase still used in Staffordshire, and implies to cut in pieces, or to tear. [4] *Crack boy child.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with drum and colours, Captains, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.
They sound a parley. Enter Senators, with others, on the walls.
Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls, *[Drum afar off.*
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off; *[Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it! *[ho!*

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders,

Enter the Volces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain as much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

[Another alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates.

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapt-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:
Let's fetch him off, or make remain[1] alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.

SCENE V.

Within the Town.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver. *[Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Marcius, and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:——Down with them.— *[him:—*
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city; [hasten
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
To help Cominius.

[1] *Make remain* is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain.*

Lart

Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
rcise hath been too violent for
d course of fight.
Sir, praise me not:
k hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
od I drop is rather physical
ngerous to me: To Aufidius thus
pear, and fight.
Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
p in love with thee; and her great charms
e thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
ty be thy page!
Thy friend no less
ose she places highest! So, farewell.
Thou worthiest Marcius!—
nd thy trumpet in the market-place;
her all the officers of the town,
hey shall know our mind: Away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Roman Camp.

r Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.

Breathe you, my friends; well fought:
we are come off
mans, neither foolish in our stands,
vardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
l be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
ims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
rges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods,
eir successes as we wish our own;
th our powers, with smiling fronts encountring,

Enter a Messenger.

re you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?
The citizens of Corioli have issued,
en to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
r party to the trenches driven,
n I came away.
Though thou speak'st truth, [since?
s, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
Above an hour, my lord. [drums:
'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
uld'st thou in a mile confound [1] an hour,
ng thy news so late?
Spies of the Volces
e in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
r four miles about; else had I, sir,
hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Who's yonder,
es appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
the stamp of Marcius; and I have
ime seen him thus.
Come I too late? [tabor,
The shepherd knows not thunder from a
an I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
very meaner man's.
Come I too late?
Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
atled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him [2], or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you? [think—
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?
Com. Marcius, we have a disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose. [side
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on what
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay [3] the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd [4], and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius. [*Waving his hand.*
[*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*
O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number

found is here used in the sense of—*to expend.* [2] i. e. remitting his ransom. [3] *Delay* for [4] i. e. swords lifted high.

(Though thanks to all,) must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four [1] shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows;
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports [2] be guarded: Keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieut. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Field of Batile.

Alarum. Enter Marcius and Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls, [blood,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.—
[*Here they fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*
Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt fighting.*

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf, &c.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd [3], hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—"We thank the gods,
"Our Rome hath such a soldier!"—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparisons [4]!
Had'st thou beheld—
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Com. Should they not [5],
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius! cast up their caps and lances; Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane, [shall
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows

[1] Coriolanus may mean, that as *all* the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. [2] i. e. the gates. [3] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. [4] The meaning is,—This man performed the action, and we only filled up the shew. [5] That is, *not be remembered*. So

s the parasite's silk, let him [1] be made
erture for the wars!—No more, I say;
at I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
l'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
s many else have done,—you shout me forth
lamations hyperbolical;
I lov'd my little should be dieted
ises sauc'd with lyes.
. Too modest are you;
cruel to your good report, than grateful
that give you truly: by your patience,
nst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
known,
us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
this war's garland: in token of the which,
ble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
hat he did before Corioli, call him,
all the applause and clamour of the host,
Marcius Coriolanus.——
he addition nobly ever!
[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*
es. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
. I will go wash;
hen my face is fair, you shall perceive
ier I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
to stride your steed; and, at all times,
dercrest your good addition [2],
fairness of my power [3].
. So, to our tent:
, ere we do repose us, we will write
me of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
o Corioli back: send us to Rome
est [4], with whom we may articulate [5],
eir own good, and ours.
. I shall, my lord.
The gods begin to mock me. I that now
d most princely gifts, am bound to beg
lord general.
. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?
I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
or man's house; he us'd me kindly:
d'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
en Aufidius was within my view,
rath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
e my poor host freedom.
. O, well begg'd!
he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary: yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!—
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch [6] at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.
Sol. He's the devil. [poison'd,
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall flie out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements [7] all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I [city;
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.
Sol. Will not you go?
Auf. I am attended [8] at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

n for *it*. The personal *him* is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age
of *it*, the neuter. [2] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to suppor
d opinion of him. [3] i.e. in proportion equal to my power. [4] i.e. the *chief* men of Corioli
enter into articles. [6] *Potch* is a word used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push*
rquements mean not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*, or *impediment*. [8] i. e. expected

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Rome.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius, and Brutus.

Men. THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks [1], and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humourous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning [2]. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such wealsmen as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurgusses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson [3] conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fasset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholic, you make faces like mummers: set up the bloody flag against all patience [4], and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: you are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

[1] Alluding to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. [2] Rather a late riser-down than an early riser. [3] i. e. *blind.* [4] i. e. declare war against patience.

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empyric qutique, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And it was time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an' he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd[1] of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true;—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh:—There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout, and flourish.*

Vol. These are th' ushers of Marcius: before him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Senate. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!
[*Sound. Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——

Cor. My gracious silence[2], hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? O my sweet lady, pardon. [*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O, welcome home: [*all.*
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep, [come:
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Wel-
A curse begin at very root of 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!——You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet by the faith of men, [will not
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that
Be gra'ted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[*To his Wife and Mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:

[1] i. e. *informed.* [2] i. e. according to Mr. Steevens, "Thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest."

Only

Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt
But our Rome will cast upon thee. [not,
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in state, as before.*
Brutus and Sicinius come forward.
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture[1] lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen-malkin[2] pins
Her richest lockram[3] 'bout her reeky neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens[4]
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him[5],
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.
Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's,
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would [and
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
Dispropertyd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war: who have their provender
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.
Enter a Messenger.
Bru. What's the matter? [thought,
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and
I never saw the like. [shouts:
Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

[1] *Rapture* was a common term at that time used for a *fit* simply. [2] A kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a dirty wench.—*Maukin* in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens; a scarecrow. [3] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. [4] i. e. priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view.—*Seld* is often used by ancient writers for *seldom*. [5] i. e. *as if that god who leads him, whatsoever* god he be,

2 *Off.*

: hath deserved worthily of his country:
ent is not by such easy degrees as those,
een supple and courteous to the people;
, without any further deed to heave
l into their estimation and report: but
o planted his honours in their eyes,
ctions in their hearts, that for their
be silent, and not confess so much,
d of ingrateful injury; to report other-
: a malice, that, giving itself the lye,
ck reproof and rebuke from every ear
it.
lo more of him; he is a worthy man:
, they are coming.
Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of
e, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Me-
Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Bru-
ribunes, take their places by themselves.
aving determin'd of the Volces, and
r Titus Lartius, it remains,
in point of this our after-meeting,
his noble service, that [you,
stood for his country: Therefore, please
rend and grave elders, to desire
nt consul, and last general
l-found successes, to report
that worthy work perform'd
Marcius Coriolanus; whom
here, both to thank, and to remember
ours like himself.
peak, good Cominius:
ning out for length; and make us think,
: state's defective for requital,
stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
uest your kindest ear; and, after,
g motion toward the common body,
what passes here.
are convented
easing treaty; and have hearts
to honour and advance
: of our assembly.
hich the rather
e blest to do, if he remember
ralue of the people, than
ereto priz'd them at.
nat's off, that's off[1];
ou rather had been silent: Please you
'ominius speak?
ost willingly;
y caution was more pertinent,
ebuke you give it.
e loves your people;
m not to be their bed-fellow.—
minius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.
t, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
have nobly done,
ur honours' pardon;
er have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down. [sun,
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
When the alarum was struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*
Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver; if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome[3], he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian[4] chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopt the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp)
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate[5] o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by-and-by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood

ter, Fr. is, to pull off one's cap. [1] i. e. that is nothing to the purpose. [2] i. e. *raised a*
:over Rome. [4] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. [5] The parts of women
hakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the
[6] i. e. the gate was made the scene of death.

To

To ease his breast with panting.
Men. Worthy man! [nours
1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the ho-
Which we devise him.
Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery[1] itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend his time, to end it.
Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.
1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.
Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;
Shew them the unaking scars, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—
Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius, and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people. [quire them,
Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will re-
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once[2], if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.
2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.
3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.
1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.
3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.
2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?
3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.
2 *Cit.* Why that way?
3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience-sake, to help to get thee a wife.
2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may—
3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus, and Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.
All. Content, content. [known
Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not
The worthiest men have done 't?
Cor. What must I say?
I pray, sir,——Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace: Look, sir;—my wounds;——
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.
Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

[1] *Misery* for avarice. [2] *Once* here means the same as when we say *once for all*.

Cor.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.
Men. You'll mar all; [you,
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.
1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.
Cor. Mine own desert.
2 *Cit.* Your own desert?
Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.
1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir; 'Twas never my desire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.
1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.
Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?
1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.
Cor. Kindly?
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?
Both Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.
Cor. A match, sir:—There's in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.
1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.
2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again——But 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.
1 *Cit.* You have deserv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deserv'd nobly.
Cor. Your ænigma?
1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.
Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.
2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.
1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.
Cor. I will not seal[1] your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.
Both. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*
Cor. Most sweet voices!——
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish[2] gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless voucher? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't.
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.—
Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your
Indeed, I would be consul. [voices:
1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.
2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!
All. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*
Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir. [again,
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose
1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir. [this man?
Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

[1] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge.—The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. [2] i. e. this *rough hirsute gown.*

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us. [says,
2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his coun-
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure. [try.
All. No, no man saw 'em.
3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom,*
But by your voices, will not so permit me:
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices, thank you,—*
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you:——Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't[1]?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article,
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.
Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt[2],
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
This his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?
3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.
2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em. [friends,—
Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce[3] his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance[4],
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.
Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.
Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us. [you,
Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past[5],
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger[6].
Sic. To the Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. did you want knowledge to discern it? [2] i. e. with contempt open and unrestrained. [3] Object his pride. [4] i. e. carriage. [5] i. e. weighing his past and present behaviour. [6] i. e. mark, catch, and improve the opportunity which his hasty anger will afford us.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, rtius, and other Senators.

S Aufidius then had made new
ead? [caus'd
my lord; and that it was, which
iposition.
the Volces stand but as at first;
me shall prompt them, to make
[road
e worn, lord consul, so,
ardly in our ages see,
vave again.
ı Aufidius? [curse
-guard he came to me; and did
ces, for they had so vilely
vn: he is retir'd to Antium.
ıe of me?
, my lord.
what?
en he had met you, sword to sword:
ıgs upon the earth, he hated
st: that he would pawn his fortunes
titution, so he might
vanquisher.
ım lives he?
ium.
had a cause to seek him there,
ıatred fully.—Welcome home.
[*To Lartius.*
- *Sicinius, and Brutus.*
are the tribunes of the people,
the commonmouth. I do despise
;
ank[1] them in authority,
le sufferance.
further.
hat is that?
e dangerous to go on: no further.
ıakes this change?
atter? [commons?
e not pass'd the nobles, and the
ıs, no.
had children's voices?
es, give way; he shall to the
et-place.
ople are incens'd against him.

n broil.
se your herd?—
e voices, that can yield them now,
isclaim their tongues!—What are
offices? [teeth[2]?
r mouths, why rule you not their
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd
them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours. [clouds,
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By you
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.
Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire your
way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm. [palt'ring[3]
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely[4]
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle[5] of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd,
and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs,
Coin words 'till their decay, against those meazels[6]

k, dignify themselves. [2] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff
[3] I. e. shuffling. [4] *Falsely* for *treacherously*. [5] *Cockle* is a weed which grows
n. [6] *Mesell* is used, in *Pierce Plowman's Vision*, for a *leper*.

Which

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows[1]? mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall!
O gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but [rit
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spi-
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs[2]. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other!
Com. Well,—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,——
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons, [the corn
More worthier than their voices. They know,
Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates[4]: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native[5]
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;—
"We are the greater poll, and in true fear
"They gave us our demands:"—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles——
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while [lows
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it fol-
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state, [fer
More than you doubt[6] the change of 't; that pre-
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body[7] with a dangerous physic,
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity[8] which should become it;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul it.
Bru. He has said enough. [swer
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall an-
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion, [law,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason.
Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The ædiles, ho! Let him be apprehended.

[1] A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink*. [2] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. [3] Meaning, that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest. [4] That is, *pass* them. [5] Or, *natural parent*. [6] i. e. fear. [7] To *jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing.—*To jump a body* may therefore mean, *to put it into a violent agitation* or *commotion*. [8] *Integrity* is in this place, *soundness*, uniformity, consistency.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
All. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off. [bones
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help me, citizens.
Re-enter Brutus with a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.
Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, ædiles.
All. Down with him, down with him!
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
All. Peace, peace, peace: stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?——I am out of breath; [bunes
Confusion's near; I cannot speak:——You, tri-
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people:——Peace.
All. Let's hear our tribunes!—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
All. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
All. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it: We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
All. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace. [friends,
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon
And bear him to the rock. [him,
[*Coriolanus draws his sword.*
Cor. No; I'll die here.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-
Bru. Lay hands upon him. [draw a while.
Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
All. Down with him, down with him! [*Exeunt.*
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd;) not Romans, (as they are not, [gone.
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—Be
Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe[1] another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself [tribunes.
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag[2] return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be
With cloth of any colour. [patch'd
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*

[1] Dr. Johnson on this passage, remarks, that he knows not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some *other time*: or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt*; that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection.

[2] The lowest of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail.*

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, doth forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed! [vengeance,
Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the
Could he not speak 'em fair?
Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.
Sic. Where is this viper,
That will depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
All. He shall sure out.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace. [but hunt
Men. Do not cry, havock[1], where you should
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He consul!
All. No, no, no, no, no. [people,
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam[2]. [try
Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his coun
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.—
Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come—
Men. Consider this;—He hath been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home. [you there:
Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you:— [must come,
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus, with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Pat. You do the nobler.

[1] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c.—*To cry havock*, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*.—It was afterwards used in war, and seems to have been the signal for general slaughter. [2] i. e. Awry. Hence a *kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg.—The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*.

Cor. I muse[1], my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy or sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance[2] stood up
To speak of peace, or war. [*To Vol.*] I talk of you;
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have
False to my nature? Rather say, I play [me
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go. [are,
Vol. You might have been enough the man you
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd[3], but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble.
But when extremities speak, I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force[4] you this?
Vol. Because,
That now it lies on you to speak to the people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you to; but with such words
That are but roated in your tongue, but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance[5], to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;—
And you will rather shew our general lowts[6]
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want[7] might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not[8] what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Pr'ythee now, [rather
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

[1] i. e. I *wonder*. [2] i. e. my *rank*. [3] i. e. the people. [4] i. e. *urge*. [5] i. e. of no *established rank*, or *settled authority*. [6] i. e. our *common clowns*. [7] i. e. the *want* of their loves. [8] In this place, *not* seems to signify *not only*.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd[1] sconce? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot[2] to lose, [it,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Cor. Well, I must do't:—
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired[3] with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent[4] in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.
Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But own thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit Volumnia.*
Com. Away; the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.—
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forum.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects[5]
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry *fine;* if death, cry *death;*
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them. [to cry,
Bru. And when such time they have begun
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
Bru. Go about it.—— [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth[6]
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks[7]
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

[1] Mr. Hawkins explains *unbarbed* by bare, uncovered; and adds, that in the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutered for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed;* probably from the old word *barbe,* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. Mr. Steevens, however, says, *unbarbed sconce* is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head.*—To *barb* a man was to shave him. [2] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. [3] i. e. which *played in concert* with my drum. [4] To *tent* is *to take up residence.* [5] i. e. according to Mr. Malone, He has been used to his *worth,* or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. [6] To *look* is to *wait* or *expect.*—The sense, I believe, is, *What he has in his heart,* is waiting there *to help us to break his neck.*

Men.

ılmly, I do beseech you.
as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
the knave by the volume[1].—The ho-
our'd gods
e in safety, and the chairs of justice
vith worthy men! plant love among us!
r large temples with the shews of peace,
ır streets with war!
ımen, amen!
noble wish.
ter the Ædile with the Plebeians.
w near, ye people. [say.
t to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I
st, hear me speak.
. Well, say.—Peace, ho. [sent?
ll I be charg'd no further than this pre-
termine here?
› demand,
nit you to the people's voices,
officers, and are content
ıwful censure for such faults
prov'd upon you?
ı content.
, citizens, he says he is content:
e service he has done, consider; think
ounds his body bears, which shew
; i' the holy church-yard. [only.
ches with briers, scars to move laughter
nsider further,
he speaks not like a citizen,
m like a soldier: Do not take
r accents for malicious sounds;
y, such as become a soldier,
ı envy[2] you.
ell, well, no more.
ıat's the matter,
past for consul with full voice,
ıonour'd, that the very hour
: off again?
wer to us.
then: 'tis true, I ought so. [take
charge you, that you have contriv'd to
e all season'd [3] office, and to wind
to a power tyrannical;
you are a traitor to the people.
w! Traitor?
y; temperately: Your promise,
ires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
ir traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
e eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
nds clutch'd as many millions, in
ongue both numbers; I would say,
unto thee, with a voice as free
ıy the gods.
k you this, people?
e rock with him! to the rock with him!
ce,
ot lay new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,——
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You? [mother?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your
Com. Know, I pray you—
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeïan death,
Vagabond exile, flaying: Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd [4] against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as [5] now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not [5] in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeïan, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so. [friends;—
Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate[7], her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—
Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so. [hate
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! have the power still

ıuld bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. [2] *Envy* is here taken *malignity*, or ill intention. [3] i. e. all *office established* and *settled* by time. [4] i. e. behaved if hatred to the people. [5] *As*, in this instance, would seem to have the power of *as well* t stands again for *not only*. [7] i. e. I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value* fe.

To banish your defenders: 'till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not 'till it feels;
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
Abated captives [1], to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*
The people shout, and throw up their caps.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
All. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city. [come:—
All. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. COME, leave your tears: a brief farewell! —the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear:
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning [2]: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—— [Rome,
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu!—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's, [ral,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime gene-
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond [3] to wail inevitable strokes, [well,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen [son
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice [4].
Vol. My first [5] son,
Whither wilt thou go! Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee; so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch [6]: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus, with an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

[1] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirits. [2] The sense is, When fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. [3] i. e. foolish. [4] i. e. by artful and false tricks, and treason. [5] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. [6] i. e. of true metal unallay'd: a metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone.

Sic.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.
Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way. [o' the gods
Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud. [hear;—
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[*To Brutus.*
Vir. [*To Sicin.*] You shall stay too: I would,
I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind[1]? [fool.—
Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship[2]
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens! [words;
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet
go;——
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had. [rabble:
Vol. I would he had?—'Twas you incens'd the
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home, [with me?
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.
Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: Know you me yet?
Vol. Nicanor? No.
Rom. The same, sir.
Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.
Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.
Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.
Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.
Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?
Rom. Banish'd, sir.
Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.
Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.
Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.
Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you more strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

[1] Dr. Johnson here remarks, that the word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out; "Note but this fool.—Was not a man my father?" [2] i. e. cunning enough.

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment[1], and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium.

Before Aufidius's House.

Enter Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thywives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Inseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes, [sleep
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Serving-man.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions[2]? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house. [hearth.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits, [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall, [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master. [ter?

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my mas-

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius, with the second Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

[1] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in *pay*.—To *entertain* an army is to take them into pay. [2] *Companion* was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word *fellow*.

Auf. What is thy name?
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volces' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't: though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou
Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name? [me yet?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory[1],
And witness of the malice and displeasure [mains:
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name re-
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak[2] in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be [tunes
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more for-
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut would shew thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.
Auf. O Marcius, Marcius, [heart
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter [say,
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and
'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All-noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.
Cor. You bless me, gods! [have
Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: Most
welcome! [*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration!
2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.
1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.
2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.
1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were,—— Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.
2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i' the world.
1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.
2 *Serv.* Who? my master?
1 *Serv.* Nay, it 's no matter for that.
2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.
1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.
2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how

[1] *Memory* for *memorial.* [2] i. e. resentment or revenge. [3] i. e. disgraceful diminutions of territory.

to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations, I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand [1], and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he says, and sowle [2] the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd [3].

2 *Serv.* And he 's as like to do 't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do 't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you, sir,) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he 's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it 's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent [4]. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd [5], deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war 's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so; and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volces.——They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A public Place in Rome.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame [6] in the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you? [wife

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all!

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both. [riolanus

Sic. Live, and thrive! [riolanus

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Co-
Had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

[1] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. [2] That is, drag him down by the ears into the dirt.—The word is derived from *sow*, i. e. to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals. [3] That is, *bared, cleared.* [4] i. e. full of *rumour*, full of materials for discourse. [5] i. e. soften'd and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. [6] i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these.

Sic.

appier and more comely time,
fellows ran about the streets,
n.
arcius was
i' the war; but insolent,
ride, ambitious past all thinking,

ing one sole throne,
e'.
ot so.
y this, to all our lamentation,
rth consul, found it so.
have well prevented it, and Rome
without him.

Enter Ædile.

y tribunes,
whom we have put in prison,
olces with two several powers
e Roman territories;
epest malice of the war
s before 'em.
fidius,
f our Marcius' banishment,
horns again into the world;
shell'd, when Marcius stood for
nce peep out. [Rome,
hat talk you of Marcius? [be,
his rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot
break with us.
be!
l, that very well it can;
ples of the like have been
But reason[2] with the fellow,
ish him, where he heard this;
hance to whip your information,
essenger who bids beware
dreaded.
me:
not be.
sible.

Enter a Messenger.

les, in great earnestness, are going
e-house; some news is come,
countenances.
slave:—
re the people's eyes:—his raising!
report!
rthy sir,
rt is seconded; and more,
deliver'd.
ore fearful?
ke freely out of many mouths,
, I do not know) that Marcius,
idius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
nge as spacious, as between

The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone[3],
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news? [ters, and
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daugh-
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, the news?—— [news?
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
If Marcius should be joined with the Volces,——
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation[4], and
The breath of garlick-eaters[5]!
Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow
You have made fair work! [fruit[6].
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly[7] revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance, [him?
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even

thout *assessors*; without any other suffrage. [2] i. e. talk. [3] Dr. Johnson remarks, n the active sense, is to *reconcile*, and is so used by our author. To *atone* here is, in se, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*. [4] *Occupation* is here used for en *occupied* in daily business. [5] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vul- arlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by appears also, that garlick was once much used in England, and afterwards as much Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deserted fellow, a person ithout friends to assist him. [6] Alluding to the apples of the Hesperides. [7] *To re-* is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt.

As

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face [hands,
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it. [like beasts,
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again[1]. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.
2 *Cit.* And so did I.
3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
Com. You are goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made you [Capitol?
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the
Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exe. Com. and Men.*
Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.
1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.
2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I. [wealth
Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieut. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.
Lieut. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.
Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account. [Rome?
Lieut. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey[2] to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving,
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choak it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done[3].
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler[4], strengths by strength do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. [2] A kind of eagle. [3] The sense is, The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest *tomb* in that *chair* wherein it holds forth its own commendations. [4] i. e. What is already right, and received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A public Place in Rome.

nius, Cominius, Sicinius, and Brutus, with others.

I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
sometime his general; who lov'd him
ear particular. He call'd me father:
that? Go, you that banish'd him,
re his tent fall down, and knee
to his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
minius speak, I'll keep at home.
would not seem to know me.
you hear?
one time he did call me by my name:
old acquaintance, and the drops
ve bled together. Coriolanus
not answer to: forbad all names;
ind of nothing, titleless,
l forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Rome.
hy, so; you have made good work:
ibunes, that have rack'd[1] for Rome,
oals cheap: a noble memory[2]!
inded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
it was expected: he replied,
re[3] petition of a state,
om they had punish'd.
ry well:
ay less?
ffer'd to awaken his regard
ste friends: his answer to me was,
ot stay to pick them in a pile
, musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
or grain or two, to leave unburnt,
nose the offence.
r one poor grain or two?
those; his mother, wife, his child,
ave fellow too, we are the grains:
e musty chaff; and you are smelt
noon: We must be burnt for you. [aid
, pray, be patient: If you refuse your
ever-needed help, yet do not
s with our distress. But sure, if you
ourcountry'spleader,yourgoodtongue,
the instant army we can make,
our countrymen.
; I'll not meddle.
y you, go to him.
hat should I do?
ly make trial what your love can do
, towards Marcius.
ell, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will [sure
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the mea-
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls [him
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise;* dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions[4]:
So that all hope is vain;
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Volcian Camp.

Enter Menenius to the Watch, or Guard.

1 *Watch.* Stay: whence are you?
2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back. [your leave,
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
1 *Watch.* From whence?
Men. From Rome. [our general
1 *Watch.* You may not pass, you must return;
Will no more hear from thence.
2 *Watch.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before

[1] *k* means *to harass by exactions.*—The meaning is, You that have been such good stewards nan people, as to get their houses burnt over their heads, to save them the expence of
[2] Memory *for* memorial. [3] A *bare petition* means only a *mere petition.* [4] Dr. Johnin, that here is a chasm.—The speaker's purpose seems to be this: *To yield to his con*in, and better cannot be obtained; *so that all hope is vain.*

You'll

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots[1] to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, happily, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer[2]: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle[3] ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *Watch.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *Watch.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *Watch.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms[4] of your daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *Watch.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood; —back, that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now, that I am in estimation: you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assur'd, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts[5]. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives him a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are shent[6] for keeping your greatness back?

2 *Watch.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you

[1] A *lot* here is a *prize.* [2] Dr. Johnson explains this passage thus: To *verify* is to *establish by testimony.* One may say with propriety, *he brought false witnesses to* verify *his title.*—Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony* than *truth*, and only meant to say, *I* bore witness *to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer.* [3] *Subtle* means *smooth, level.* [4] By *virginal palms* may be understood the holding up the hands in supplication. [5] i.e. Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. [6] *Shent* means *shamed, disgraced,* made *ashamed of ourselves.*

are,

ır misery increase with your age!
was said to, Away! [*Exit.*
ıle fellow, I warrant him.
worthy fellow is our general:
he oak not to be wind-shaken.
[*Exeunt.*

CENE III.

A Tent.

ɔriolanus and Aufidius.

before the walls of Rome to-
/
st.—My partner in this action,
to the Volcian lords, how plainly
s business.
ir ends
ted; stopp'd your ears against
of Rome; never admitted
r, no, not with such friends
em sure of you.
old man,
ick'd heart I have sent to Rome,
the measure of a father;
e, indeed. Their latest refuge
ı: for whose old love, I have
d sourly to him) once more offer'd
ions, which they did refuse,
accept, to grace him only,
: could do more; a very little
oo: Fresh embassies, and suits,
te, nor private friends, hereafter
ıo.—Ha! What shout is this?
[*Shout within.*
ed to infringe my vow
e 'tis made? I will not.—

Volumnia, Valeria, young Mar-
Attendants, all in mourning.

oremost; then the honour'd mold
ink was fram'd, and in her hand
to her blood. But, out, affection!
rivilege of nature, break!
us, to be obstinate.—
t'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,
ke gods forsworn?—I melt, and
t
ı than others.—My mother bows;
o a mole-hill should
nod: and my young boy
of intercession, which
ries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
and harrow Italy; I'll never
ıg to obey instinct; but stand,
e author of himself,
ther kin.
d and husband!
es are not the same I wore in Rome.
row, that delivers us thus chang'd,
ık so.
lull actor now,
ıy part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven[1], that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and by my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of the deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all the while [*Kneels.*
Between the child and parent.
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beech
Fillop the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior!
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
[*Pointing to Valeria.*
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the isicle
That 's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*Shewing young Marcius.*
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness: that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw',
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That 's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. Oh, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet, we will ask;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame

. e. how openly. [1] i. e. Juno. [2] i. e. every *gust*, every *storm*.

May

May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
[1] Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity 's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Virg. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy us,
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, "This mercy we have shew'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be blest
"For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son.
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
"But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
"Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
"To the ensuing age, abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak[2]. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
'Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason[4] our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volce to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.
Cor. Mother, mother!——
[*Holds her by the hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you: and pray you,

[1] That is, *constrains* the eye to *weep, and* the heart to *shake.* [2] The meaning is, to threaten much, and yet be merciful. [3] i. e. keeps me in a state of ignominy, talking to no purpose. [4] i. e. *argue for.*

Stand

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!
Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune[1]. [*Aside.*
[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*
Cor. Ay, by-and-by;
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forum in Rome.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yon coign o' the Capitol; yon corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in 't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-year old horse[2]. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; and that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.
Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain, this is true; is it most certain?
Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth, of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Sound still, with the shouts.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings: Accept my thankfulness. [next,
Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Mes. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with the Ladies passing over the stage, &c. &c.

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!——
All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!
[*A Flourish with drums and trumpets.*

SCENE V.

A public Place in Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Dispatch.—Most welcome!

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,

[1] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. [2] Sub-intelligitur *remembers his dam.*

And with his charity slain.
2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I ras'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping——
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose,
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong; 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd [1] me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—
Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him [2].
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*
1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.
3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.
Enter the Lords of the city.
Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge [3]; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.
Enter Coriolanus, with drums and colours; the Commons being with him.
Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence; but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoil, we have brought home,
Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius! [think
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?——
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?—
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.—
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—

[1] The meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is, He *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for *my wages*; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. [2] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. [3] That is, rewarding us with our own expences.

Pardon

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgements, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes imprest upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle on a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.——Boy!
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
All Con. Let him die for't.
All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.
[*The crowd speak promiscuously.*
He kill'd my son,—My daughter,—He kill'd my cousin Marcus,—
He kill'd my father.—
2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.—
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth[1]: His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Marcius, who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.
1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—
2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep. [quiet;
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be
Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury;
Yet he shall have a noble memory[2].
Assist.
[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead march sounded.*

[1] *i. e.* his fame overspreads the world. [2] *Memory*, as before, for *memorial*.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Julius Cæsar.
Octavius Cæsar, } *Triumvirs after the Death*
M. Antonius, } *of Julius Cæsar.*
M. Æmil. Lepidus, }
Cicero, Publius, Popilius Læna, *Senators.*
Brutus, }
Cassius, }
Casca, }
Trebonius, } *Conspirators against Julius*
Ligarius, } *Cæsar.*
Decius Brutus, }
Metellus Cimber, }
Cinna, }

Flavius, *and* Marullus, *Tribunes.*
Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*
A Soothsayer.
Cinna, *a Poet: Another Poet.*
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *Young* Cato, *and* Volumnius; *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; *Servants to Brutus.*
Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*
Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the three first Acts, at Rome: afterwards at an Island near Mutina; at Sardis; and near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.
ROME.
A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: Yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude. [fault,
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt Commoners.*
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd?
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies[1].
Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius[2], *Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer, &c.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,——
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
Cæs. Calphurnia,——
Calph. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile course.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! Who calls? [again.
Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet
Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that? [March.
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng:—Look
upon Cæsar. [again.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.
[*Sennet*[3]. *Exeunt Cæsar and train.*
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange[4] a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference[5],
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use

[1] *Ceremonies* for religious ornaments. [2] This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. [3] We have before observed, that *Sennet* appears to be a particular tune or mode of martial musick. [4] *Strange* is alien, unfamiliar. [5] i. e. with a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires.

To

with ordinary oaths my love
new protester[1]; if you know
fawn on men, and hug them hard,
scandal them; or if you know
ofess myself in banqueting
: rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
What means this shouting? I do fear, the
æsar for their king. [people
y, do you fear it?
st I think you would not have it so.
would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
efore do you hold me here so long?
t that you would impart to me?
ight toward the general good,
ir in one eye, and death i' the other,
l look on both indifferently:
he gods so speed me, as I love
e of honour more than I fear death.
now that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
s I do know your outward favour.
nour is the subject of my story.—
ell, what you and other men
this life; but, for my single self,
ief not be, as live to be
such a thing as I myself.
n free as Cæsar; so were you:
have fed as well; and we can both
ne winter's cold, as well as he.
, upon a raw and gusty day,
oled Tyber chafing with his shores,
l to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
ith me, into this angry flood,
to yonder point?—Upon the word,
d as I was, I plunged in,
: him follow; so, indeed, he did.
nt roar'd; and we did buffet it
y sinews; throwing it aside,
ming it with hearts of controversy.
e could arrive the point propos'd,
'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
as, our great ancestor,
the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
nchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
tired Cæsar: And this man
come a god; and Cassius is
ed creature, and must bend his body,
carelessly but nod on him.
fever when he was in Spain,
n the fit was on him, I did mark
lid shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
rd lips did from their colour fly;
ame eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
his lustre: I did hear him groan:
hat tongue of his, that bade the Romans
, and write his speeches in their books,
ry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
such a feeble temper should
e start of the majestic world,
the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves,
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say, [brook'd
There was a Brutus[2] once, that would have
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this[3]:
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.
Re-enter Cæsar and his train.
Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.
Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret[4] and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

[1] i.e. to invite *every new protester* to my affection by the *stale* or allurement of *customary* oaths.
[2] *Lucius Junius* Brutus. [3] i.e. *ruminate* on this. [4] A ferret has red eyes.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar.
Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As, if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*
Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.
Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?
Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.
Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.
Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.
Bru. What was the second noise for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?
Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.
Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?
Casca. Why, Antony.
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.
Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;——yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.
Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?
Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.
Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.
Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.
Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.
Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?
Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation[1], if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.
Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?
Casca. Ay.
Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?
Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.
Cas. To what effect?
Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.
Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?
Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.
Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
Cas. Good; I will expect you.
Casca. Do so: Farewell both. [*Exit.*
Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.
Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

[1] i.e. Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians, to whom he offered his throat.

Which

ves men stomach to digest his words
ter appetite.
nd so it is. For this time I will leave you:
ow, if you please to speak with me,
ne home to you; or, if you will,
me to me, and I will wait for you.
vill do so:—till then, think of the world:
[*Exit Brutus.*
utus, thou art noble: yet I see,
ourable metal may be wrought
it it is dispos'd[1]: Therefore 'tis meet
ble minds keep ever with their likes:
so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
th bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
ld not humour me[2]. I will this night,
l hands, in at his windows throw,
y came from several citizens,
, all tending to the great opinion
me holds of his name; wherein obscurely
mbition shall be glanced at:
er this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
vill shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

and Lightning. Enter Casca, his sword rawn; and Cicero, meeting him.

ood even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?
you breathless? and why stare you so?
Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth[3]
like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
en tempests, when the scolding winds
r'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
bitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
xalted with the threat'ning clouds:
er 'till to-night, never 'till now,
o through a tempest dropping fire.
here is a civil strife in heaven;
the world, too saucy with the gods,
them to send destruction.
Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
A common slave (you know him well by sight)
his left hand, which did flame, and burn
enty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
sible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
(I have not since put up my sword)
the Capitol I met a lion,
ar'd upon me, and went surly by,
t annoying me: and there were drawn
heap a hundred ghastly women,
rmed with their fear; who swore, they saw
l in fire, walk up and down the streets.
sterday, the bird of night did sit,
noon-day, upon the market-place,
, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves,
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Casca. He doth: for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.
Cic. Good-night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice. [this?
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
E'en in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us. [life
Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind[4];
Why old men, fools, and children calculate[5];
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious[6] grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews[7] and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;

The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution. eaning is, *Cæsar loves Brutus; but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour* uld not take hold of my affections, so as to make me forget my principles. [1] The whole *r momentum* of this globe. [4] i.e. why they *deviate* from quality and nature. [5] i.e. *foretell esy.* [6] *Prodigious* is portentous. [7] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular*

Our

Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand[1]:
Be factious[2] for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
It favours[3] like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.
Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——
Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Bru. WHAT, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.——Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

[1] i.e. here's my hand. [2] *Factious* seems here to mean *active*. [3] i. e. *resembles*.

And

1, I grant, we put a sting in him,
his will he may do danger with.
ie of greatness is, when it disjoins
from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
t known when his affections sway'd
in his reason. But 'tis a common proof[2],
liness is young ambition's ladder,
the climber-upward turns his face:
n he once attains the upmost round,
unto the ladder turns his back;
the clouds, scorning the base degrees[3]
h he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
t he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
r no colour for the thing he is,
t thus; that what he is, augmented,
un to these, and these extremities:
refore think him as a serpent's egg,
natch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischie-
him in the shell. [vous:

Re-enter Lucius.

The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
g the window for a flint, I found
er, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
t lie there, when I went to bed.
Get you to bed again, it is not day.
-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
know not, sir.
Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.
will, sir. [*Exit.*
The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
s, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Rome——Speak, strike, redress!
s, thou sleep'st; awake,—"
tigations have been often dropp'd
I have took them up.
Rome——" Thus must I piece it out;
me stand under one man's awe? What!
estors did from the streets of Rome [Rome?
rquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
k, and strike? O Rome, I make thee pro-
dress will follow, thou receivest [mise,
l petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knocks within.*
'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*
assius first did whet me against Cæsar,
not slept.
n the acting of a dreadful thing,
: first motion, all the interim is
phantasma, or a hideous dream:
nius, and the mortal instruments,
n in council[4]; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother[5] Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them? [ears,
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough [racy;
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspi-
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on[6],
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break
Casca. No. [here?
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, As I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath; If not the face of men,

pity. [2] i. e. common observation, or experience. [3] i. e. low steps. [4] Shakspeare here es what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little king-* his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instru-* he passions which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when re of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. s married *Junia*, Brutus' sister. [6] i. e. if thou *walk* in thy true form.

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery[1]. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? What other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous[2],
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes, swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him; For he will never follow any thing That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar, Should out-live Cæsar: We shall find of him A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means, If he improve them, may well stretch so far, As to annoy us all: which to prevent, Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs; Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards: For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar. Let us be sacrificers, but not bucthers, Caius. We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar; And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas! Cæsar must bleed for it; And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds: And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, Stir up their servants to an act of rage, And after seem to chide them. This shall make Our purpose necessary, and not envious: Which so appearing to the common eyes, We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him; For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm, When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him: If he love Cæsar, all that he can do Is to himself; take thought[3], and die for Cæsar: And that were much he should; for he is given To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die; For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath strucken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet, Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no: For he is superstitious grown of late; Quite from the main opinion he held once Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies: It may be, these apparent prodigies, The unaccustom'd terror of this night, And the persuasion of his augurers, May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd, I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear, That unicorns may be betray'd with trees[4], And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils, and men with flatterers: But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers, He says, he does; being then most flatter'd. Let me work: For I can give his humour the true bent; And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard[5], Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him: He loves me well, and I have given him reasons; Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

[1] Perhaps the poet here alludes to the custom of *decimation*, i.e. the selection by *lot*, of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment. [2] i. e. *cautious*. [3] That is, turn melancholy. [4] Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter.—*Bears* are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim.—*Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. [5] i. e. *hates* Cæsar.

he morning comes upon us: We'll leave
ou, Brutus:——
nds, disperse yourselves: but all remember
u have said, and shew yourselves true Ro-
ans.
Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
our looks put on our purposes;
it as our Roman actors do,
tir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
Good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*
Manet Brutus.
ucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
ie honey-heavy dew of slumber:
st no figures, nor no fantasies,
usy care draws in the brains of men;
re thou sleep'st so sound.
Enter Portia.
Brutus, my lord! [now?
'ortia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you
for your health, thus to commit
ak condition to the raw cold morning.
Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,
m my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
ldenly arose, and walk'd about,
and sighing, with your arms across:
en I ask'd you what the matter was,
r'd upon me with ungentle looks:
ou further; then you scratch'd your head,
impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
sisted, yet you answer'd not;
h an angry wafture of your hand,
m for me to leave you: So I did;
to strengthen that impatience,
eem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
it was but an effect of humour,
ometime hath his hour with every man.
ot let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
uld it work so much upon your shape,
th much prevail'd on your condition,
I not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
e acquainted with your cause of grief.
I am not well in health, and that is all.
Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
ld embrace the means to come by it.
Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.
Is Brutus sick; and is it physical
unbraced, and suck up the humours
lank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
I he steal out of his wholesome bed,
the vile contagion of the night?
ipt the rheumy and unpurged air
unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
e some sick offence within your mind,
by the right and virtue of my place,
to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort[1] your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs
Of your good pleasure[2]? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. [secret.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by-and-by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery[3] of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*
Enter Lucius and Ligarius.
Lucius, who is that knocks? [you.
Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue. [Caius,
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods, that Romans bow before,

fort your bed, "is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea," says Mr. Theobald. He e substitutes, *consort.* But this good old word, however disused through modern refinement, so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII. as we read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in com- on of queen Katharine, in public said, "She hath beene to me a true obedient wife, and as *table* as I could wish." In our marriage ceremony, also, the husband promises to *comfort* his d Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1582, says, that to *comfort* is, "to recreate, to ; to make pastime." [2] Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of are's age resided. [3] i. e. *all that is character'd on*, &c.

I here

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole. [make sick:
Lig. But are not some whole, that we must
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go, bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth? You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies[1],
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets; [dead:
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled[2] in the air
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; [princes.
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers? [day
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so. [Cæsar:
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say, he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come. [cause,
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and por-
And evils imminent; and on her knee [tents,
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance[3].

[1] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens. [2] To *hurtle* is, perhaps, to clash, or move with violence and noise. [3] There are two allusions in this speech; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognisance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration.—The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.

This

Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.
ıd this way have you well expounded it.
have, when you have heard what I can
it now; the senate have concluded [say;
his day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
ll send them word, you will not come,
ıds may change. Besides, it were a mock,
render'd, for some one to say,
ıp the senate 'till another time,
'æsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
hide himself, shall they not whisper,
ɛsar is afraid!"
ıe, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
proceeding bids me tell you this;
ɔn to my love is liable[1]. [phurnia!
ow foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
ımed I did yield to them.—
my robe, for I will go:—
blius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
Trebonius, and Cinna.
where Publius is come to fetch me.
ood morrow, Cæsar.
/elcome, Publius.—
ıtus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
ırrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
ıs ne'er so much your enemy,
me ague which hath made you lean.—
t o'clock?
æsar, 'tis strucken eight.
thank you for your pains and courtesy.
Enter Antony.
ony, that revels long o' nights,
ɪstanding up:—Good morrow, Antony.
ɔ to most noble Cæsar.
id them prepare within:—
ılame to be thus waited for.— [nius!
ına:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebo-
hour's talk in store for you;
er that you call on me to-day:
ne, that I may remember you.
'æsar, I will:——and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*
best friends shall wish I had been further.
ood friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;
ike friends, will straightway go together.
hat every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
of Brutus yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

ır, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-
ome not near Casca; have an eye to
trust not Trebonius; mark well Me-
limber; Decius Brutus loves thee not;
ıst wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is
mind in all these men, and it is bent
Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look
ou: security gives way to conspiracy.
ghty gods defend thee!
"Thy lover,
"ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive[2]. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the same Street.

Enter Portia, and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam. [gain,
Por. I would have had thee there, and here a-
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard is it for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else? [well,
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.
Enter Soothsayer.
Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol. [not?
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou
Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him? [fear may chance.
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. subordinate. [2] i. e. the fates *join with* traitors in *contriving* thy destruction.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Street, and then
The Capitol: the Senate sitting.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. THE ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit. [suit
Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.
[*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.*]
Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
Bru. What said Popilius Læna? [thrive.
Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might
I fear, our purpose is discover'd. [him.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Læna speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Treb.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar. [him.
Bru. He is addrest[1]: press near, and second
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [*Kneeling.*
An humble heart:——
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance[2], and first decree,
Into the lane[3] of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked cur'tsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive[4];
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Cæsar,——
Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæsar,——
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me.
[*They stab Cæsar.*
Cæs. Et tu, Brute?——Then fall, Cæsar!
[*Dies.*
Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?

[1] i.e. he is ready. [2] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. [3] Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the* law *of children*; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter." [4] i. e. susceptible of fear, or other passions.

Cin.

e, quite confounded with this mutiny.
and fast together, lest some friend of
nce—— [Cæsar's
lk not of standing:——Publius, good
neer;
harm intended to your person,
Roman else[1]: so tell them, Publius.
leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
us, should do your age some mischief.
so;—and let no man abide this deed,
doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

ere is Antony?
l to his house amaz'd:
, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
looms-day.
es! we will know your pleasures:
ll die, we know; 'tis but the time,
g days out, that men stand upon.
r, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
nany years of fearing death.
nt that, and then is death a benefit:
æsar's friends, that have abridg'd
earing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
athe our hands in Cæsar's blood
lbows, and besmear our swords:
we forth, even to the market-place:
g our red weapons o'er our heads,
y, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
p then, and wash.—How many ages
nce,
ır lofty scene be acted over,
born, and accents yet unknown?
many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
n Pompey's basis lies along,
than the dust?
ft as that shall be,
ll the knot of us be call'd
at gave their country liberty.
t, shall we forth?
every man away:
lead; and we will grace his heels
st boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

, who comes here? A friend of An-
ny's. [kneel;
as, Brutus, did my master bid me
ark Antony bid me fall down;
prostrate, thus he bade me say,
ble, wise, valiant, and honest;
ighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Brutus, and I honour him;
Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
ll vouchsafe, that Antony
come to him, and be resolv'd
hath deserv'd to lie in death,
y shall not love Cæsar dead
rutus living; but will follow
and affairs of noble Brutus,
e hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.——Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank[2]:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, [smoke,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do: yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done;
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence[3].

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—

[1] of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common nt writers. [2] i. e. who else is *grown too high* for the public safety. [3] Brutus' meanny, our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just perform'd, and our hearts, hose of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible affection.

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen, all, alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.——
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe[1].
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And, this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?
Cas. Mark Antony,——
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you? [indeed,
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.——
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

Manet Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide[2] of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs[3] of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atè by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havock*[4], and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome,
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what [hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

[1] *Lethe* was a common French word, signifying *death* or *destruction*, from the Latin *lethum*, and used in that sense by many of the old translators of novels. [2] i. e. the course of times. [3] Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "these lymms *of men*;" that is, *these bloodhounds* of men. [4] See note [1], p. 732.

Bru.

Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
go you into the other street,
t the numbers.—
at will hear me speak, let them stay here;
hat will follow Cassius, go with him;
olic reasons shall be rendered
ır's death.
. I will hear Brutus speak. [reasons,
b. I will hear Cassius; and compare their
verally we hear them rendered.
Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians: Brutus goes into the rostrum.
. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!
Be patient 'till the last.
, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
ıe; and be silent, that you may hear: be-
e for mine honour; and have respect to
nour, that you may believe: censure me
wisdom; and awake your senses, that you
better judge. If there be any in this as-
any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say,
tus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If
t friend demand, why Brutus rose against
his is my answer,—Not that I lov'd Cæsar
that I lov'd Rome more. Had you ra-
sar were living, and die all slaves; than
sar were dead, to live all free men? As
ov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fo-
I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I ho-
n: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him:
re tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune;
for his valour; and death, for his ambi-
ho is here so base, that would be a bond-
f any, speak; for him have I offended.
here so rude, that would not be a Roman?
peak; for him have I offended. Who is
vile, that will not love his country? If
eak; for him have I offended. I pause
ly.
None, Brutus, none.
Then none have I offended. I have done
to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus.
estion of his death is enroll'd in the Capi-
glory not extenuated, wherein he was
nor his offences enforc'd, for wh ch he
death.
Mark Antony, &c. with Cæsar's body.
mes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony:
ough he had no hand in his death, shall
the benefit of his dying, a place in the
nwealth; As which of you shall not?
is I depart; That, as I slew my best lo-
he good of Rome, I have the same dag-
nyself, when it shall please my country to
y death.
Live, Brutus, live! live! [house.
b. Bring him with triumph home unto his
b. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
k. Let him be Cæsar.
b. Cæsar's better parts
crowned in Brutus.
b. We'll bring him to his house with
shouts and clamours.
My countrymen,—

2 *Pleb.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.
1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.
4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all. [here.
4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that 's certain:
We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him. [your ears;
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.
1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.
2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown:
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping. [Antony.
3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins[1] in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue. [tony.
4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark An-
All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it!
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.
4 *Pleb.* They were traitors: Honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will! [will?—
Ant. You will compel me then to read the
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.
4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round. [body.
1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the
2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity[2]: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Pleb.* O woeful day!
4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!
2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge: About,—
Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 *Pleb.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.
2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

[1] i. e. their handkerchiefs.—*Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen. [2] i. e. the impression of pity.

In

nd of Cæsar, that should move
f Rome to rise and mutiny.
mutiny.
e'll burn the house of Brutus.
ay then, come, seek the conspirators.
ıear me, countrymen; yet hear me
ık. [tony.
, ho! Hear Antony, most noble An-
, friends, you go to do you know
what:
ı Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
ow not:—I must tell you then:—
got the will I told you of.
true;—the will;—let's stay, and
r the will.
is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
man citizen he gives,
eral man, seventy-five drachmas[1].
st noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his
oyal Cæsar! [death.
me with patience.
, ho!
over, he hath left you all his walks,
bours, and new planted orchards,
Tiber; he hath left them you,
heirs for ever; common pleasures,
ad, and recreate yourselves.
Cæsar! When comes such another?
ver, never:—Come, away, away:
s body in the holy place,
brands fire the traitor's houses.
body.
, fetch fire.
ick down benches.
ick down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*
let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot.
hat course thou wilt!—How now,
ow?

Enter a Servant.

Octavius is already come to Rome.
e is he?
nd Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
hither will I straight to visit him:
on a wish. Fortune is merry,
ood will give us any thing.
rd him say, Brutus and Cassius
admen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with
And things unluckily charge my fantasy: [Cæsar,
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus' and to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'! away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

small Island near Mutina[2].

ntony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ıE many then shall die; their names
are prick'd. [Lepidus?
· brother too must die; Consent you,

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. [him.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn[4]
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

[1] a was a Greek coin of the value of seven-pence farthing. [2] A small island in the henus near Bononia, according to Hanmer. [3] Lucius, not Publius, was the person was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony. [4] i. e. condemn him.

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Octa. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Octa. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.——Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd, [out;
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Octa. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius, and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong. [mies?
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine ene-
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—— [
Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The inside of Brutus' Tent.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off. [case.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice[1] offence should bear his comment.

[1] i. e. small trifling offence.

Bru.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement! [member!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon[1],
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in[2]; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions[3].
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, 'till your proud heart break;
Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men. [Brutus:
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not. [mov'd me.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have
Cas. I durst not? [tempted him.
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for. [for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, [sius?
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cas-
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not:——he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
As huge as high Olympus. [appear
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know, [better
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

[1] Warburton comments on this passage thus: "The poets and common people, who generally think and speak alike, suppose the dog bays the moon out of envy to its brightness; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question: Brutus hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at Cæsar's glory which set Cassius on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. Cassius understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation:——"*Brutus*, bay *not* me."
[2] i. e. to limit my authority by your direction or censure. [3] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!——
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*A noise within.*
Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhime!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?—
Companion[1], hence.
Cas. Away, away, begone. [*Exit Poet.*

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came: With this she fell distract.
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire[2].
Cas. And dy'd so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine, and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Re-enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:——Welcome, good Messala.——
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia! art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.——
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas Cicero one.
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now. [dure.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should en-
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so. [think
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

[1] i. e. fellow. [2] This circumstance is taken from Plutarch, and is also mentioned by Val. Maximus. Pliny, however, reports her to have died at Rome of a lingering illness, while Brutus was abroad.

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
ple, 'twixt Philippi, and this ground,
but in a forc'd affection;
have grudg'd us contribution:
my, marching along by them,
shall make a fuller number up,
refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
hich advantage shall we cut him off,
lippi we do face him there,
eople at our back.
Hear me, good brother. [side,
Under your pardon.—You must note be-
have try'd the utmost of our friends,
ons are brim full, our cause is ripe:
my increaseth every day,
he height, are ready to decline.
a tide in the affairs of men,
taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
, all the voyage of their life
in shallows, and in miseries.
a full sea are we now afloat;
must take the current when it serves,
our ventures.
Then, with your will, go on; we will along
es, and meet them at Philippi.
The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
ure must obey necessity;
ve will niggard with a little rest.
no more to say?
No more. Good night:
-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewell,
good Messala;—
ght, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
ght, and good repose.
my dear brother!
s an ill beginning of the night:
ome such division 'tween our souls!
ot, Brutus.
Every thing is well.
Good night, my lord.
Good night, good brother.
les. Good night, lord Brutus.
Farewell, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.
the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Here in the tent.
What; thou speak'st drowsily?
ave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.
udius, and some other of my men;
them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Varro, and Claudius!
Enter Varro, and Claudius.
Calls my lord?
pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
e, I shall raise you by-and-by
ess to my brother Cassius. [pleasure.
please you, we will stand and watch your
will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
e, I shall otherwise bethink me.
ucius, here's the book I sought for so;
the pocket of my gown. [ine.
was sure, your lordship did not give it

Bru. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.
Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already. [again:
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace[1] upon my boy,
That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down to read.*
Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.
How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why comes't thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghost.*
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks, he still is at the instrument.—
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My lord!
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.
Var. My lord.
Clau. My lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Both. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord. [sius;
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cas-
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[1] A *mace* is the ancient term for a sceptre.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. NOW, Antony, our hopes are answer'd:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something 's to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, &c.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.
Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.
Octa. Stir not until the signal. [men?
Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, country-
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd. [us sweat,
Octa. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, 'till Cæsar's three-and-twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitor's hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Octa. Come, Antony: away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.
[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*
Luc. My lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*
Cas. Messala.
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;

For

sh of spirit, and resolv'd
perils very constantly.
n so, Lucilius.
, most noble Brutus,
-day stand friendly; that we may,
eace, lead on our days to age!
e affairs of men rest still uncertain,
with the worst that may befall.
e this battle, then is this
st time we shall speak together[1]:
ou then determined to do?
n by the rule of that philosophy,
did blame Cato for the death
id give himself:—I know not how,
d it cowardly and vile,
what might fall, so to prevent
life:—arming myself with patience,
providence of some high powers,
ı us below.
n, if we lose this battle,
ntented to be led in triumph
he streets of Rome? [Roman,
Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
rutus will go bound to Rome;
o great a mind. But this same day
nat work, the ides of March began;
r we shall meet again, I know not.
ur everlasting farewell take:—
nd for ever, farewell, Cassius!
et again, why we shall smile;
then this parting was well made.
ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
et again, we'll smile indeed;
ue, this parting was well made.
y then, lead on.——O, that a man
ght know
this day's business, ere it come!
eth, that the day will end,
e end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

n. Enter Brutus, and Messala.

, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
ls
ions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*
t on at once; for I perceive
meanour in Octavius' wing,
push gives them the overthrow.
Messala; let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

n. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.

ook, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
: to mine own turn'd enemy:
here of mine was turning back;
oward, and did take it from him.
sius, Brutus gave the word too early:
g some advantage on Octavius,
eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
y Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough.——Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Exit Pindarus.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
Pind. [*above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him; now,
Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:
He's ta'en;—and, hark, they shout for joy.
[*Shout.*
Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
Re-enter Pindarus.
Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do, [oath;
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran thro' Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pind. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*
Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.
Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is that not he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

[1] i.e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself.

But

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child! [deed.
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Mes.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder: and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!—
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome [tears
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night,
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your heads! [me?
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus. [*Exit.*
Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock. [lord,
Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light: but, my
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*Whispering.*
Cli. What I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know, my hour is come.

ot so, my lord.
lay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
nies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
: worthy, to leap in ourselves,
y 'till they push us. Good Volumnius,
w'st, that we two went to school together;
that our love of old, I pray thee,
u my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.
hat's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
y, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
arewell to you;—and you;—and you,
Volumnius.—
ou hast been all this while asleep;
to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
: doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
o man, but he was true to me.
ve glory by this losing day,
n Octavius, and Mark Antony,
ile conquest shall attain unto.
you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
ost ended his life's history: [rest,
ngs upon mine eyes; my bones would
e but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* Fly, fly, fly.
,my lord, fly. [*Exeunt Clitus, Dar. and Vol.*
lence; I will follow.
e, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
a fellow of a good respect;
hath had some smack of honour in it:
n my sword, and turn away thy face,
do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
ive me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.
arewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
i kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*
Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the Army.
Octa. What man is that? [master?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Octa. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Octa. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*
Octa. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

;ÆSAR, :PIDUS, IPEIUS. — *Triumvirs.*	MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS, — *Friends of Pompey.*
;NOBARBUS, — *Friends of Antony.*	SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*
	TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*
	ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, DIOMEDES, — *Servants to Cleopatra.*
,	*A Soothsayer: A Clown.*
, — *Friends of Cæsar.*	CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Ægypt.*
	OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*
	CHARMIAN, IRAS, — *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

ıdors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispersed in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

ıatra's Palace at Alexandria.

ıter Demetrius, and Philo.

', but this dotage of our general's
'erflows the measure: those his good-
ly eyes,
e files and musters of the war [turn
d like plated Mars, now bend, now
nd devotion of their view
ıy front: his captain's heart,
ıe scuffles of great fights hath burst
; on his breast, reneges[1] all temper:
ıme the bellows and the fan,
ypsy's lust.—Look, where they come!
ıter Antony and Cleopatra, with their
ains; Eunuchs fanning her.
ood note, and you shall see in him
pillar of the world transform'd
ıpet's fool: behold and see.
be love indeed, tell me how much.
re's beggary in the love that can be
ckon'd.
set a bourn[4] how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum[5].

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
"Perform't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—Both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.——The messengers. [arch

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;

ounces. [2] *Gypsy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its ense for a *bad woman*. [3] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One ıvirs, one of the three masters of the world. [4] i. e. bound or limit. [5] i. e. be brief, siness in a few words.

Kingdoms

Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
[*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet[1],
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?——
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. But[2] stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the embassadors.
Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger, but thine;—And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their train.*
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar[3], who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Palace.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen? O! that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change[4] his horns with garlands.
Alex. Soothsayer.
Sooth. Your will? [know things?
Char. Is this the man?——Is't you, sir, that
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.
Alex. Shew him your hand.
Enter Enobarbus.
Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than belov'd.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking[5].
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage[6]! find me to marry with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress!
Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs'. [fortune,
Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names[8]: Pry'thee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretell every wish, a million[9].
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.
Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-say.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.——
Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

[1] To know. [2] *But* here signifies *unless.* [3] Meaning, that he proves the common lyar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter. [4] Dr. Johnson doubts, whether *change* in this place may not signify merely to *dress*, or *to dress with changes of* garlands; certain it is, that *change* of clothes in the time of Shakspeare signified *variety* of them. [5] A heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. [6] *Herod* was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant; so that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he "*out-herods Herod.*"—The meaning then is, Charmian wishes for a son, who may arrive to such power and dominion, that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. [7] A proverbial expression. [8] A *fairer fortune* may mean, a more reputable one.—Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. [9] The meaning is, If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and *I should* foretell all those wishes, I should foretell a million of children.—It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation;—I should shame you, and tell all; that is, *and if I should* tell all. *And* is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for *if*.

Sooth.

Your fortunes are alike.
ut how, but how? give me particulars.
I have said.
m I not an inch of fortune better than

Well, if you were but an inch of fortune
n I, where would you choose it?
Not in my husband's nose.
Our worser thoughts heavens mend!—
-come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let
y a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I
hee! And let her die too, and give him
and let worse follow worse, 'till the
all follow him laughing to his grave,
a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this
ough thou deny me a matter of more
good Isis, I beseech thee!
men. Dear goddess, hear that prayer
ople! for, as it is a heart-breaking to
some man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly
behold a foul knave uncuckolded:
, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune
rdingly.
men.
o, now! if it lay in their hands to make
ckold, they would make themselves
ut they'd do't.
ush! here comes Antony.
Not he, the queen.
Enter Cleopatra.
w you my lord?
o, lady.
'as he not here?
No, madam.
e was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sud-
den [bus,—
thought hath struck him.——Enobar-
adam. [Alexas?
ck him, and bring him hither. Where's
re, at your service.—My lord approaches.
ony, with a Messenger, and Attendants.
e will not look upon him: Go with us.
[*Exeunt.*
ulvia thy wife first came into the field.
gainst my brother Lucius?
y:
hat war had end, and the time's state
nds of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;
tter issue in the war, from Italy,
first encounter, drave them.
ell, what worst?
e nature of bad news infects the teller.
hen it concerns the fool, or coward.—
On; [thus;
at are past, are done, with me.—'Tis
me true, though in his tale lie death,
as he flatter'd.
abienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended [1] Asia,
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst——
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mes. O my lord! [tongue;
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds, [us,
When our quick winds lie still [2]; and our ill, told
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.
Mes. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
2 *Att.* He stays upon your will. [one?
Ant. Let him appear.——
These strong Ægyptian fetters I must break,
Enter a second Messenger.
Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?
2 *Mes.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
2 *Mes.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Messenger.*
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution [3] lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone; [on.
The hand could [4] pluck her back, that shov'd her
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now, Enobarbus?
Enter Enobarbus.
Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they
suffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women
die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing;
though, between them and a great cause, they
should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching
but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer mo-
ment [5]: I do think, there is mettle in death,
which commits some loving act upon her, she
hath such a celerity in dying.
Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.
Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of
nothing but the finest part of pure love: We can-
not call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;
they are greater storms and tempests than alma-
nacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her;

ised. [2] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick* oduces more evil than good. [3] i. e. *by regular repetition.* [4] *Could* for *would.—Could,* d *should,* are very often indiscriminately used in the old plays. [5] i. e. for less reason; ner motives.

if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new [1]. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow. [state,

Ant. The business she hath broach'd in the Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose: I shall break The cause of our expedience [2] to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches [3], Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition [4] us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The side o' the world may danger: much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair [5], hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since. [does:—

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he I did not send you [6];—If you find him sad, Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report, That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return. [*Exit Alex.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly, You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing. [him,

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear; In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen, [pose,—

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature [fall; Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me,

Ant. What's the matter? [news.

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good What says the marry'd woman?—You may go; 'Would, she had never given you leave to come! Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here, I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first, I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,— [true,

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,— [going,

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying, Then was the time for words: No going then;— Eternity was in our lips, and eyes; Bliss in our brows' bent [7]; none our parts so poor, But was a race [8] of heaven: They are so still, Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world, Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady! [know,

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen: The strong necessity of time commands Our services a while; but my full heart Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;

[1] The meaning is this; "As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones." [2] *Expedience* for expedition. [3] i. e. things that touch me more sensibly. [4] i. e. wish us at home. [5] Alluding to an old idle notion, that the hair of a horse dropped into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. [6] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge. [7] i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows. [8] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven.—The *race* of wine is the taste of the soil.

Equality

ty of two domestic powers
scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,
wlygrown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
i his father's honour, creeps apace
e hearts of such as have not thriv'd
he present state, whose numbers threaten;
iietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
desperate change: My more particular,
itwhich most with you should safe my going,
ia's death. [freedom,
Though age from folly could not give me
from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?
She 's dead, my queen:
ere, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
boils [1] she awak'd; at the last, best:
ien, and where she died.
O most false love!
be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
rrowful water[2]? Now I see, I see,
ia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.
Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
poses I bear; which are, or cease,
shall give the advice: By the fire,
ickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
lier, servant; making peace, or war,
affect'st.
Cut my lace, Charmian, come;——
t be.—I am quickly ill, and well;
ony loves.
My precious queen, forbear;
e true evidence to his love, which stands
urable trial.
So Fulvia told me.
e, turn aside, and weep for her;
l adieu to me, and say, the tears
o Ægypt[4]. Good now, play one scene
lent dissembling; and let it look
fect honour.
Tou'll heat my blood; no more.
Tou can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Now, by my sword,—
And target.—Still he mends;
s not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
Herculean [5] Roman does become
iage of his chafe.
'll leave you, lady.
Courteous lord, one word.
and I must part,—but that 's not it:
ınd I have lov'd,—but there 's not it;
know well:—Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten[6].
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself[7].
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings [8] kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Cæsar's Palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate [know,
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall
find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.
Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd [9]; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses. [not
Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed, [tony
Whom these things cannot blemish!) yet must An-
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness [10]: If he fill'd

he commotion she occasioned.—The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which explains by *hurlyburly, great stir.* [2] Alluding to the lacrymatory vials, or bottles of ich the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. [3] *So* for *as.* [4] i. e. to me, ı of Ægypt. [5] Antony traced his descent from *Anton*, a son of *Hercules.* [6] The ning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget myself.*—But she expresses it by calling *forget-ntony;* because *forgetfulness* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. [7] i. e. according to m, "But that your charms hold me, who am the greatest fool on earth, in chains, I ve adjudged you to be the greatest." [8] Cleopatra may perhaps here allude to Antony fore called her, in the first scene, "wrangling queen, whom every thing *becomes.*" [9] The according to Mr. Malone, is, "As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but ndered more bright, by the blackness of the night; so neither is the goodness of Antony y his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his [10] i. e. trifling levity.

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him[1] for't; but, to confound such time,—
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge[2],
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news. [hour,

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
'Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, [body,
Goes to, and back, lackying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates, [wound
Make the sea serve them; which they ear[3] and
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood[4] to think on't, and flush youth[5] revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels[6]. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses[7], and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsedst: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, sir; I knew it for my bond.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora[8].

Char. Why, madam? [time,

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed? [thing

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do no-
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian! [he?
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet[9] of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me:—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!

[1] *Call on him*, is *visit him* for it. [2] i. e. boys old enough to know their duty. [3] To *ear* is to *plow*. [4] i. e. turn pale at the thought of it. [5] *Flush youth* is youth ripened to manhood; youth whose blood is at the flow. [6] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. [7] All these circumstances of Antony's distress are taken literally from Plutarch. [8] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. [9] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet*.

Cleo.

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
ning from him, that great medicine hath
tinct gilded thee[1].—
s it with my brave Mark Antony?
Last thing he did, dear queen,
l, the last of many doubled kisses,
nt pearl!—His speech sticks in my heart.
Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Good friend, quoth he,
ne firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
easure of an oyster: at whose foot,
nd the petty present, I will piece
ulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,
ou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
rly did mount an arm-gaunt[2] steed,
gh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
stly dumb'd[3] by him.
What, was he sad, or merry?
Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes
d cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.
) well-divided disposition!—Note him,
, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
him:
ot sad; for he would shine on those
e their looks by his: he was not merry;
em'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Ægypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My sallad days!
When I was green in judgement: Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then[4]!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Ægypt[5].
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Messina. Pompey's House.

Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
now, worthy Pompey,
t they do delay, they not deny. [cays
Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-
we sue for[6].
Ve, ignorant of ourselves,
our own harms, which the wise powers
for our good: so find we profit,
of our prayers.
I shall do well:
le love me, and the sea is mine;
r's a crescent, and my auguring hope
ill come to the full. Mark Antony
sits at dinner, and will make
ithout doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty strength they carry.
Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome
together,
Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both;
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now, Varrius?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

ing to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The
s call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. [2] *Arm-*
naps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expe-
n Chaucer's description of a king of Thrace in the *Knight's Tale*, *armgrete* is used to signify
he arm; arm-gaunt therefore may mean *as slender as the arm*. We still say, in vulgar com-
s long as my arm, as thick as my leg, &c. [3] i. e. put to silence by him. [4] The mean-
ose were my sallad days, when I was green in judgement; but your blood is as cold as my
t, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then. [5] By sending out messen-
The meaning is, While we are praying, the thing for which we pray *is losing its value*.

Expected; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.
Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think, [helm
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd[1] his
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope[2],
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that 's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pomp. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square[3] between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome.

Enter Enobarbus, and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day[4].
Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony, and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends, [not
That which combin'd us was most great, and let
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard! When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness[5] grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir!
Cæs. Nay, then—
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise[6] on my state, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question[7].
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you[8], you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act[9]: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports[10],
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause[11]? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.
Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,

[1] To *don* is *do on*, to put on. [2] *Hope* for *expect*. [3] i. e. *quarrel*. [4] i. e. I would meet him undressed, without shew of respect. [5] i. e. Let not *ill humour* be added to the subject of our difference. [6] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. [7] i. e. my theme or subject of conversation. [8] i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account; they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. [9] i. e. never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war. [10] *Reports* for *reporters*. [11] Having the same cause as you to be offended with me.

You

tner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
t with graceful eyes attend those wars
onted [1] mine own peace. As for my wife,
ou had her spirit in such another:
l o' the world is yours; which with a
snaffle
pace easy, but not such a wife.
Would we had all such wives, that the
ht go to wars with the women!
much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
t of her impatience (which not wanted
ss of policy too) I grieving grant,
too much disquiet: for that, you must
could not help it.
wrote to you,
ting in Alexandria; you
et up my letters, and with taunts
my missive out of audience.
r, he fell on me, ere admitted; then
gs I had newly feasted, and did want
was i' the morning: but, next day,
1 of myself [2]; which was as much
e ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
g of our strife; if we contend,
r question wipe him.
ou have broken
e of your oath; which you shall never
gue to charge me with.
ft, Cæsar.
o, Lepidus, let him speak:
ur [3] is sacred which he talks on now,
that I lack'd it:—But on, Cæsar;—
le of my oath,——
o lend me arms, and aid, when I re-
quir'd them;
h you both deny'd.
eglected, rather;
when poison'd hours had bound me up
ıe own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
ıe penitent to you: but mine honesty
nake poor my greatness, nor my power
hout it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
ne out of Ægypt, made wars here;
ı myself, the ignorant motive, do
pardon as befits mine honour
in such a case.
'is nobly spoken. [ther
it might please you to enforce no fur-
ı between you: to forget them quite,
remember that the present need
atone you.
orthily spoken, Mecænas.
r, if you borrow one another's love for
t, you may, when you hear no more
'ompey, return it again: you shall have
rangle in, when you have nothing else

hou art a soldier only; speak no more.
hat truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot. [no more.
ou wrong this presence, therefore speak

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone [4].
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing, truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily! Amen! [Pompey;
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

pposed. [2] i. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. [3] Mean-
eligion of an oath. [4] i. e. "I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may
nd consider your words and actions."

Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the mount Misenum.
Ant. What is his strength by land?
Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for't:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*
Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—
My honourable friend, Agrippa!
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You staid well by it in Ægypt.
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there;—Is this true?
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.
Mec. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her[1].
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.
Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter
Devis'd well for her.
Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.
Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends[2] adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her: and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Ægyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the bath;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish[3].
Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Octa. Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar, and Octavia.*
Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Ægypt?

[1] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits. [2] Mr. Tollet thinks *bends* or *bands* is the same word, and means in this place the several *companies* of Nereids that waited on Cleopatra: while Mr. Malone apprehends, *their bends* refers to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. "Her attendants, in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the *bends* or "movements of which added new lustre to her beauty." [3] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a strumpet.

Would I had ne'er come from thence,
[nor you
ou can, your reason?
ee it in
', I have it not in my tongue: But yet
gain to Ægypt.
y to me,
unes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
æsar's.
O Antony, stay not by his side:
n, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
ageous, high, unmatchable,
sar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
fear', as being o'erpower'd; therefore
e enough between you.
eak this no more. [to thee.
o none but thee; no more, but when
t play with him at any game,
ure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
ee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
shines by: I say again, thy spirit
l to govern thee near him;
ay, 'tis noble.
et thee gone:
ntidius, I would speak with him:
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
o Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
poken true: The very dice obey him:
ır sports, my better cunning faints
chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
do win the battle still of mine,
s all to nought; and his quails ever
, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt:
gh I make this marriage for my peace,
Enter Ventidius.
: my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
t to Parthia; your commission 's ready:
e, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same; a Street.

r Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

rouble yourselves no farther: pray you
erals after. [hasten
ir, Mark Antony
but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
'ill I shall see you in your soldiers' dress,
ill become you both, farewell.
We shall,
ceive the journey, be at mount
ou, Lepidus.
our stay is shorter,
oses do draw me much about;
in two days upon me.
Sir, good success!
arewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

leopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Give me some musick; musick, moody
t trade in love. [food

Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd, As with a woman:—come, you'll play with me,

Mar. As well as I can, madam. [sir?

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes: my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time——O times!——
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram' thou fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam,——

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man. [speak'st:

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

the divinitory agitation. ² i. e. a fearful thing.—A *fear* was a personage in some of the old s. ³ The antients used to match quails as we match cocks. ⁴ *Inhoop'd* is *inclosed, confined,* y may fight. ⁵ i. e. Mount *Misenum.* ⁶ i. e. melancholy. ⁷ Shakspeare probably wrote '. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou,* &c. which agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren.* e a man *in form* or *shape.* ⁹ i. e. I will give thee a kingdom; it being the eastern ceremony, ronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl.*

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mes. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.
Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mes. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mes. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou hadst,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage:
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mes. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a dagger.*
Mes. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Ægypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again!
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.
Re-enter the Messenger.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mes. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.
Mes. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mes. Should I lye, madam?
Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Ægypt were submerg'd [1], and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
Thou art not what thou 'rt sure of [2]!—Get thee hence:
The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas: bid him
Report the feature [3] of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*
Let him [4] for ever go:—Let him not,—Charmian;
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he is a Mars:—Bid you Alexas
[*To Mardian.*
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter Pompey, and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, with soldiers marching.
Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and
What made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would

[1] *Submerg'd* is wholm'd under water. [2] i. e. Thou art an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured; but thou art in my opinion a knave by thy master's fault alone. [3] i. e. the beauty. [4] i. e. Antony.

Have

nan but a man? And that is it,
me rig my navy; at whose burden
d ocean foams; with which I meant
the ingratitude that despightful Rome
noble father.
te your time. [sails,
ou canst not fear' us, Pompey, with thy
t with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
i we do o'er-count thee.
t land, indeed,
o'er-count me of my father's house:
the cuckow builds not for himself,
't as thou may'st.
pleas'd to tell us,
from the present) how you take
we have sent you?
ere's the point.
hich do not be entreated to, but weigh
worth embrac'd.
d what may follow,
rger fortune.
ou have made me offer
Sardinia; and I must
: sea of pirates: then, to send
of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
th unhack'd edges, and bear back
undinted.
That's our offer.
Know then,
fore you here, a man prepar'd
is offer: but Mark Antony
some impatience: though I lose
e of it by telling; you must know,
sar and your brother were at blows,
her came to Sicily, and did find
me friendly.
ave heard it, Pompey;
ell studied for a liberal thanks,
do owe you.
Let me have your hand:
think, sir, to have met you here.
ebeds i'the east are soft; and thanks to you
d me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
e gain'd by it.
nce I saw you last,
change upon you.
Well, I know not,
nts harsh fortune casts upon my face[2];
bosom shall she never come,
my heart her vassal.
ell met here.
I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
our composition may be written,
d between us.
hat 's the next to do. [us
We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let
s, who shall begin.
hat will I, Pompey.
No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
your fine Ægyptian cookery
e the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.
Pomp. I have fair meaning, sir,
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pomp. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried——
Eno. No more of that:—He did so.
Pomp. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar' in a mattress.
Pomp. I know thee now; How far'st thou, sol-
Eno. Well; [dier?
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Pomp. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all;
Will you lead, lords?
All. Shew us the way, sir.
Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Eno. and Menas.*
Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would
ne'er have made this treaty.—
You and I have known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: You have been a great thief by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.
Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.
Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.
Men. No slander; they steal hearts.
Eno. We came hither to fight with you.
Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.
Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.
Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here: Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?
Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.
Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.
Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.
Men. Pray you, sir?
Eno. 'Tis true.

affright us. [2] A metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?
I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Near Mount Misenum.

On board Pompey's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants[1] are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink[2].

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition[3], he cries out *no more;* reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan[4] I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks[5].

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness or the mean[6], if dearth,
Or foizon[7], follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till 'then.

Lep. Nay, certainly I have heard, the Ptolemies' Pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*
And hear me speak a word. [Lepidus.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for *Lep.* What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself: and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourishes it; and, the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang; Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises, and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To Menas.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,—
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou? [That's twice.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

[1] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot*, from the Latin. [2] A phrase amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. [3] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *touching one in a sore place.* [4] i. e. a pike. [5] i. e. Great offices *are the holes where eyes should be, which,* if the eyes be wanting, *pitifully disaster the cheeks.* [6] i. e. the middle. [7] i. e. plenty, abundance.

Whate'er

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips [1],
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.
Pomp. Shew me which way. [titors,
Men. These three world-sharers, these compe-
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.
Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke of it! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd [2] fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis of-
Shall never find it more. [fer'd,
Pomp. This health to Lepidus. [Pompey.
Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.
Men. Enobarbus, welcome.
Pomp. Fill 'till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*
Men. Why?
Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'st not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.
Men. Come.
Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels [3],
Here is to Cæsar. [ho!
Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæs. Possess it,
I will make answer: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Ant.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let's all take hands; [sense
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our
In soft and delicate lethe.
Eno. All take hands.——
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding [4] every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly. [*hand.*
[*Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne [5]*:*
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, 'till the world goes round;
Cup us, 'till the world goes round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.
Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.
Pomp. O, Antony, you have my father's house.
But what? we are friends: Come down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
Menas, I'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound and be hang'd, sound out. [*Sound a flourish with drums.*
Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.
Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after conquest; with Silius and other Romans, and the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. NOW, darting Parthia, art thou struck [6]; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus [7], Orodes!
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony

[1] i. e. embraces. [2] *Palled* is *vapid*, past its time of excellence. [3] Dr. Johnson explains this passage by, Try whether the casks sound as empty: while Mr. Steevens thinks, that *strike the vessels* means no more than, *chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking*, as we now say, *chink glasses*. [4] i. e. the burden of the song. [5] i. e. eyes inflam'd with drinking. [6] *Struck* alludes to *darting*.—Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. [7] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia.

Shall

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sosius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword, [tony?
Grants[1] scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-
Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
Sil. Where is he now? [what haste
Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome.

Cæsar's House.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted? [gone;
Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps,
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark An-
Eno. Cæsar! Why, he's the Jupiter of men. [tony!
Agr. What's Antony; the god of Jupiter?
Eno. Speak you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird[2]!
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar? say, Cæsar!—
go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises. [Antony:
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves
Ho: hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle[3].
So,—This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
[*Trumpets.*
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.
Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.
Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself:
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife [band
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
Shall pass on thy approof[4].—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious[5], the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!
Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers, to bring it on:—Be cheerful. [and—
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house;
Cæs. What, Octavia?
Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. He has a cloud in his face. [horse[6];
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a
So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, 'till I weep too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia.
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

[1] *Grant*, for afford. [2] The phœnix. [3] i. e. They are the *wings* that raise this *heavy, lumpish insect* from the ground. [4] i. e. as I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. [5] i. e. scrupulous. [6] A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes.—This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.

ne, sir, come:
with you in my strength of love:
I have you; thus I let you go,
ou to the gods.
lieu; be happy!
all the number of the stars give light
way!
ewell! farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*
ewell! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace in Alexandria.

opatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

here is the fellow?
alf afeard to come.
to, go to:—Come hither, sir.
Enter Messenger.
ood majesty,
lewry[1] dare not look upon you,
you are well pleas'd.
hat Herod's head
But how? when Antony is gone,
whom I might command it.—Come
hou near.
ost gracious majesty,—
dst thou behold

, dread queen.
here?
adam, in Rome
er in the face; and saw her led
er brother and Mark Antony.
she as tall as me[2]?
ie is not, madam. [or low?
dst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
ladam, I heard her speak; she is low-
oic'd. [long.
hat's not so good:—he cannot like her
ike her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.
think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue
nd dwarfish!—
esty is in her gait? Remember,
u look'dst on majesty.
e creeps;
n and her station[3] are as one:
a body rather than a life;
han a breather.
this certain?
r I have no observance.
hree in Ægypt
ake better note.
e's very knowing,
ive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
v has good judgement,
xcellent.
uess at her years, I pr'ythee,
adam, she was a widow.
idow?—Charmian, hark,
nd I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? ist long or round?
Mes. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?
Mes. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That I so harry'd[4] him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long! [Charmian:—
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antony's House at Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd [it
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.
Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts; The good gods will mock me presently
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time,
I'll raise the preparation of a war [lady,

ote [4], p. 768. [2] This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put Elizabeth to Sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress, the queen of Scots.—Whoever will elf the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more ental. [3] *Station*, in this instance, means *the act of standing*. [4] To *harry*, is *to use* [5] i. e. *disgrace*.

Sha

Shall stain [1] your brother: Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.
Octa. Thanks to my lord. The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.
Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eno. What, man? [Pompey.
Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Eno. This is old; What is the success?
Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him [2] rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal [3], seizes him: So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.
Eno. Then 'would thou hadst a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the other. Where is Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him: cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. Cæsar's House.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: and more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Ægypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia [4],
Absolute queen.
Mec. This in the public eye? [exercise.
Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let Rome be thus
Informed.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd, [quer'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have con-
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!
Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause. [come not
Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct [5] 'tween his lust and him.

[1] i. e. *disgrace.* [2] i. e. equal rank. [3] i. e. upon Cæsar's *accusation.* [4] *Lydia* for *Lybia.*
[5] i. e. an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra.

o not say so, my lord.
ave eyes upon him.
fairs come to me on the wind.
ie now?
y lord, in Athens.
), my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
led him to her. He hath given his em-
hore; who now are levying [pire
o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
docia; Philadelphos, king
gonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
:hus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Jewry; Mithridates, king
gene; Polemon and Amintas,
of Mede, and Lycaonia,
ore larger list of scepters.
n me most wretched,
my heart parted betwixt two friends,
fflict each other!
elcome hither:
rs did withhold our breaking forth;
rceived, both how you were wrong led,
negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
t troubled with the time, which drives
content these strong necessities;
termin'd things to destiny
:wail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
nore dear to me. You are abus'd
e mark of thought: and the high gods,
n justice, make their ministers
l those that love you. Be of comfort;
welcome to us.
elcome, lady.
elcome, dear madam.
t in Rome does love and pity you:
dulterous Antony, most large
minations, turns you off;
his potent regiment[1] to a trull,
s it against us.
it so, sir?
ost certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
nown to patience: My dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

nter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

will be even with thee, doubt it not.
it why, why, why? [wars;
hou hast forspoke[2] my being in these
t, it is not fit.
ell, is it, is it? [not we
t not denounc'd against us? Why should
n person?
side.] Well, I could reply:——
ld serve with horse and mares together,
were merely lost; the mares would
and his horse. [bear
hat is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony.
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot, [war,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind. [peror.
Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the em-

Enter Antony, and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?——You have heard on't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingrost by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare[4]; yours, heavy: No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
Ant. I'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

[1] *ent* is used for *regimen* or *government*, by most of our ancient writers. [2] To *forspeak* is to , to *speak against*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. [3] i.e. *conquer*. [4] *Yare* generally *:xtrous, manageable.*

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Ægyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a-ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't[1]: So our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions[2], as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throws forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The same. A Plain.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, &c.

Cæs. Taurus.—

Taur. My lord. [not battle,

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke
'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scrowl: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad[3], the Ægyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What 's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle[4] of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd[5] pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribal'd nag[6] of Ægypt,
Whom leprosy[7] o'ertake! i' the midst of the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize[8] upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft[9],
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own. [night

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there will I attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony, with Eros, and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't,

[1] That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reason. [2] i. e. detachments; separate bodies. [3] Which, Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. [4] *Cantle* is a *corner*. [5] i. e. spotted.—The death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. [6] A *ribald* is a lewd fellow.—*Yon* ribald *nag* means, Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow. [7] *Leprosy* was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was distinguished. [8] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. [9] To *loof* (or *luff*) is to bring a ship close to the wind.

ım'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither;
lated[1] in the world, that I
it my way for ever:—I have a ship
ith gold; take that, divide it: fly,
ke your peace with Cæsar.
. Fly! not we. [cowards
have fled myself; and have instructed
ınd shew their shoulders.——Friends, be
gone:
ıyself resolv'd upon a course,
as no need of you; be gone:
ure 's in the harbour, take it.—O,
d that I blush to look upon:
hairs do mutiny; for the white
the brown for rashness, and they them
ınd doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
ters from me to some friends, that will
ur way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
ke replies of lothness: take the hint
ıy despair proclaims; let that be left
aves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
ssess you of that ship and treasure.
e, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
e I pray you:—I'll see you by-and-by.
s, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.
Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort
Do, most dear queen. [him.
Do! Why, what else?
et me sit down. O Juno!
No, no, no, no, no.
See you here, sir?
) fye, fye, fye.
Madam,——
Madam; O good empress!——
Sir, sir,——
es, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
d even like a dancer[2]; while I struck
and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
mad[3] Brutus ended: he alone
lieutenantry[4], and no practice had
ave squares of war: Yet now—No mat-
h, stand by. [ter.
The queen, my lord, the queen.
io to him, madam, speak to him;
uality'd with very shame.
Well then,—Sustain me:—O! [es;
Most noble sir, arise; the queen approach-
's declin'd, and death will seize her, but[5]
nfort makes the rescue.
have offended reputation;
nnoble swerving.
ir, the queen.
, whither hast thou led me, Ægypt? See
convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings',
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now, I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk of the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, there, and our viands:——Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Ægypt.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his school-master[6]:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea[7].
Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might! and of thee craves

ing to a benighted traveller. [2] Antony means, that Cæsar never offered to draw his
it kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the
England. [3] Nothing, says Dr. Warburton, can be more in character, than for an infamous
d tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madness*. [4] Meaning,
that Cæsar only *fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or, *on* the strength of his
s. [5] i. e. *except* or *unless*. [6] i. e. how, by looking another way, I withdraw my
from your sight. [7] That is, by the *heart-string*. [6] The name of this person was
us. [7] *His grand sea* may mean his *full tide of prosperity*. The

The circle[1] of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
[*To Thyreus.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
[reus;
The ne'er touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thy-
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw[2];
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die[3].
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question[4]: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Amb. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.
Amb. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd[5], sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.
[*Exeunt Antony and Amb.*
Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew
Against a sworder. I see, men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What? no more ceremony? See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.
[*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will!
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is, Cæsar's.
Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar[6].
Cleo. Go on: Right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

[1] The diadem. [2] That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune [3] *Think and die*; that is, *Reflect on your folly, and leave the world.* [4] The *meered* question is a term we do not understand. Dr. Johnson says, *mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary.* [5] The meaning is, I require of Cæsar not to depend on the superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power [6] i. e. Cæsar intreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar; that is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them.

Cleo

He is a god, and knows
most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
quer'd merely.
To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
: Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
must leave thee to thy sinking, for
rest quit thee. [*Exit Enobarbus.*
Shall I say to Cæsar
u require of him? for he partly begs
sir'd to give. It much would please him,
his fortunes you would make a staff
upon: but it would warm his spirits,
from me you had left Antony,
yourself under his shrowd,
ersal landlord.
What 's your name?
My name is Thyreus.
Most kind messenger,
eat Cæsar this, In disputation
conquering hand[1]: tell him, I am prompt
y crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
, from his all-obeying breath I hear
n of Ægypt.
Tis your noblest course.
and fortune combating together,
e former dare but what it can,
e may shake it. Give me grace[2] to lay
on your hand.
our Cæsar's father oft,
hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
his lips on that unworthy place.
'd kisses.
e-enter Antony, and Enobarbus.
avours, by Jove that thunders!—
thou, fellow?
)ne, that but performs
ing of the fullest man, and worthiest
command obey'd.
ou will be whipp'd.
pproach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now,
gods and devils! [ho!
melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd
s unto a muss[3], kings would start forth,
Your will? Have you no ears? I am
Enter Attendants.
et. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
'is better playing with a lion's whelp,
n an old one dying.
oon and stars!— [butaries
n:—Were 't twenty of the greatest tri-
cknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
with the hand of she here, (What's her
name,
was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
a boy, you see him cringe his face,
e aloud for mercy: Take him hence.
Mark Antony,—
ug him away:—being whipp'd,
n again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
n errand to him.—
[*Exeunt Att. with Thyreus.*
half blasted ere I knew you: Ha!
Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is it come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand, this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?
Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.
Attend. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?
Attend. He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since [forth,
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit[4] me: Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit Thyreus.*
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

own he has the better in the controversy,—I confess my inability to *dispute* or *contend*

[1] i. e. Grant me the favour. [2] i. e. a scramble. [4] i. e. to *requite* me.

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion[1] smite!
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfy'd:
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too [like.
Have knit again, and fleet[2], threat'ning most sea-
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice[3] and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy[4] night: call to me,
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birth-day; [lord
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We'll yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
I'll force [queen;
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo.*
Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, reading a letter; Agrippa, Mecænas; &c.

Cæs. HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Ægypt: my messenger [combat,
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.
Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot[5] of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.
Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace at Alexandria.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not? [fortune,
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night
Enter Servants.
Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou;—and thou;—and thou:—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.
Omnes. The gods forbid! [night
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,

[1] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar. [2] *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. [3] *Nice* here means *trifling*. [4] This epithet is still bestowed on feast-days in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. [5] i. e. take advantage of.

As

mine empire was your fellow too,
r'd my command.
What does he mean?
'o make his followers weep.
end me to-night;
it is the period of your duty:
ou shall not see me more; or if[1],
:d shadow: perchance, to-morrow
rve another master. I look on you,
at takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
1 not away; but, like a master
:o your good service, stay 'till death:
to-night two hours, I ask no more,
gods yield[2] you for't!
'hat mean you, sir,
iem this discomfort? Look, they weep:
ass, am onion-ey'd[3]: for shame,
1 us not to women.
o, ho, ho!
witch take me, if I meant it thus!
)w where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,
me in too dolorous a sense:
e to you for your comfort; did desire you
is night with torches: Know, my hearts,
ll of to-morrow; and will lead you,
her I'll expect victorious life,
h and honour[4]. Let's to supper; come,
n consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

Brother, good night: to-morrow is the
lay.
t will determine one way: fare you well.
1 of nothing strange about the streets?
Nothing: What news? [to you.
Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night
Well, sir, good night.
[*They meet with other Soldiers.*
Soldiers, have careful watch.
And you: Good night, good night.
ce themselves on every corner of the stage.
Here we: and if to-morrow
thrive, I have an absolute hope
ien will stand up.
'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.
[*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*
Peace, what noise?
List, list!
Hark!
Musick i' the air.
Under the earth.
It signs well[5], does it not?
No.
Peace, I say. What should this mean?
[is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
:s him.
Walk; let's see if other watchmen
'hat we do.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters? [*Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quar-
Let's see how it will give off. [ter;
Omnes. Content:—'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, with Charmian, and others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little. [Eros!
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,
Enter Eros, with armour.
Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too. [art
Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly[6], sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely.
He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To doff[7] it for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: Dispatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see
Enter an Officer, arm'd.
A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; wel-
come:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.
Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*
Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.
Cap. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!
All. Good morrow, general!
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt Antony, Officers, &c.*
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

elligitur, you see me more. [2] i. e. *reward you.* [3] i. e. I have my eyes as full of tears
nad been fretted by onions. [4] That is, an honourable death. [5] i. e. it bodes well.
kly, sir. [7] To *doff* is to put off.

Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony, and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
To make me fight at land! [prevail'd
Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus.
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Agrippa.*
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt Cæsar, &c.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*
Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude [heart:
Thou dost so crown with gold? This blows[1] my
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean [feel.
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I
I fight against thee!——No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression[2]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*
Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus, wounded.
Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
For a fair victory. [serves
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march. Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one
before, [row,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To mor-
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been

[1] i. e. swells. [2] *Oppression* for opposition.

Each

n's like mine; you have shewn all Hectors.
e city, clip [1] your wives, your friends,
n your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
: congealment from your wounds, and kiss
our'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To Scarus.*

Enter Cleopatra.

reat fairy [2] I'll commend thy acts, [world,
:r thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the
ine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
proof of harness [3] to my heart, and there
the pants triumphing.
Lord of lords!
e virtue! com'st thou smiling from
ld's great snare uncaught?
My nightingale, [though grey
: beat them to their beds. What, girl?
ething mingle with our younger brown;
yet have we
that nourishes our nerves, and can
for goal of youth [4]. Behold this man;
id unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
ıy warriour:—He hath fought to-day,
od, in hate of mankind, had
'd in such a shape.
I'll give thee, friend,
ur all of gold; it was a king's.
le has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
y Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Alexandria make a jolly march;
hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
great palace the capacity
this host, we would all sup together;
ık carouses to the next day's fate,
romises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
ızen din blast you the city's ear;
ingle with our rattling tabourines [6];
ven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether,
ing our approach.

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

ntinel, and his company. Enobarbus follows.

If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
: return to the court of guard [7]: The night
; and, they say, we shall embattle
econd hour i' the morn.
. This last day was a shrewd one to us.
), bear me witness, night!—
What man is this?
Stand close, and list him.
ie witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
en revolted shall upon record
ful memory, poor Enobarbus did
ıy face repent!
Enobarbus!
Peace; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

1 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

2 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Sold.* Go we to him.

2 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

1 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught [8] him.
[*Drums afar off.*
Hark, how the drums demurely [9] wake the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
Of note; our hour is fully out.

2 *Sol.* Come on then:
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour [10]. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd [11], we will be still by land,
Which, as I take it, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Antony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,——they cannot tell;——look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

mbrace. [2] *Fairy* comprises the idea of power and beauty. [3] i.e. armour of proof. lays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal;* to *win a goal*, is to be a superior in a contest y. [5] i.e. own them. [6] A *tabourin* was a small drum. [7] i.e. the guard-room, the ere the guard musters. [8] i.e. reached him. [9] *Demurely* for *solemnly.* [10] i.e. where best discover their *numbers*, and see their *motions.* [11] *But* here signifies *without*, in which often used in the North.

Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.
Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Ægyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore[1]! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Ægypt! this grave charm[2],—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet[3], my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy[4], hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss[5].
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared [6] nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,— [*Exit Cleopatra.*
If it be well to live: But better 'twere,
Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!——
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon[7];
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she has sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield[8]; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd[9].

Char. To the monument; [dead.
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
The soul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The same.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord. [thought,

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
The rack dislimns [10]; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord. [is

Ant. My good knave[11], Eros, now thy captain
Even such a body: here I am Antony;

[1] She was first for Julius Cæsar, then for Pompey the great, and afterwards for Antony. [2] i.e. "*this sublime, this majestic beauty,*" according to Dr. Johnson; but according to Mr. Steevens, "*this deadly* or *destructive piece of witchcraft.*" [3] Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus.* [4] Sir John Hawkins observes, that there is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipsey.* The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians.* —*Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description: A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table: one of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away.—This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle,* and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakspeare. [5] i. e. to the utmost loss possible. [6] i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. [7] The meaning is, let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules. [8] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles,* the most valuable part of which was the shield.—*The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager.* [9] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imbost.* [10] i.e. the fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. [11] *Knave* is servant.

ot hold this visible shape, my knave.
hese wars for Ægypt; and the queen,—
eart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
vhilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
1 more, now lost;—she, Eros, has
ards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
enemy's triumph[1].—
ep not, gentle Eros: there is left us
s to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!
Enter Mardian.
'obb'd me of my sword.
No, Antony;
ress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
ne entirely.
lence, saucy eunuch; peace;
betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Death of one person can be paid but once;
she hath discharg'd: What thou would'st
into thy hand; the last she spake [do,
tony! most noble Antony!
the midst a tearing groan did break
e of Antony; it was divided
her heart and lips; she render'd life,
ie so buried in her.
Dead then?
Dead.
'narm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
nust sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit Mardian.*
n-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
ery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
nce be stronger than thy continent[2],
ıy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
e been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—
[*Exit Eros.*
ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
r my pardon. So it must be, for now
h is torture:—Since the torch is out,
a, and stray no further: Now all labour
hat it does; yea, very force entangles
h strength: Seal then[3], and all is done.—
[come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
ouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
ı our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
d her Æneas shall want troops,
he haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!
Re-enter Eros.
What would my lord?
ince Cleopatra dy'd,
r'd in such dishonour, that the gods
ıy baseness. I, that with my sword
d the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms[4], bending down
His corrigible[5] neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?
Eros. I would not see't. [cur'd.
Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
Eros. O, sir, pardon me. [then
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship[6] of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee.— [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then:—Thus do I escape the
sorrow [*Eros kills himself.*
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*

speare has here, (Dr. Warburton says,) as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial sub- has ennobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from he metaphor was *taken*, should belong to, and suit the dignity of, the subject to which the r is *transferred*; thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of ght; and this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then call the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*. [2] i.e. the t contains thee. [3] Dr. Johnson thinks we should read, "Seel *then, and all is done:*" i.e. ne eyes *for ever, and be quiet.*—To *seel hawks* is to close their eyes. [4] Arms folded in each [5] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. [6] *Worship* is the the *authority*.

I learn'd

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard?—how!—O, dispatch me.
Enter Dercetas, and Guards.
1 *Guard.* What's the noise? [an end
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.
Enter Diomedes.
Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?
[*Exit Dercetas.*
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she? [phesying fear
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd[1] with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee. [guard, what, ho!
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The Come, your lord calls.
Enter a Guard.
Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1 *Guard.* Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day! [fate
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.
[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*

SCENE XIII.

A Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
Enter Diomedes.
As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.
Enter Antony, borne by the guard.
Cleo. O sun, [stand
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in;—darkling[2]
The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!
Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—
Cleo. I dare not,
Dear, dear, my lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall [have
Be brooch'd with me[4]; if knife, drugs, serpents,
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion[5], shall acquire no honour
Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony,
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone. [my lord!
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed[6]!—How heavy weighs
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;—
[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing[7];—had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

[1] To *dispose* may here signify *to make terms, to settle matters.* [2] i.e. without light. [3] She desires the sun to *burn* his own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. [4] i. e. *adorn'd.*—A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. *Brooches* in the North are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. [5] i. e. silent coolness of resolution. [6] Dr. Johnson supposes the meaning of these strange words to be, "*Here's* trifling! *You* do not work *in earnest.*" [7] That is, *Revive by my kiss.*

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
d by my offence.
One word, sweet queen:
rseek your honour, with your safety.—O!—
They do not go together.
Gentle, hear me:——
out Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
out Cæsar.
The miserable change now at my end,
nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
g them with those my former fortunes
I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
lest: and do now not basely die,
vardly; put off my helmet to
atryman, a Roman, by a Roman
y vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
more.—— [*Antony dies.*
Noblest of men, woo't die?
ou no care of me? shall I abide
lull world, which in thy absence is
er than a stye!—O, see, my women,
an o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
er'd is the garland of the war,
lier's pole is fallen[1]; young boys, and girls,
l now with men: the odds is gone,
re is nothing left remarkable
the visiting moon. [*She faints.*
O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!—
Char. O madam, madam, madam,—
Iras. Royal Ægypt! empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares[2].—It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out:——Good sirs, take heart:— [noble,
We'll bury him: and then, what 's brave, what 's
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, Proculeius, and train.

GO to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks
ises that he makes[3].
Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Dolabella.*
r *Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.*
Wherefore is that? and what art thou,
thus to us? [that dar'st
I am call'd Dercetas;
ntony I serv'd, who best was worthy
e serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
my master; and I wore my life,
d upon his haters: If thou please
me to thee, as I was to him
o Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
hee up my life.
What is't thou say'st?
I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
A greater crack: The round world [make
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens[4]:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours

[1] at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. [2] i.e. taskwork.—he modern term *chare-woman*. [3] i. e. he trifles with us. [4] Dr. Johnson conjectures, that lost here: Mr. Malone, however, believes that only two words are wanting, and proposes to *the round world should have shook*, Thrown raging *lions into civil streets, And citizens to their dens.*" r *if not.*

Waged

Waged equal with him[1].
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this[2].—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter an Ægyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
Ægypt. A poor Ægyptian yet: The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.
Ægypt. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Proculeius.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit Gallus.*
All. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave[3],
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung[4],
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.—
Enter, below, Proculeius, Gallus, &c.
Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Ægypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid[5] for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got[6]. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.
[*Aside.*] You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;
[*Here Gallus and guard ascend the monument, and enter behind.*
Guard her, 'till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*
Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.
[*Drawing a dagger.*
Proculeius rushes in, and disarms the Queen.

[1] i. e. *his taints and honours* were an equal match; were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. [2] That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us must die. [3] i. e. the *servant* of fortune. [4] i. e. Voluntary death produces a state which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. [5] *Praying in aid* is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. [6] I allow him to be my conqueror.

Pro.

old, worthy lady, hold:
urself such wrong, who are in this
but not betray'd. [languish?
hat, of death too, that rids our dogs of
leopatra,
buse our master's bounty, by
ing of yourself: let the world see
ness well acted, which your death
r let come forth.
here art thou, death? [queen
ther, come! come, come, and take a
any babes and beggars!
, temperance, lady!
r, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
lk will once be necessary[1],
ep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
r what he can. Know, sir, that I
wait pinion'd at your master's court;
be chastis'd with the sober eye
ctavia. Shall they hoist me up,
r me to the shouting varletry
ing Rome? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
tark naked, and let the water-flies
into abhorring! rather make
try's high pyramides my gibbet,
me up in chains!
ou do extend
oughts of horror further than you shall
e in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

roculeius,
u hast done, thy master Cæsar knows,
ath sent for thee: as for the queen,
ier to my guard.
o, Dolabella,
ntent me best: be gentle to her.—
I will speak what you shall please,
[*To Cleopatra.*
employ me to him.
ay, I would die. [*Exit Proculeius.*
ost noble empress, you have heard of me?
cannot tell.
ssuredly, you know me.
No matter, sir, what I have heard or
known. [dreams;
gh, when boys, or women, tell their
our trick?
understand not, madam.
dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;
nother sleep, that I might see
another man!
it might please you,—
lis face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck [lighted
d moon; which kept their course, and
[2] O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery [were
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
As plates[3] dropt from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra,— [man
Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a
As this I dream'd of?
Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It 's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite[4].
Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,— [knew.
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.
All. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen of Ægypt?
Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Ægypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project[5] mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,

nay mean *sometimes*.—The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this: If *idle talking* be some-
essary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *sleep*, for fear of *talking idly in my sleep*.
little orb or circle. [3] *Plates* probably mean, *silver money*. [4] The word *piece* is a term
ted to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece*
Nature had the preference.—Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more
e than *Fancy* could present in sleep. [5] To *project a cause* is to *represent* a cause; to *pro-*
j, is to *plan* or *contrive* a scheme of defence.

(Which

(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change: but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam. [lord,
Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel my lips[1], than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back? [known.
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours will be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain,
O rarely base[2]! [dog!
Cæs. Good queen, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal: and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded [me
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[*To Seleucus.*
Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits [man,
Through the ashes of my chance[3]: Wert thou a
Thou would'st have mercy on me.
Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits[4] in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.
Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear queen:
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend: And so, adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord.
Cæs. Not so: Adieu.
[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: But hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers Charmian.*
Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided:
Go put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.
Re-enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit Charmian.*
Cleo. Dolabella? [mand,
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
[*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald' rhimers

[1] i. e. close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. [2] i. e. base in an uncommon degree. [3] Or *fortune*.—The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spight of the imbecility of my present weak condition. [4] *Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions *meriting* censure. [5] *Scald* was a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth.

put o' tune: the quick comedians
ally will stage us, and present
ndrian revels; Antony
rought drunken forth, and I shall see
aking Cleopatra boy [1] my greatness
ure of a whore.
the good gods!
ay, that's certain.
ll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
er than mine eyes.
hy, that's the way
eir preparation, and to conquer
t absurd intents.—Now, Charmian!—

Enter Charmian.

my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
ttires;—I am again for Cydnus,
lark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.——
e Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed:
n thou hast done this chare, I'll give
hee leave
l dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
's this noise? [*A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Here is a rural fellow,
ot be deny'd your highness' presence;
you figs.
t him come in. What a poor instrument
[*Exit Guard.*
noble deed! he brings me liberty.
tion's plac'd; and I have nothing
in me: Now from head to foot
le-constant: now the fleeting [2] moon
is of mine.

uard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

This is the man.
'oid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
the pretty worm [3] of Nilus there,
nd pains not?
Truly I have him: but I would not be
hat should desire you to touch him,
ng is immortal; those, that do die of
om or never recover. [on't?
emember'st thou any that have dy'd
Very many, men and women too. I
ne of them no longer than yesterday:
st woman, but something given to lye:
n should not do, but in the way of ho-
she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain
Truly, she makes a very good report o'
But he that will believe all that they
never be saved by half that they do:
most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.
t thee hence; farewell.
wish you all joy of the worm.
rewell.
ou must think this, look you, that the
do his kind [4].
, ay, farewell.
ook you, the worm is not to be trusted,
but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I Immortal longings in me: Now no more [have The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip:— Yare, yare [5], good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.—So,—have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian:—Iras, long farewell.

[*Applying the asp.*

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall? [*To Iras.*
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
[*To the asp.*
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicy'd [6]!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

---

ve before observed, that the parts of women were acted on the stage by boys in our author's i. e. inconstant. [3] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent;* and in the Northern coun- ord *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. [4] i. e. will act according to his [5] i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. [6] i. e. an ass *without more policy* than to leave of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration.

Char. In this wild world[1]?—So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.—

[*Charmian applies the asp.*

O, come; apace, dispatch:—I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar 's beguil'd. [call him.

2 *Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Charmian dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

[*Within.*] A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them? [figs;

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast
There is a vent of blood, and something blown[2]:
The like is on her arm.

Guard. This is an aspick's trail; and these fig leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] Mr. Steevens conjectures, that our author may have written *vild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient spelling) for worthless. [2] i. e. swoln.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ble Athenian.

} Lords.
s,

, a Philosopher.

ward to Timon.

} Timon's Servants.

Caphis,
Varro,
Philotus,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortensius, } Servants.

Ventidius, one of Timon's Friends.
Cupid and Maskers.
Strangers.
Phrynia,
Timandra, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant; with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Athens.

Hall in Timon's House.

ainter, Jeweller, and Merchant, at several doors.

) day, sir.
n. I am glad you are well.
e not seen you long: How goes the
d?
ars, sir, as it grows.
hat's well known:
icular rarity? what strange,
old record not matches? See,
unty! all these spirits thy power
l to attend. I know the merchant.
w them both; the other's a jeweller.
s a worthy lord!
that's most fix'd. [it were,
st incomparable man; breath'd[1], as
le and continuate goodness:

a jewel here. [sir?
ry, let's see't: For the lord Timon,

Jew. If he will touch the estimate[2]: But, for that—

Poet. [4] *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,*
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. [3] 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shews not, 'till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off[5] well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own standing[6]! what a mental power

is *inured by constant practice*; so trained as not to be wearied.—To *breathe* a horse is n for the course. [2] i. e. he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. [3] i. e. come :. [4] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the pain- of. [5] i. e. according to Dr. Johnson, The figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est* [6] That is, How the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its s evidence in favour of its own fixture.

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife[1]
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens;—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more! [of visitors.

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly[2], but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax[3]: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt[4] to you.
You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery[5] creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer[6]
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts[7], all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states[8]: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope[9].
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition[10].

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear[11],
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air[12].

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these? [mood,

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can shew, [tune
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of for-
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes[13] have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*

Mes. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off [him
My friend when he must need me. I do know
A gentleman, that well deserves a help, [him.
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him. [som;

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ran-
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your honour[14]! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him? [thee.

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,

[1] *Strife* is either the contest or act with nature. [2] i. e. My design does not stop at any single character. [3] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron style. [4] i. e. I'll open, I'll explain. [5] *Slippery* is *smooth*, unresisting. [6] Meaning, the flatterer who shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. [7] i. e. *cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. [8] i. e. to advance or improve their various conditions of life. [9] i. e. 'Tis properly imagin'd. [10] *Condition* for art. [11] That is, calumniate those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own.—This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakspeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisp'rings*; alluding to the victims offered up to idols. [12] That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. [13] i. e. inferior spectators. [14] The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with your lordship.

Than

ne which holds a trencher.
Well; what further?
Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
om I may confer what I have got:
ud is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
ave bred her at my dearest cost,
ties of the best. This man of thine
ts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
h me to forbid him her resort;
have spoke in vain.
The man is honest.
Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon[1]:
esty rewards him in itself,
not bear my daughter.
Does she love him?
Ath. She is young, and apt:
n precedent passions do instruct us
vity is in youth.
[*To Lucil.*] Love you the maid?
Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.
Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
e gods to witness, I will choose
ir from forth the beggars of the world,
possess her all.
How shall she be endow'd,
e mated with an equal husband? [all.
Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future,
his gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
d his fortune, I will strain a little,
a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
ou bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
ike him weigh with her.
Ath. Most noble lord,
ie to this your honour, she is his.
My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
ite or fortune fall into my keeping,
s not ow'd[2] to you!
[*Exeunt Lucil. and Old Ath.*
Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
way.—What have you there, my friend?
A piece of painting; which I do beseech
rdship to accept.
Painting is welcome.
nting is almost the natural man;
e dishonour traffics with man's nature,
ut outside: These pencil'd figures are
ich as they give out. I like your work;
u shall find, I like it: wait attendance
u hear further from me.
The gods preserve you! [hand;
Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your
st needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
ffer'd under praise.
What, my lord? dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't, as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite[1].
Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow; [honest.
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus.
Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus. [Timon.
Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Poet. You are a dog.
Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.
Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit[2].
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking.——How now, poet?

Warburton explains this passage thus: "If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent."

[1] To *unclew*, is to *unwind* a ball of thread:—To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole his fortunes. [2] This alludes to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a *jewel*; but they that use beggars."

Poet. How now, philosopher?
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What would'st thou do then, Apemantus?
Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord[1].—Art thou not a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus. [not!
Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will
Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. [hence,
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you 'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!
Apem. So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves, [out
And all this courtesy! the strain[2] of man's bred Into baboon and monkey.
Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed Most hungrily on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart[3], we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is 't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
1 *Lord.* That time serves still. [it.
Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st
2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?
Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.
2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?
Apem. 'Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.
2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.
1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.
2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed[4], but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance[5].
1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.
2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.
Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit.
[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*
Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shewn:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes, Than they to me. [*They sit.*
1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

[1] The meaning may be, I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord.* [2] or lineage of man's worn down into a monkey. [3] i. e. part. [4] *Meed* in this place seems to mean *desert.* [5] i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

Tim.

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.
Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome:
ome to have thee thrust me out of doors.
Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there
es not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
ey say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est,*
t yonder man is ever angry.—
, let him have a table by himself;
r he does neither affect company,
or is he fit for it, indeed.
Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;
ome to observe; I give thee warning on't.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian,
erefore welcome: I myself would have no power[1]:
r'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.
Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I should
'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
one man's blood: and all the madness is,
e cheers them up too[2].
vonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
ethinks, they should invite them without knives;
ood for their meat, and safer for their lives.
ere's much example for't; the fellow, that
s next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
e breath of him in a divided draught,
the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
st they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
reat men should drink with harness on their throats.
Tim. My lord, in heart[3]; and let the health go round.
2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.
Apem. Flow this way!
brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Timon,
hose healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
ere's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
onest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
his, and my food, are equals: there's no odds.
asts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!
Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.
Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.
Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.
Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.
Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.
1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect[4].
Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart[5]? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf; and thus far I confirm you[6]. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.
Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.
2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up[7].
Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.
[much.
3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me
Apem. Much.
Sound tucket.
Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

[1] Timon's meaning seems to be: *I myself would have no power* to make thee silent, but I wish thou ould'st *let my meat make thee silent.* Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest most troublesome of his guests. [2] The allusion, says Dr. Johnson, is to a pack of hounds trained pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is, that the imal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chace. [3] That is, *my lord's health with sincerity.* That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. [5] i. e. that dear, endearing title. [6] That is, hy are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular nnexion and intercourse of tenderness between you and me? [7] i. e. I fix your characters firmly my own mind. [8] To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all, That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom; [table rise; The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Musick, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how amply you are belov'd.

Musick. Re-enter Cupid, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root[1].
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again, [not
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best[2].

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold
Taking, I doubt me. [you.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside.*
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind[4];
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind[5].

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O, my friends, I have one word
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must
Intreat you, honour me so much, as to [lord.
Advance[6] this jewel: accept, and wear it, kind my

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let us be provided [thee:
To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be re-
Not without fair reward. [ceiv'd,

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now

[1] The meaning is, according to Dr. Johnson, "*The glory of this life is very near to madness*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity." [2] i. e. you have seen the best we can do. [3] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the First's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse, with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, *I have not* a cross *about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. [4] To see the miseries that are following her. [5] i. e. for his nobleness of soul. [6] i. e. to prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it.

st for't; his land's put to their books.
ald I were gently put out of office,
ere forc'd out!
he that has no friend to feed,
that do even enemies exceed.
vardly for my lord. [*Exit.*
ou do yourselves much wrong, you
ate too much [our love.
vn merits:—Here, my lord; a trifle of
With more than common thanks I will

O, he is the very soul of bounty!
id now I remember, my lord, you gave
ds the other day of a bay courser
it is yours, because you lik'd it.
O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,

ou may take my word, my lord; I
know, no man
praise, but what he does affect:
y friend's affection with mine own;
true. I'll call on you.
ds. O, none so welcome.
ake all and your several visitations
heart, 'tis not enough to give;
I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
be weary.—Alcibiades,
a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
n charity to thee: for all thy living
the dead; and all the lands thou hast,
tch'd field.
n defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,——
Tim. And so am I to you.
2 *Lord.* So infinite endear'd,—
Tim. All[1] to you.—Lights! more lights.
1 *Lord.* The best of happiness, [mon!—
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Ti-
Tim. Ready for his friends.
[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*
Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks[2], and jutting out of bums!
I doubt, whether their legs[3] be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.
Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin
the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper[4] shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?
Tim. Nay,
If you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better musick. [*Exit.*
Apem. So;—
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,
I'll lock [be
Thy heaven[5] from thee. O, that men's ears should
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A publick place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

D late, five thousand to Varro; and
to Isidore,
ine thousand;—besides my former sum,
ikes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
it Timon, why, the dog coins gold;
l sell my horse, and buy twenty more
n he, why, give my horse to Timon,
ng, give it him, it foals me, straight,
horses[6]: No porter at his gate[7];
one that smiles, and still invites
ass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety[8].—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
Timon;
Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd[9]
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap [ral,
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sir-
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliance on his fracted dates
Has smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,

[1] good wishes, or all happiness to you. [2] To *serve a beck*, according to Johnson, is to
utation: Mr. Steevens believes it in this place to mean, *to pay a courtly obedience to a nod.*
hor plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb* and a *bow* or *act of obeisance.* [4] i. e. be
his securities entered into. [5] i. e. the pleasure of being flattered. [6] i. e. If I give my
Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces *more*, but *able* horses. [7] Our author
les to that *sternness* which was in his days the general characteristic of a porter. [8] i. e.
nnot find his for une to have any *safe* or solid *foundation.* [9] i. e. stopp'd.

But

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull[1],
Which [2] flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. Ay go, sir:—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Timon's Hall.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind[1].
What shall be done? He will not hear, 'till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore and Varro.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!
Caph. Good even[4], Varro: What,
You come for money?
Var. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?
Isid. It is so.
Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.
Enter Timon, Alcibiades, &c.
Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?
[*They present their bills.*
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past.—
Isid. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath:—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt Alcibiades, &c.*
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.
[*To Flavius.*
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends: See them well entertain'd. [*Exit Timon.*
Flav. Pray draw near. [*Exit Flavius.*
Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.
Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus;
Let's have some sport with 'em.
Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.
Isid. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away.
[*To the Fool.*
Isid. [*To Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.
Caph. Where's the fool now?
Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
All. What are we, Apemantus?
Apem. Asses.
All. Why?
Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?
All. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?
Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald[5] such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth[6].
Apem. Good! gramercy.
Enter Page.
Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page.

[1] A *gull* is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phœnix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. [2] *Which* is here used for *who*, and refers to Timon. [3] Warburton supplies the sense of this passage thus: *Never mind was* [made] *to be so unwise*, [in order] *to be so kind*: i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. [4] *Good even*, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that Good morrow became improper. [5] The old name for a certain disease was the *brenning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms. [6] A cant name for a bawdy-house, probably from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city.

o the Fool.] Why, how now, captain?
ou in this wise company?—How dost
mantus?
Would I had a rod in my mouth that
swer thee profitably.
r'ythee, Apemantus, read me the su-
n of these letters; I know not which is
Can'st not read?
No.
There will little learning die then, that
art hang'd. This is to lord Timon;
ibiades. Go; thou wast born a bas-
hou'lt die a bawd.
hou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou
ih, a dog's death. Answer not, I am
[*Exit.*
Even so, thou out-runn'st grace.
ll go with you to lord Timon's.
Will you leave me there?
If Timon stay at home.—You three
e usurers?
y; 'would they serv'd us!
So would I,—as good a trick as ever
serv'd thief.
re you three usurers' men?
, fool.
think, no usurer but has a fool to his
My mistress is one, and I am her fool.
n come to borrow of your masters, they
sadly, and go away merry; but they
master's house merrily, and go away
he reason of this?
could render one.
Do it then, that we may account thee
master, and a knave; which notwith-
thou shalt be no less esteemed.
hat is a whore-master, fool?
A fool in good clothes, and something
'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears
l; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime,
ilosopher, with two stones more than 's
one': He is very often like a knight;
rally, in all shapes, that man goes up
in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spi-
in.
hou art not altogether a fool.
Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much
I have, so much wit thou lack'st.
That answer might have become Ape-
mantus.
side, aside; here comes lord Timon.
Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.
Come with me, fool, come.
I do not always follow lover, elder bro-
l woman; sometime, the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*
Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this tune,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?
Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.
Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.
Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?
Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.
Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word[2];
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?
Tim. You tell me true.
Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been opprest
With riotous feeders[3]; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock[4],
And set mine eyes at flow.
Tim. Pr'ythee, no more. [lord!
Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's!
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,

ning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. [2] The is, As the *world* itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath. [3] are servants, whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house.—It appears, t we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of office*. [4] A *wasteful cock* is what we a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of nd other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water.—This circumstance served to idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from es of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation.

The

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.
Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given. [lack,
Why dost thou weep? Can'st thou the conscience
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument [1] of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.
Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!
Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!
Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.
Serv. My lord, my lord,—
Tim. I will dispatch you severally,—You, to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day,—You, to Sempronius;—
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.
Flam. As you have said, my lord.
Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? hum!—
Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators, [*To Flavius.*
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.
Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general [2] way)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am
No richer in return.
Tim. Is't true? can't be?
Flav. They answer, in a joint and corpor
That now they are at fall, want treasure,
Do what they would; are sorry——yc
nourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they kn
Something hath been amiss—a noble n
May catch a wrench—would all were
pity—
And so, intending [3] other serious matte
After distasteful looks, and these hard fi
With certain half-caps [4], and cold-movi
They froze me into silence.
Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These o
Have their ingratitude in them heredit
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldor
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are no
And nature, as it grows again toward ea
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and he
Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad
Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously
No blame belongs to thee:—Ventidius
Bury'd his father; by whose death, he
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be ren
With those five talents:—That had, giv
fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends
Flav. I would, I could not think
thought is bounty's foe;
Being free [5] itself, it thinks all others so.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Lucullus's House in Athens.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I HAVE told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.
Flam. I thank you, sir.
Enter Lucullus.
Serv. Here's my lord.
Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very resp
welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—
does that honourable, complete, fre
gentleman of Athens, thy very bounti
lord and master?
Flam. His health is well, sir.
Lucul. I am right glad that his healt
sir: And what hast thou there under t
pretty Flaminius?
Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to ent
honour to supply; who, having great a

[1] *Argument* may here be put for *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or for *evidences* a
[2] i. e. *compendious* way. [3] To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. [4]
here mean *broken* hints, *interrupted* sentences, *abrupt* remarks. [5] A *half-cap* is a co
moved, not put off. [6] i. e. liberal. [7] i. e. respectfully.

o use fifty talents, hath sent to your lord-
nish him; nothing doubting your pre-
ance therein.
La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he?
l lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, it hé
t keep so good a house. Many a time
I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't;
: again to supper to him, of purpose to
spend less: and yet he would embrace
l, take no warning by my coming. Every
ns fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told
, but I could never get him from 't.

Re-enter a servant, with wine.

Please your lordship, here is the wine.
Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
thee.
Your lordship speaks your pleasure.
I have observ'd thee always for a to-
rompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and
nows what belongs to reason; and canst
me well, if the time use thee well: good
ee.—Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the Ser-
goesom.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flami-
lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou
and thou know'st well enough, although
'st to me, that this is no time to lend
specially upon bare friendship, without
Here's three solidares [1] for thee; good
k at me, and say, thou saw'st me not.
: well.
Is 't possible, the world should so much
differ;
dive, that liv'd [2]? Fly, damned baseness,
nat worships thee!

[*Throwing the money away.*

Ha! Now I see, thou art a tool, and fit
aster. [*Exit Lucullus.*
May these add to the number that may
scald thee!
en coin be thy damnation,
ease of a friend, and not himself!
idship such a faint and milky heart,
in less than two nights? O you gods,
master's passion! This slave,
honour, has my lord's meat in him:
uld it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
: is turned to poison?
liseases only work upon't! [nature
en he's sick to death, let not that part of
ıy lord paid for, be of any power
ickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A public Street.

ter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good
d an honourable gentleman.
1. We know him for no less, though we
trangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for 't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to 't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! Now, before the gods, I am asham'd on 't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Serv. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he 's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; he cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous [4],
I should not urge it half so faithfully [5].

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour [6]!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do 't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness, but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable Gentleman. Good

Steevens believes this coin to be from the mint of the poet. [2] i. e. and we who were alive
'e now: As much as to say, *in so short a time.* [3] Alluding to the *turning* or acescence
[4] i. e. if he did not want it for a good use. [5] *Faithfully*, for fervently. [6] The
is, By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable oppor-
supplying the wants of my friend.

Servilius,

Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—
[*Exit Servilius.*
True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.
[*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's sport;
And just of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse!
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars[1].

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him[2],
So much I love his heart: But I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius, with a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum!
'Bove all others?
He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord, [tal; for
They have all been touch'd[3], and found base me-
They have all deny'd him!

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!——
It shews but little love or judgement in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians, [m
Thrive, give him over[4]; Must I take the cure up
He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at hi
That might have known my place: I see no sen
for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and I'mongst lords be thought a foo
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake
I had such a courage[5] to do him good. But no
return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coi
[*Exi*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly vi
lain. The devil knew not what he did, when h
made man politick; he cross'd himself by't: an
I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies o
man will set him clear[6]. How fairly this lor
strives to appear foul! take virtuous copies[7] to b
wicked; like those, that, under hot ardent zeal
would set whole realms on fire.
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: Now his friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their ward
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house[8].
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other Servants of Timon's Creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met: good morrow, Titus, and
Hortensius.

[1] i. e. *In respect of his* fortune, what Lucius denies to Timon is, in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. [2] That is, I would have treated my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have return'd him the half of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty. [3] i. e. *tried*, alluding to the *touchstone*. [4] That is, "His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate." *To give over* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit. [5] i. e. had such an ardour, such an eager desire. [6] *Set him clear* does not mean, acquit him before heaven; but it signifies, puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. And the meaning of the passage is, "If the devil made men politic, he has thwarted his own interest, because the superior cunning of man will at last puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations." [7] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon a project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to Scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would set whole realms on fire*. So Sempronius pretended to the warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before i [8] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.

ıe like to you, kind Varro.
ucius?
we meet together?
y, and, I think,
ess does command us all; for mine
is theirs, and ours.
Enter Philotus.
nd sir Philotus too!
ood day at once.
'elcome, good brother. What do you
hour?
ıbouring for nine.
› much?
not my lord seen yet?
ot yet. [seven.
wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at
ıy, but the days are waxed shorter with
him:
t consider, that a prodigal's course
› sun's [1]; but not, like his, recoverable.
est winter in lord Timon's purse;
›ne may reach deep enough, and yet
e.
am of your fear for that. [event,
ll shew you how to observe a strange
l sends now for money.
Most true, he does.
ıd he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
h I wait for money.
t is against my heart.
Mark, how strange it shows,
ı this should pay more than he owes:
ı as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
l for money for 'em. [witness:
I am weary of this charge [2], the gods can
my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
'es, mine's three thousand crowns: What's
yours?
'ive thousand mine. [the sum,
Tis much deep: and it should seem by
ıster's confidence was above mine;
'ely, his had equall'd [3].
Enter Flaminius.
›ne of lord Timon's men.
Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my lord
› come forth?
No, indeed, he is not. [much.
We attend his lordship; pray, signify so
I need not tell him that; he knows you
liligent. [*Exit Flaminius.*
Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.
Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Do you hear, sir?

Var. By your leave, sir,——
Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws;
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 't will not serve, 'tis not so base as you:
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*
Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?
Tit. No matter what; he 's poor. [broader
And that 's revenge enough. Who can speak
Than he that has no house to put his head in?
Such may rail 'gainst great buildings.
Enter Servilius.
Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.
Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should
Derive much from it: for take it on my soul,
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.
Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Serv. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!
Enter Timon, in a rage.
Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?
Luc. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Here 's mine.
Var. And mine, my lord.
Caph. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em [4], cleave to the girdle.
Luc. Alas, my lord,—

like him in blaze and splendour. [2] i. e. of this *commission*. [3] *His* may refer to s if he had said: Your master's confidence was above *my master's*; else surely *his*, i. e. the nanded from my master (for that is the last antecedent) had been equal to the sum demanded urs. [4] Timon quibbles.—They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and o the *bills*, or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the Shakspeare's time.

Tim.

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?
1 *Var.* My lord,——
2 *Var.* My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may be well call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors!——devils.
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all; I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left, to furnish out A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not in thy care: go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Senate-house.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to 't; the fault's bloody;
'Tis necessary, he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
1 *Sen.* Now, captain? [senate!
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues; For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate[1] aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault;)
But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted[2] passion
He did behave[3] his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox[4],
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He 's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe: and make his wrongs [lously;
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, care-
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?
Alcib. My lord,—
1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad[5]? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great; be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust[6];
But, in defence, by mercy[7], 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 *Sen.* What 's that? [service,
Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em; he
Is sworn a rioter: he has a sin [soner:
That often drowns him, and takes his valour pri-
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1 *Sen.* He dies.

[1] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question. [2] *Unnoted passion* means, perhaps, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. [3] i. e. *manage* his anger. [4] You undertake a paradox too *hard*. [5] i. e. What have we to do in the field? [6] *Gust*, for aggravation, according to Warburton.—Mr. Steevens thinks that *gust* here means *rashness*, and that the allusion may be to a sudden *gust of wind*. [7] The meaning is, *I call* mercy *herself* to witness, that defensive violence is just.

Alcib.

h Hard fate! he might have died in war.
ds, if not for any parts in him, [time,
h his right arm might purchase his own
in debt to none) yet, more to move you,
ıy deserts to his, and join 'em both:
r I know, your reverend ages love
r, I'll pawn my victories, all
ıours to you, upon his good returns.
is crime he owes the law his life,
t the war receive't in valiant gore;
is strict, and war is nothing more.
. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
ht of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
its his own blood, that spills another.
. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
eech you, know me.
. How?
. Call me to your remembrances.
. What?
I cannot think, but your age has forgot me,
not else be, I should prove so base[1],
and be deny'd such common grace:
nds ake at you.
Do you dare our anger?
ew words, but spacious in effect;
ish thee for ever.
Banish me?
our dotage; banish usury,
ikes the senate ugly. [thee,
If, after two days' shine, Athens contain
ur weightier judgement.
: to swell our spirit[2],
be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senate.*
Now the gods keep you old enough;
that you may live
one, that none may look on you!
re than mad: I have kept back their foes,
ey have told their money, and let out
in upon large interest; I myself,
y in large hurts.—All those, for this?
e balsam, that the usuring senate
o captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?
not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
use worthy my spleen and fury,
ay strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
ntented troops, and lay for hearts[3].
ur, with most lands to be at odds;
s little should brook wrongs, as gods.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Timon's House.

r divers Senators, at several doors.

The good time of day to you, sir.
I also wish it to you. I think, this ho-
lord did but try us this other day.
Upon that were my thoughts tiring[4],
encountered: I hope, it is not so low
, as he made it seem in the trial of his
iends.

2 Sen. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 Sen. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Sen. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Sen. Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 Sen. A thousand pieces.

2 Sen. A thousand pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Sen. The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 Sen. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together. [brance.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? What's the news?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does: but time will—and so——

[1] for dishonoured. [2] *Not to swell our spirit*, may mean, *not to put ourselves into any rage*, take our definitive resolution. [3] i. e. the affections of the people. [4] A hawk *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in rey.—To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore to be *idly employed upon it.*

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despis'd. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The rest of your fees[1]*, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.* Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection[2]. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies[3],
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks[4]!
Of man and beast, the infinite malady[5]
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou:
[*Throws the dishes at them.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain 's not a welcome guest.
Burn house; sink Athens; henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords? [fury!

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's

3 *Sen.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He 's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let 's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel 't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest-in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast:
Rather than render back, but with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal;
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!

[1] Dr. Warburton thinks we should read *foes*. [2] i. e. the highest of your excellence. [3] i. e. flies of a season. [4] A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.—See note [1], p. 68[illegible]. [5] i. e. every kind of disease incident to man and beast.

Timon

Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me you, good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.——More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
O, the fierce[1] wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood[2],
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blest to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas! kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and enquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb[3]
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes:
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature, [tune,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great for-
But by contempt of nature[4].
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him leave[5]. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, 'This man's a flatterer?' if one be,
So are they all; for every grize[6] of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang[7] mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging the earth.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious, gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist[8]: Roots, you clear heavens[9]!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair; [valiant.
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,

[1] *Fierce* is here used for *hasty, precipitate.* [2] *Strange, unusual blood* may mean, strange unusual disposition. [3] That is, the moon's, this sublunary world. [4] Dr. Johnson explains this passage thus: "*Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother;* for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *besieged as it is by misery,* admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune, will despise* beings of *nature like its own.*" [5] That is, *It is the* pastour *that greases or* flatters *the rich* brother, and will grease him on till *want make him leave.* [6] *Grize* for step or degree. [7] i. e. seize, gripe. [8] i. e. no insincere or inconstant supplicant. *Gold* will not serve *the votarist instead of roots.* [9] This may mean either ye *cloudless skies,* or *ye deities exempt from guilt.*

Ha, you gods! why this? Why this, you gods? Why, this [sides;
Will lug your priests and servants from your
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
This yellow slave [heads[1]:
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it,
That makes the wappen'd[2] widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April-day again[3]. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature[4].—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum?—Thou 'rt quick[5],
But yet I'll bury thee: Thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak. [heart,
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
For shewing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum:
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give;
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague th
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, co thee,
For thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy m
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had pro
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blesse
Tim. As thine is now, held with a b harlots.
Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, wh
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Tymandra?
Tyman. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee n use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee th
Make use of thy salt hours: season the sl
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-c youth,
To the tub-fast[6], and the diet.
Tyman. Hang thee, monster!
Alc. Pardon him, sweet Tymandra; fo
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Tim
The want whereof doth daily make revol
In my penurious band: I have heard, and
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy wo
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbo
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and gone.
Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dea
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom t trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in quest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou
To conquer my country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

[1] i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This allu old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, their departure the easier. [2] *Waped* or *wappen'd*, according to Warburton, signifies both and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold can overcome both her affection and her fears. [3] That is, *to the wedding day*, called by satirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*.—The *April day*, however, does not relate to *the widow* the other *diseased female*, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She it is whom *balms and spices* to the *April day again*: i. e. gold restores her to all the *freshness and su* youth. [4] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. [5] Thou hast life and motion in thee. alludes to the method of cure for venereal complaints (explained in note [1], p. 90), the u which was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days, and during this time there was nece extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*. *The diet* was likewis nary term for the regimen prescribed in these cases.

ome high-vic'd city hang his poison
air: Let not thy sword skip one:
onour'd age for his white beard,
urer: Strike me the counterfeit matron,
abit only that is honest,
a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
thy trenchant sword; for those milk-
aps,
igh the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
ithin the leaf of pity writ,
own horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
npled smiles from fools exhaust [1] their
nercy;
bastard, whom the oracle
tfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut [2],
: it sans remorse: Swear against objects [3];
ir on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
oof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
abes,
ot priests in holy vestments bleeding,
e a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
e confusion; and, thy fury spent,
d be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
dast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
hou giv'st me,
y counsel.
ost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's
urse upon thee!
d Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon:
dast thou more? [trade,
nough to make a whore forswear her
ke whores, a bawd [4]. Hold up, you sluts,
ns mountant: You are not oathable,—
I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
g shudders, and to heavenly agues,
rtal gods that hear you,——spare your
aths,
o your conditions [5]: Be whores still;
nose pious breath seeks to convert you,
in whore, allure him, burn him up;
close fire predominate his smoke,
turn-coats: Yet may your pains [6], six
months, [roofs
ontrary: make false hair, and thatch
thin roofs with burthens of the dead,—
were hang'd, no matter:
, betray with them, and whore on still:
a horse may mire upon your face;
rinkles!

Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold;—What then?
Believe't, that we 'll do any thing for gold.
Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And marr men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets [7] shrilly: hoar the flamen [8],
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee [9],
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There 's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave [10] you all!
Phr. and Tym. More counsel, with more money, bounteous Timon.
Timon. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.
Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.
Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.
Alcib. I never did thee harm.
Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it.
Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.
Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike.
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*
Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast [11],
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm [12],
With all the abhorred births below crisp [13] heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,

aw forth. [2] An allusion to the tale of Œdipus. [3] Perhaps *objects* is here used *pro-* or *abjects.* [4] That is, *enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores.* ll trust to your inclinations. [6] Dr. Warburton comments on this passage thus: "This , partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expres- meaning is this: He had said before, Follow constantly your trade of debauchery; that is, or six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, the severe discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occa- der to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be spent in these different ns. On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair*, &c.—Mr. Steevens however cor- meaning to be only this: "*Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is n harlots in houses of correction.*" [7] *Quillets* are subtilties. [8] i. e. give the flamen the *hoary* [9] To *foresee his particular*, is *to provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the t of public good.* In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some nds *to smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular.* Shakspeare, who seems to n a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps alludes here to hunting. re is to entomb. [11] *Whose infinite breast* means *whose boundless surface.* [12] The serpent, , from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind worm.* [13] i. e. curled, bent, hollow.

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorice draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper[1].
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should hav 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I 'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself:
A madman so long, now a fool; What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer meer nature,——bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content[2].
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath[3], that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog[4].
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath[5] proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect[6], but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary; [men
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
(That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows) I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spight, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou will,

[1] The *cunning of a carper* means the insidious arts of a critic. [2] That is, Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. [3] By *his breath* is probably meant *his sentence.* [4] Alluding to the word *Cynic*, of which sect Apemantus was. [5] From infancy.—*Swath* is the dress of a new-born child. [6] *Respect*, according to Mr. Steevens, means the *qu'en dira't-on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood.

Tell

i there I have gold; look, so I have.
Here is no use for gold.
he best, and truest:
t sleeps, and does no hired harm.
Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?
nder that 's above me.
ed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Where my stomach finds meat; or, ra-
re I eat it.
Vould poison were obedient, and knew
!
Where would'st thou send it?
o sauce thy dishes.
The middle of humanity thou never
ɔut the extremity of both ends: When
n thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd
oo much curiosity [1]; in thy rags, thou
one, but art despis'd for the contrary.
medlar for thee, eat it.
n what I hate, I feed not.
Dost hate a medlar?
y, though it look like thee.
An thou hadst hated medlars sooner,
dst have lov'd thyself better now. What
thou ever know unthrift, that was be-
his means?
ho, without those means thou talk'st
ıou ever know belov'd?
Myself.
nderstand thee; thou had'st some means
log.
What things in the world canst thou
npare to thy flatterers?
omen nearest; but men, men are the
mselves. What wouldst thou do with
Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?
Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.
ouldst thou have thyself fall in the con-
en, and remain a beast with the beasts?
ly, Timon.
beastly ambition, which the gods grant
ıin too! If thou wert the lion, the fox
uile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the
eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the
suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou
'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy
uld torment thee; and still thou liv'dst
eakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the
eediness would afflict thee, and oft thou
zard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou
, pride and wrath would confound thee,
ıne own self the conquest of thy fury:
ı bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the
thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd
ɔard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert
he lion, and the spots of thy kindred
on thy life: all thy safety were re-
nd thy defence, absence. What beast
u be, that were not subject to a beast?
ı beast art thou already, and seest not
ransformation?
thou couldst please me with speaking
to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I 'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap [2] of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.——

I 'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the meer necessities upon it.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch [4] of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by that virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;——
But not 'till I am dead!—I 'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[*Exit Apemantus.*

too much finical delicacy. [2] i. e. removal from place to place. [3] i. e. the *top*, the
[4] *Touch* for *touchstone*.

More things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the meer want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2. *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. We arenot thieves, but men that much do want. [meat.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth an hundred springs: The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, wa- As beasts, and birds, and fishes. [ter,

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes; You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con[1], That you are thieves profest; that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited[2] professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold: Go suck the subtle blood o' the grape, Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't, Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery. The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun; The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears[3]; the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen From general excrement: each thing's a thief, The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away; Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats; All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go, Break open shops; nothing can you steal, But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen. [*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens; There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Woods, and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O YOU gods! Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord? Full of decay and failing? O monument And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd! What an alteration of honour has Desperate want made! What viler thing upon the earth, than friends, Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends! How rarely[4] does it meet with this time's guise, When man was wish'd[5] to love his enemies: Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischief me, than those that do[6]! He has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

[1] To *con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramatic writers. [2] *Limited*, for legal. [3] Mr. Tollett comments on this passage thus: "The *moon* is the governess of the floods, 'but cannot be resolved by the surges of the sea.' This seems incontestible, and therefore an alteration of the text appears to be necessary. I propose to read:—*whose liquid surge resolves the* main *into salt tears*;—i. e. resolves the *main land*, or the continent, into sea. In Bacon, and also in Shakspeare's *King Lear*, act III. sc. 1. *main* occurs in this signification. Earth melting to sea is not an uncommon idea in our poets. "Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air." I might add, that in Chaucer, *mone*, which is very near to the traces of the old reading, seems to mean the globe of the earth, or a map of it, from the French, *monde*, the world; but I think *main* is the true reading here, and might easily be mistaken for *moon* by a hasty transcriber, or a careless printer, who might have in their thoughts the *moon*, which is mentioned in a preceding line." [4] *Rarely*, for fitly; not for seldom. [5] We should read *will'd*. [6] The sense is, "Let me rather woo or caress those that *would* mischief, that *profess to mean me mischief*, than those *that really* do *me* mischief under false professions of kindness."

him with my life.—My dearest master!
ion comes forward from his cave.
way! what art thou?
lave you forgot me, sir? [men;
Vhy dost ask that? I have forgot all
hou grant'st thou art a man, I have
ee.
n honest poor servant of yours.
hen I know thee not:
ad honest man about me, I; all
re [1] knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
he gods are witness,
l poor steward wear a truer grief
ndone lord, than mine eyes for you.
Vhat, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—
then I love thee,
thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
ankind; whose eyes do never give,
ugh lust, and laughter. Pity 's sleeping:
imes, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!
I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
ot my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
lasts,
tain me as your steward still.
Had I a steward
so just, and now so comfortable?
turns my dangerous nature wild [2].
e behold thy face.—Surely, this man
n of woman.—
my general and exceptless rashness,
al-sober gods! I do proclaim
nest man,—mistake me not,—But one;
e, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
n would I have hated all mankind,
ou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
th curses.
ks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
oppressing and betraying me,
ight'st have sooner got another service:
ny so arrive at second masters,
eir first lord's neck. But tell me true,
nust ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
ny kindness subtle, covetous, [gifts,
usuring kindness; and as rich men deal
ing in return twenty for one? [breast
No, my most worthy master, in whose
and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
ould have fear'd false times, when you did
feast:
t still comes where an estate is least,
hich I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,
nd zeal to your unmatched mind,
f your food and living: and, believe it,
ost honour'd lord,
y benefit that points to me,
in hope, or present, I'd exchange it
s one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself. [man,
Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from [3] men;
Hate all, curse all: shew charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: Be men like blasted
woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.
Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.
Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use [4]. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating [5] of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity;

[1] *Knave* is here used in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *rascal*. [2] To *turn wild* is *to distract*.—An appearance so unexpected, says Timon, *almost turns my savageness* to distraction. [3] Away from human habitations. [4] The sense is, "The *doing* of that which we have *said* we will do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use." [5] *Personating* for representing simply; for the subject of this proposed satire was Timon's *case*, not his *person*.

with

with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True; [night[1],
When the day serves, before black-corner'd
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come. [gold,

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men. [vice.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our ser-

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service. [I have gold;

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I. [terfeit[2]

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a coun-
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction, [*To the Poet.*
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord. [knave,

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord? [semble,

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain[3].

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I. [gold,

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught[4],
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this.—But two in company[5],—
Each man apart,—all single, and alone,—
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have work for me, there is payment: Hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE III.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,

[1] i. e. night which is as obscure as a *dark corner*. [2] A *portrait* was called a *counterfeit* in our author's time. [3] i. e. a hypocrite. [4] That is, *in the* jakes. [5] This passage is obscure. Dr. Johnson thinks the meaning is this: *But two in company*, that is, Stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain.—*But*, in the North, signifies *without*.

The

ner man may make him: Bring us to him,
ince it as it may.
Here is his cave.—
id content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
it, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
o them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak,
and be hang'd!
h true word, a blister, and each false
cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
ing it with speaking!
. Worthy Timon,— [mon.
Of none but such as you, and you of Ti-
. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon. [the plague,
I thank them; and would send them back
but catch it for them.
. O, forget
e are sorry for ourselves in thee.
ators, with one consent of love,
thee back to Athens; who have thought
ial dignities, which vacant lie
best use and wearing.
. They confess,
l thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
w the public body,—which doth seldom
e recanter,—feeling in itself
of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
wn fall[1], restraining aid to Timon;
ds forth us, to make their sorrowed render[2],
er with a recompence more fruitful
heir offence can weigh down by the dram;
n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
l to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
ite in thee the figures of their love,
o read them thine.
You witch me in it;
e me to the very brink of tears:
ne a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
ll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.
. Therefore, so please thee to return with
our Athens (thine, and ours) to take [us,
ptainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
d [3] with absolute power, and thy good name
ith authority:—so soon shall we drive back
ibiades the approaches wild;
ike a boar too savage, doth root up
untry's peace.
. And shakes his threat'ning sword
t the walls of Athens.
. Therefore, Timon,——
Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir;
Thus,—
biades kill my countrymen,
cibiades know this of Timon, [Athens,
Timon cares not.——But if he sack fair
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuse but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle [4] in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.
Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!
1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.
1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them. [umphers
2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great tri-
In their applauding gates.
Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:—
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree [5],
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.
Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.
Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth [6]
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!

[1] Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. [2] *Render* is *confession*. [3] *Allowed* is *licensed, privileged, uncontrolled*. [4] A *whittle* is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. [5] i. e. from highest to lowest. [6] We have before observed, that when a deer was run hard, and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *emboss'd*.

Graves

Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit Timon.*

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear [1] peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discovered; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach. [Timon.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Woods.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades, with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.
[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; 'till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traverst arms [2], and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush [3],
When crouching marrow [4], in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, 'No more:' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves
Above their [5] quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts [6]. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square [7], to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall

[1] Dr. Warburton observes, that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is so used by Shakspeare in numberless places.—Mr. Steevens says, that *dear* may in this instance signify *immediate*; and that it is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. [2] Arms across. [3] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest.—*Flush* means *mature*. [4] The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength.—The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. [5] *Their* refers to *rages*. [6] The meaning is, "Shame in excess (i. e. extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts." [7] i. e. not regular, not equitable.

With

ıe that have offended: like a shepherd,
the fold, and cull the infected forth,
ot altogether.
What thou wilt,
ıer shalt enforce it with thy smile,
/ to't with thy sword.
Set but thy foot
ıur rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
vilt send thy gentle heart before,
hou'lt enter friendly.
Throw thy glove,
ıken of thine honour else,
ı wilt use the wars as thy redress,
as our confusion, all thy powers
ke their harbour in our town, 'till we
l'd thy full desire.
Then there's my glove;
, and open your uncharged ports[1]:
emies of Timon's, and mine own,
ou yourselves shall set out for reproof,
no more: and,—to atone your fears
more noble meaning,—not a man
s his quarter, or offend the stream
ır justice in your city's bounds,
be remedy'd by your public laws
st answer.
'Tis most nobly spoken.
Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow[2], and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On:—Faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leach[3].—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Unguarded gates.* [2] *Our brain's flow* is our *tears.* [3] i. e. physician.

TITUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

NUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards declared Emperor himself.*
US, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with nia.*
NDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General nst the Goths.*
ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, Brother to Titus.*
, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*
S, }
UCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*
, *Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Ne- to Titus Andronicus.*

SEMPRONIUS.
ALARBUS, } *Sons to Tamora.*
CHIRON, }
DEMETRIUS, }
AARON, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*
Captain, from Titus's Camp.
ÆMILIUS, *a Messenger.*
Goths, and Romans.
Clown.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*
LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*
Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before the Capitol, in Rome.

Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Se- Then enter Saturninus and his followers, door; and Bassianus and his followers, ther; with drum and colours.

)BLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
ntrymen, my loving followers,
successive title with your swords:
first-born son, that was the last
e the imperial diadem of Rome:
my father's honours live in me,
ıg mine age with this indignity.
omans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.
Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the crown.
Marc. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand,
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;

Theobald says, This is one of those plays which he always thought, with the better judges, t to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. Dr. Johnson observes, he editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious, and that he reason for differing from them: for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always ine- et seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, were not only borne, but praised." Mr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens are also of the same ith Dr. Johnson.

A noble

A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;——
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us intreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,——
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the senate-house.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus; after them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the queen of the Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail! Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds.
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol[1],
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors: [sword.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unbury'd yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*

There greet in silence, as the dead were wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so their shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth[2].

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen. [queror,

Tam. Stay; Roman brethren,—Gracious con-
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause!
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these;
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood;
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient[3] yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this, your son is mark'd: and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius, with Alarbus.*

[1] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. [2] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. [3] This verb is used by other dramatic writers.

O cruel, irreligious piety!
Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
goes to rest; and we survive
ible under Titus' threatening look.
adam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
portunity of sharp revenge
e Thracian tyrant in his tent,
our Tamora, the queen of Goths,
Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)
the bloody wrongs upon her foes.
Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.
See, lord and father, how we have per-
form'd
nan rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
rails feed the sacrificing fire,
moke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
th nought, but to inter our brethren,
h loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
et it be so; and let Andronicus
is his latest farewell to their souls.
and trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.
and honour rest you here, my sons;
readiest champions, repose you here,
rom worldly chances and mishaps!
ks no treason, here no envy swells,
w no damned grudges; here no storm,
; but silence and eternal sleep:
Enter Lavinia.
and honour rest you here, my sons!
n peace and honour live lord Titus long;
le lord and father, live in fame!
his tomb my tributary tears
, for my brethren's obsequies;
hy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
the earth, for thy return to Rome:
me here with thy victorious hand,
ortune Rome's best citizens applaud.
ind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
dial of mine age, to glad my heart!—
live; out-live thy father's days,
e's eternal date, for virtue's praise!
Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
triumpher in the eyes of Rome!
hanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus. [wars,
And welcome, nephews, from successful
t survive, and you that sleep in fame.
ls, your fortunes are alike in all,
your country's service drew your swords:
r triumph is this funeral pomp,
h aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
mphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
dronicus, the people of Rome,
riend in justice thou hast ever been,
e by me, their tribune, and their trust,
liament of white and spotless hue;
ie thee in election for the empire,
ne our late deceased emperor's sons:
datus then, and put it on,
p to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to controll the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
empery. [tell?—
Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—
Sat. Romans, do me right;
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou were shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud Saturninus! interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!—
Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, [selves.
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Marc. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits. [make,
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*
Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*
[*A long flourish till they come down.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?
Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:

i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on.

And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of the common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor; [*To Tamora.*
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.
Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [*Seizing Lavinia.*
Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.
[*The emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.*
Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.
Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What! villain boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Titus kills Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help!
Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece[1]
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle[2] in the commonwealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart. [*Goths,—*
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
That like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Romans gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.
Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Marc. O, Titus, see, O see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel, slain a virtuous son.
Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—

[1] Spoken of Lavinia.—*Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt.
[2] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of K. Henry VIII. Hence, probably, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*.

Nor

ı; nor these, confederates in the deed
h dishonour'd all our family;
y brother, and unworthy sons!
but let us give him burial, as becomes;
itius burial with our brethren.
raitors, away! he rests not in this tomb!
nument five hundred years hath stood,
have sumptuously re-edified;
ne but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
n fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
n where you can, he comes not here.
My lord, this is impiety in you:
iew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
be buried with his brethren.
[*Titus' sons speak.*
And shall, of him we will accompany.
nd shall? What villain was it spoke that
word? [*Titus' son speaks.*
He that would vouch't in any place but
here.
hat, would you bury him in my despight?
No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee
on Mutius, and to bury him.
rcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
th these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded.
I do repute you every one;
le me no more, but get you gone.
le is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[*The brother and the sons kneel.*
Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Father, and in that name doth nature speak.
peak thou no more, if all the rest will
speed.
lenowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
ear father, soul and substance of us all,—
suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
e nephew here in virtue's nest,
d in honour and Lavinia's cause.
a Roman, be not barbarous.
eks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
n himself; and wise Laërtes' son
iously plead for his funerals:
young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
l his entrance here.
ise, Marcus, rise:
nall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
shonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
ry him, and bury me the next.
[*They put him in the tomb.*
here lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,
with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—
[*They all kneel, and say;*
shed tears for noble Mutius;
in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.
My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—
nes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
idden thus advanc'd in Rome?
know not, Marcus; but I know, it is;
vice or no, the heavens can tell:
t then beholden to the man
ught her for this high good turn so far?
l will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door: At the other door, Bassianus, and Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!
Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, sir; You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last:
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part;
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin)
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone: [*Aside.*
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life:
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—

Come, come, sweet emperor, come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.
Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bonjour*.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
And over-looks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs!—These lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?
[*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Chi. Not I; 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That

ath breath'd in my dishonour here.
'or that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
ten coward! that thunder'st with thy
tongue,
thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
away, I say.—
the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
y brabble will undo us all.—
ds,—and think you not how dangerous
t upon a prince's right?
Lavinia then become so loose,
nus so degenerate,
ier love such quarrels may be broach'd
controulment, justice, or revenge?
rds, beware!—an should the empress
know [please.
:ord's ground, the music would not
care not, I, knew she and all the world;
vinia more than all the world.
Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice:
thine elder brother's hope. [Rome
Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
ous and impatient they be,
ot brook competitors in love?
, lords, you do but plot your deaths
:vice.
ron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
ve her I do love.
'o atchieve her!—How?
Why mak'st thou it so strange?
'oman, therefore may be woo'd;
'oman, therefore may be won:
'inia, therefore must be lov'd.
n! more water glideth by the mill
s the miller of; and easy it is
oaf to steal a shive[1], we know:
lassianus be the emperor's brother,
n he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.
,and asgood as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*
hen why should he despair, that knows
:o court it
ls, fair looks, and liberality?
t thou not full often struck a doe,
e her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Why then, it seems, some certain snatch
ve your turns. [or so
, so the turn were serv'd.
laron, thou hast hit it.
Would you had hit it too;
uld not we be tir'd with this ado.
k ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
[2] for this? Would it offend you then
should speed?
ith, not me.
Vor me, so I were one. [you jar.
or shame, be friends; and join for that
r and stratagem must do
affect; and so must you resolve;
t you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind[3] for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words;
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice[4],
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
your turns: [eye,
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lads, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a Forest.

Enter Titus Andronicus, and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.
Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal; then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.
Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. and you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us
have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting. [*To Tamora.*
Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,

[1] e is a *slice*. [2] To *square*, is to *quarrel*. [3] i. e. by *nature*. [4] i. e. remove all nts from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file.

And climb the highest promontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A desert part of the Forest.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest[1],
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.
Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter?—take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.
Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes;
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus, and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?
Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
Should drive[2] upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!
Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning:
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
Bas. Believe me, queen, your[3] swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?
Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.
Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!
Tam. Why, have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why does your highness look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place:
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,

[1] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*. [2] i. e. fly with impetuosity at him. [3] *Swarth* is *black*.—The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

Should

straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
ner had they told this hellish tale,
ight they told me, they would bind me here
ıe body of a dismal yew;
ıve me to this miserable death.
en they call'd me, foul adulteress,
ous Goth, and all the bitterest terms
ver ear did hear to such effect.
ıd you not by wondrous fortune come,
ngeance on me had they executed:
e it, as you love your mother's life,
e not from henceforth call'd my children.
This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs Bassianus.*
And this for me, struck home to shew my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*
Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
name fits thy nature but thy own!
Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys, [wrong.
nother's hand shall right your mother's
Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
resh the corn, then after burn the straw:
nion stood upon her chastity,
er nuptial vow, her loyalty,
th that painted hope she braves your mightiness:
ll she carry this unto her grave?
And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
nce her husband to some secret hole,
ke his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
But when you have the honey you desire,
this wasp out-live, us both to sting.
warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
nistress, now perforce we will enjoy
e-preserved honesty of yours.
Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—
I will not hear her speak; away with her.
weet lords, intreat her hear me but a word.
Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory,
ıer tears; but be your heart to them,
enting flint to drops of rain. [dam?
When did the tyger's young ones teach the
ıt teach her wrath; she taught it thee:
, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,—
ry mother breeds not sons alike;
intreat her shew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*
What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?
'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark:
e I heard, (O, could I find it now!)
, mov'd with pity, did endure
his princely paws par'd all away.
y, that ravens foster forlorn children,
st their own birds famish in their nests:
me, though thy hard heart say no,
so kind, but something pitiful!
know not what it means; away with her.
), let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.
Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go. [more,
Lav. 'Tis present death I beg: and one thing
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell;
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——
Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring thou her husband; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[*Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all th' Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Marc. And mine, I promise you; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Marcus falls into the pit.*
Quint. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Marc. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;

Painted hope means *specious hope*, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid.

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his brother.
[*Exit Aaron.*
Marc. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quint. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
Mine herat suspects more than mine eye can see.
Marc. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quint. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise;
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Marc. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quint. If it be dark, how dost thow know 'tis he?
Marc. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens[1] all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth. [out:
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Marc. And I no strength to climb without thy help. [again,
Quint. Thy hand once more; I will not loose
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me:——I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Marc. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead. [jest:
Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there. [alive,
Marc. We know not where you left him all
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.
Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Andronicus and Lucius.
Tam. Where is my lord, the king? [grief.
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered. [wound;
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy:
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
[*She giveth Saturninus a letter. Saturninus reads the letter.*
"An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
"Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
"Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
"Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
"Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
"Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
"Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
"Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Shewing it.*
Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
[*To Titus.*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wond'rous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons,—
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—
Sat. If it be prov'd! You see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me. [ers.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murder-
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

[1] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. *Chi.*

Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
hy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.
See how with signs and tokens she can scowl. [hands.
So home, call for sweet water, wash thy
She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
let's leave her to her silent walks, [self.
In 'twere my case, I should go hang my-
If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Who 's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
a word; Where is your husband?
lream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
rake, some planet strike me down,
nay slumber in eternal sleep!—
gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
pp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
wo branches; those sweet ornaments,
ircling shadows kings have sought to sleep
ght not gain so great a happiness, [in;
thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
crimson river of warm blood,
a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
e and fall between thy rosed lips,
and going with thy honey breath.
e, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;
thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee; shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That better could have sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads:
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

e Judges and Senators, with Marcus and us bound, passing on the stage to the place cution, and Titus going before, pleading.

[EAR me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
of mine age, whose youth was spent
erous wars, whilst you securely slept;
my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
he frosty nights that I have watch'd;
these bitter tears, which you now see
he aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
ıl to my condemned sons,
souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
-and-twenty sons I never wept,
they died in honour's lofty bed.
vicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.
se, these tribunes, in the dust I write
rt's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
'sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
[*Exeunt.*
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers?
Tygers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sang
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me? What shall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband, he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd; like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? Let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now she would say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

; sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
y heart, I'll send the emperor my hand;
on, wilt thou help to chop it off?
y, father; for that noble hand of thine,
thrown down so many enemies,
be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
can better spare my blood than you;
fore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
Which of your hands hath not defended
d aloft the bloody battle-axe, [Rome,
estruction on the enemies' castle[1]?
f both but are of high desert:
hath been but idle; let it serve
n my two nephews from their death;
e I kept it to a worthy end. [along,
ay, come, agree, whose hand shall go
ey die before their pardon come.
My hand shall go.
y heaven, it shall not go. [these
s, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as
for plucking up, and therefore mine.
veet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
deem my brothers both from death.
And, for our father's sake, and mother's
ne shew a brother's love to thee. [care,
ree between you; I will spare my hand.
hen I'll go fetch an axe.
But I will use the axe.
[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*
me hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
r, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
ceive you in another sort,
you 'll say ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*
nter Lucius and Marcus again.
ow, stay your strife; what shall be, is
dispatch'd.——
ron, give his majesty my hand:
it was a hand that warded him
usand dangers; bid him bury it;
h it merited, that let it have.
y sons, say, I account of them
purchas'd at an easy price;
dear too, because I bought mine own.
go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
and-by to have thy sons with thee:—
ds, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*
me with the very thought of it!
do good, and fair men call for grace,
ll have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*
hear!—I lift this one hand up to heaven,
this feeble ruin to the earth:
wer pities wretched tears,
call.—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To Lavinia.*
, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers;
our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
n the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
ey do hug him in their melting bosoms.
O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.
Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.
Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.
Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.
Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand, thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep, doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted at is double death. [wound,
Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kisses him.*
Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake. [end?
Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an
Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of your most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha! [hour.
Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,

[1] *Castle* in this place signifies a *close helmet.*

Even

Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! 'till Lucius comes again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his emperess
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.
[*Exit Lucius.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Titus's house.

A banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us,
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
[*To Lavinia.*
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
Marc. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice[1], learn to know the meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears
And tears will quickly melt thy life away. [tear,
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.
Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody, [him.
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the emperess' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.——
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!—yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] By *constant* or *continual* practice.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Titus's House.

Lucius, and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.

LP; grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
very where, I know not why:——
Marcus, see how swift she comes!
unt; I know not what you mean.
d by me, Lucius; do not fear thine
t. [harm.
oves thee, boy, too well to do thee
hen my father was in Rome, she did.
at means my niece Lavinia by these
s? [mean:—
r not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she
see, how much she makes of thee:
r would she have thee go with her.
rnelia never with more care
ons, than she hath read to thee,
, and Tully's oratory.
ot guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
ord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
fit of phrenzy do possess her:
eard my grandsire say full oft,
griefs would make men mad;
ead, that Hecuba of Troy
ough sorrow; That made me to fear;
y lord, I know, my noble aunt
dear as e'er my mother did,
ot, but in fury, fright my youth:
me down to throw my books, and fly;
erhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
n, if my uncle Marcus go,
illingly attend your ladyship.
cius, I will. [this?
now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means
here is that she desires to see:—
girl, of these? Open them, boy.——
deeper read, and better skill'd;
ake choice of all my library,
ile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
lamn'd contriver of this deed.—
e up her arms in sequence thus?
hink, she means, that there was more
n one
in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
aven she heaves them for revenge.
s, what book is that she tosseth so?
adsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
gave it me.
r love of her that's gone,
cull'd it from among the rest.
soft! how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the leaves. [girl,
Tit. Lavinia, wer't thou thus surpriz'd, sweet
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!——
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.
Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,——
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!——
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*
Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.
Marc. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?
Tit. ——*Magne Dominator Poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere[2],
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,

te is to observe. [2] *Feere* signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*.

Mortal

Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Tim. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?
Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.
Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the emperess' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not? [sire.
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grand-
Tit. No, no, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt.*
Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassionate him? [Marcus,
Marcus, attend him in his ecstacy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:——
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door; and at another door, young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.
Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;——
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*
Dem. Gramercy[1], lovely Lucius; What's the news? [news,
Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see;
Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago. [have it.
Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace;—right, you
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no fond jest: the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick. [*Aside.*
But were our witty emperess well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest a-while.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.
Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er. [*Aside. Flourish.*
Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nurse. Good-morrow, lords:
O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye, [grace;—
Our emperess' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace:
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?

[1] i. e. *grand merci*; great thanks.

Nurse.

: I mean, she is brought to bed.
Well, God
good rest! What hath he sent her?
: A devil. [issue.
Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful
: A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
the babe, as loathsome as a toad [issue:
t the fairest breeders of our clime.
peress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
s thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Out, out, you whore! is black so base a
hue?——
owse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Villain, what hast thou done?
That which thou
t undo.
Thou hast undone our mother.
Villain, I have done [1] thy mother.
And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
ier chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
d the offspring of so foul a fiend!
t shall not live.
It shall not die.
: Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I,
ution on my flesh and blood. [point:
I'll broach [2] the tadpole on my rapier's
ive it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
oner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
urd'rous villains! will you kill your bro-
the burning tapers of the sky, [ther?
me so brightly when this boy was got,
upon my scymitar's sharp point,
ches this my first-born son and heir!
u, younglings, not Enceladus,
his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
at Alcides, nor the god of war,
ze this prey out of his father's hands.
hat, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
e-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
ck is better than another hue,
t scorns to bear another hue:
he water in the ocean
er turn the swan's black legs to white,
h she lave them hourly in the flood.—
emperess from me, I am of age
mine own; excuse it how she can.
Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
our, and the picture of my youth:
fore all the world, do I prefer;
augre all the world, will I keep safe,
of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
By this, our mother is for ever sham'd.
ome will despise her for this foul escape.
: The emperor, in his rage, will doom
her death.
blush to think upon this ignomy. [bears:
Why there's the privilege your beauty
cherous hue! that will betray with blushing
e enacts and counsels of the heart!
a young lad fram'd of another leer [3]:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is infranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal is stamped in his face.
Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the emperess?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save you the child, so we may all be safe.
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit on the ground.*
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join
in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?
Nurse. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd emperess.
Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the emperess; tell her this I said:——
[*He kills her.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore
didst thou this?
Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip! no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack [4] with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my lords; ye see, I have given her physick,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt.*
Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
And secretly to greet the emperess' friends.—

[1] *Do* is here used obscenely. [2] A *broach* is a *spit*.—I'll *spit* the tadpole. [3] *Leer* is complexion or hue. [4] To *pack* is to contrive insidiously.

Come

Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence;
For it is you that put us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street near the Palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:——
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astræa reliquit:——be you remember'd, Marcus.—— [tools.
She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:——
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.——
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine. [ters;

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masWhat, have you met with her? [word,

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd, [else,
He thinks with Jove in heaven, or somewhere
So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:——
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myself;— [*next:*—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:—
To Saturn, and to Cælus; not to Saturnine,—
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited. [court:

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain? [choose
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days! Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs[1], to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

[1] The Clown means to say, to the tribune of the people.

Tit.

rah, come hither; make no more ado,
your pigeons to the emperor:
ou shalt have justice at his hands.
ld;—mean while, here's money for thy
a pen and ink.— [charges.
n you with a grace deliver a supplication?
Ay, sir.
ien here is a supplication for you. And
i come to him, at the first approach, you
el; then kiss his foot; then deliver up
eons; and then look for your reward.
hand, sir; see you do it bravely.
I warrant you, sir: let me alone. [it.
rah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see
arcus, fold it in the oration;
hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
n thou hast given it to the emperor,
my door, and tell me what he says.
God be with you, sir; I will.
me, Marcus, let us go:—Publius, follow
me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

peror, and Emperess, and her two sons; peror brings the arrows in his hand, us shot.

hy, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
ror of Rome thus over-borne,
, confronted thus; and, for the extent
ustice, us'd in such contempt?
, you know, as do the mightful gods,
the disturbers of our peace
e people's ears, there nought hath past
with law, against the wilful sons
ndronicus. And what an if
ws have so overwhelm'd his wits,
e thus afflicted in his wreaks[1],
is frenzy, and his bitterness?
he writes to heaven for his redress:
's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
pollo; this to the god of war:
olls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
his, but libelling against the senate,
oning our injustice every where?
Rumour, is it not, my lords?
ould say, in Rome no justice were.
ive, his feigned ecstasies
no shelter to these outrages:
d his shall know, that justice lives
inus' health; whom, if she sleep,
wake, as she in fury shall
e proud'st conspirator that lives.
fy gracious lord, most lovely Saturnine,
ny life, commander of my thoughts,
e, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
ts of sorrow for his valiant sons,
es hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;
er comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
[*Aside.*
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.——
Enter Clown.
How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with us? [perial.
Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be em-
Tam. Emperess I am, but yonder sits the emperor.
Clown. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den:
I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*The Emperor reads the letter.*
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
Clown. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.
Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*
Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.
Enter Æmilius.
Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?
Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.
Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head,
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself have often over-heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully, [ror.
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their empe-
Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him. [name.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;

[1] That is, his revenges.

Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks[1] to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.
Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador: [*To Æmilius*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him bes
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*E*
Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goth
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.
[*Exeun*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Luc. APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.
Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.
Omn. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.
Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?
Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.
Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
"Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
"Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
"Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
"Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
"But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
"They never do beget a coal-black calf.
"Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates t
babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
"Who, when he knows thou art the emperess' bab
"Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon hi
Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hith
To use as you think needful of the man. [*
Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your emperess' ey
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou conv
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No! not
word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.
Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal bloo
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder[2].
Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all
Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which th
speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd
Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure the
Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacr
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies

[1] *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice.—It is common for cattle to ov charge themselves with clover, and die. [2] *Get me a ladder*, has been in most of the editions giv to Aaron, and properly, as meaning *hang me*.

Ruth

to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
I shall all be buried by my death,
ou swear to me, my child shall live.
ell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.
swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Vhom should I swear by? thou believ'st
no god;
nted, how canst thou believe an oath?
What if I do not? as indeed, I do not:
e I know thou art religious,
a thing within thee, called conscience;
enty popish tricks and ceremonies,
have seen thee careful to observe,—
e I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
holds his bauble for a god,
s the oath, which by that god he swears;
'll urge him:—Therefore thou shalt vow
ame god, what god soe'er it be,
u ador'st and hast in reverence,—
my boy, nourish, and bring him up;
will discover nought to thee.
ven by my god, I swear to thee, I will.
First, know thou, I begot him on the
emperess.
most insatiate, luxurious woman!
ut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
hich thou shalt hear of me anon.
r two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:
thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
ner hands off; and trimm'd her as thou
saw'st.
detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-
Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and
trimm'd; and 'twas
rt for them that had the doing of it.
, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!
ideed, I was the tutor to instruct them;
ling' spirit had they from their mother,
card as ever won the set;
dy mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
dog as ever fought at head.—
my deeds be witness of my worth.
hy brethren to that guileful hole,
e dead corps of Bassianus lay:
e letter that thy father found,
he gold within the letter mentioned,
ate with the queen, and her two sons:
not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
I had no stroke of mischief in it?
he cheater for thy father's hand;
n I had it, drew myself apart,
st broke my heart with extreme laughter.
e through the crevice of a wall,
r his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
s tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
mine eyes were rainy like to his;
I told the emperess of this sport,
ned almost at my pleasing tale,
ny tidings, gave me twenty kisses.
What! canst thou say all this, and never
blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more. Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think, Few come within the compass of my curse) Wherein I did not some notorious ill: As kill a man, or else devise his death; Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it; Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself; Set deadly enmity between two friends; Make poor men's cattle break their necks; Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night, And bid the owners quench them with their tears. Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves, And set them upright at their dear friends' doors, Even when the sorrow almost was forgot; And on their skins, as on the bark of trees, Have with my knife carved in Roman letters, *Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.* Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things, As willingly as one would kill a fly; And nothing grieves me heartily indeed, But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil[1]; for he must not die So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil, To live and burn in everlasting fire; So I might have your company in hell, But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near. Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths, The Roman emperor greets you all by me: And, for he understands you are in arms, He craves a parley at your father's house; Willing you to demand your hostages, And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges Unto my father and my uncle Marcus, And we will come. March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Titus' Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment. I will encounter with Andronicus; And say, I am Revenge, sent from below, To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs. Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps, To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge; Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him, And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus opens his study d or.*

[1] at love of *bed-sports*.—*Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a *pillow*. [2] Mr. Steevens ves, that it appears, from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines, I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No, not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad: I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder, and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?
Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.
Tit. Good lord, how like the emp'ress' sons they are!
And you, the emp'ress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.
[*Exit Titus from above.*
Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credu'ous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the emp'ress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the emp'ress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him. [wrong,
Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee
And I will be revenged on them all. [Rome,
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him, and, when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine. [do,
Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the emp'ress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This

This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me. [me;
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. [*to her sons.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again. [mad;
Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam!
[*Aside.*
Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*
Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell [ploy'd?
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be em-
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!
Enter Publius, and Servants.
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. The emperess' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius. [ceiv'd;
Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much de-
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.
[*Exit Titus.*
Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the em'press' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.
Re-enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a bason.
Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound:—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! [mud;
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest; [dear
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And cal's herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin [1] will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish might prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
[*He cuts their throats.*
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook.
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.
Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content. [will.
Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil; [Moor,
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron.*
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—[*Flourish.*
The trumpets shew the emperor is at hand.
Sound trumpets. Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Tribunes and others.
Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle [2];
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

[1] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. [2] i. e. *begin* the parley.—We yet say he *breaks* his mind.

A table brought in. Enter Titus, like a cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia, with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your emperess.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord? [shame,

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me most wretched to perform the like:
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!
[*He kills her.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind? [me blind.

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made
I am as woeful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed? [highness feed?

Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*He stabs Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*He stabs Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Lucius stabs Saturninus.*

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself:
And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Marc. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as er our ancestor,
[*To Lucius.*
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was, that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out.
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood:
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done ought amiss? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak: and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Em.

, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
ır emperor gently in thy hand,
nperor; for, well I know,
voice do cry, it shall be so.
ius, all hail; Rome's royal emperor!
ld Titus' sorrowful house;
ıle that misbelieving Moor,
'd some direful slaughtering death,
ıt for his most wicked life.
il, Rome's gracious governor!
s, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
e's harms, and wipe away her woe!
ople, give me aim a while,—
ts me to a heavy task;—
;—but, uncle, draw you near,
ious tears upon this trunk:—
arm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses Titus.*
ul drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
luties of thy noble son!
tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Marcus tenders on thy lips:
ım of these that I should pay
infinite, yet would I pay them!
ither, boy; come, come, and learn

vers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
ıe danc'd thee on his knee,
ep, his loving breast thy pillow;
r hath he told to thee,
eeing with thine infancy;
then, like a loving child,
small drops from thy tender spring,
ıature doth require it so:
l associate friends in grief and woe:
ell; commit him to the grave;
ndness, and take leave of him. [heart
ıdsire, grandsire! even with all my

'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans, with Aaron.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey;
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ROILUS AND CRESSIDA[1],

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

, } *Trojans.*	ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, PATROCLUS, THERSITES, } *Greeks.*
ON, *a Bastard Son of Priam,*	HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*
N, } *Greeks.*	ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*
	CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.*
	CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*
	ALEXANDER, *Cressida's Servant.*
	Boy, Page to Troilus.
	Servant to Diomed.
	Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

ere lies the scene. From isles of Greece
es orgillous[2]*, their high blood chaf'd,*
port of Athens sent their ships
h the ministers and instruments
r: Sixty and nine, that wore
ets regal, from the Athenian bay
vards Phrygia: and their vow is made
Troy; within whose strong immures
l Helen, Menelaus' queen,
Paris sleeps: And that's the quarrel.
hey come;
-drawing barks do there disgorge
e fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
d yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
pavilions: Priam's six-gated city
d Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan,
And Antenoridas) with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling[3] *bolts,*
Sperrs[4] *up the sons of Troy.——*
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,——
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt[5] *and firstlings of those broils,*
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Troy. Priam's Palace.

ter Pandarus and Troilus.

.L here my varlet[6], I'll unarm again:
hy should I war without the walls
of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.
Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?
Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

pe (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of Troïlus and Cressida was originally the Lollius, a Lombard: but Dryden goes yet further; he declares it to have been written se, and that Chaucer translated it.—Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy.— received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troy Boke* printed in 1513.—Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, Messina in Sicily, and wrote his History of Troy in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and gius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic in- nich the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic y admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic sto- vid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. [2] i. e. proud, disdainful. [3] To *fulfill* in this place till there be no room for more. [4] To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word ifies to *shut up, defend by bars*, &c. [5] i. e. the *avant*, what went before. [6] This word gnified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior.

Fierce

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder [1] than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench [2] at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but——

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus!—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense [3]
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say,—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands [4].

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she 's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,——

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*

[*Sound alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as techy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield? [sorts,

Troi. Because not there; This woman's answer
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

[1] *Fonder* for more childish. [2] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. [3] The meaning is; In *comparison with* Cressid's *hand, the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. [4] Mr. Steevens thinks this phrase means, *She may make the best of a bad bargain.*

Troi.

t home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
rt abroad;—Are you bound thither?
swift haste.
', go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

ida, and Alexander her servant.

were those went by?
n Hecuba, and Helen.
whither go they?
) the eastern tower,
commands as subject all the vale,
ttle. Hector, whose patience
, fix'd, to-day was mov'd;
romache, and struck his armourer;
here were husbandry in war,
n rose, he was harness'd light,
eld goes he; where every flower
phet, weep what it foresaw
vrath.
t was his cause of anger? [Greeks
noise goes this: There is among the
)jan blood, nephew to Hector;
n, Ajax.
l; And what of him?
/ say he is a very man *per se*,
lone.
lo all men; unless they are drunk,
no legs.
man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts
cular additions; he is as valiant as the
as the bear, slow as the elephant: a
)m nature hath so crowded humours,
ur is crushed into folly[1], his folly
discretion: there is no man hath a
ne hath not a glimpse of; nor any
it, but he carries some stain of it: he
y without cause, and merry against
: hath the joints of every thing; but
)o out of joint, that he is a gouty
ny hands and no use; or purblinded
/es and no sight.
how should this man, that makes me
Hector angry?
y say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in
id struck him down; the disdain and
:of hath ever since kept Hector fast-
ing.

Enter Pandarus.

) comes here?
lam, your uncle Pandarus,
tor's a gallant man.
nay be in the world, lady.
it's that? what's that?
d morrow, uncle Pandarus.
d morrow, cousin Cressid: What do
—Good morrow, Alexander.—How
sin? When were you at Ilium[2]?
; morning, uncle.
it were you talking of, when I came?
Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium?
Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him? [him.

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend or end: Well, Troilus, well,——I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me,

Pan. He is elder,

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty. [ter.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's bet-

Pan. You have no judgement, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good com-

rushed into folly, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass
[2] This is a phrase equivalent to another now in use,—*against the grain*. [3] Ilium was
f Troy.

plexion,

plexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window[1],—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter[2]?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, he has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a retreat.*

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgement in Troy, whosoever; and a proper man of person:——When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more[3].

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that! There 's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece!—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is 't not a brave man?

Cres. O, brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: laying on; take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good!—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece! Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to-day?

[1] The *compass'd window* is the same as the *bow-window*. [2] The word *lifter* means a *thief*.—We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. [3] The allusion here is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did in our author's time, and long before, signify *a silly fellow*; and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*.—Cressid means, that *a* noddy *shall have more nods*.

's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's
d now. Ha! 'would I could see Troi-
—you shall see Troilus anon.
Who's that!
Helenus passes over.
hat's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus
t's Helenus;—I think he went not forth
-That's Helenus.
Can Helenus fight, uncle?
Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent
marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do
ear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus
.
What sneaking fellow comes yonder?
Troilus passes over.
Where? yonder? that's Deïphobus: 'Tis
there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave
the prince of chivalry!
Peace, for shame, peace!
Mark him; note him:—O brave Troi-
k well upon him, niece; look you, how
is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd
ctor's! And how he looks, and how he
admirable youth! he ne'er saw three
ty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way;
ister were a grace, or a daughter a god-
should take his choice. O admirable
Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I war-
len, to change, would give an eye to

Enter Soldiers, &c.
Here come more.
sses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff
! porridge after meat! I could live and
: eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er
ie eagles are gone; crows and daws,
d daws! I had rather be such a man as
than Agamemnon and all Greece.
There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a
an than Troilus.
Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very

Well, well.
Well, well?—Why, have you any discre-
ve you any eyes? Do you know what a
s not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse,
, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, libe-
d such like, the spice and salt that season

ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd
date[1] in the pye,—for then the man's
ut.
You are such a woman! one knows not
ward you lie.
Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon
o defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to
nine honesty; my mask, to defend my
and you, to defend all these: and at all
ds I lie, at a thousand watches.
Say one of your watches.
Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's
e chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward
what I would not have hit, I can watch you for
telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past
hiding, and then it is past watching.
Pan. You are such another!
Enter Troilus' Boy.
Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.
Pan. Where.
Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.
Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy*]:
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.
Cres. Adieu, uncle.
Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by-and-by.
Cres. To bring, uncle,——
Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.
Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.——
[*Exit Pandarus.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she[2] belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she[2] was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,——
Atchievement is, command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content[3] firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below, [asters
Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and dis-
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found

ccount for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an
t in ancient pastry of almost every kind. [1] i. e. that woman. [2] *Content* for *capacity.*

In

In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold [cut,
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize [1],
Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies flee under shade, Why, then, the thing
of courage [2],
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,— [Greece,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and
sway,— [*To Agamemnon.*
And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,—
[*To Nestor.*
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver [3],
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—Yet let it please both,
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a mas-
But for these instances. [ter,
The specialty of rule [4] hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
center [5],
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the
planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth? [tors,
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, hor-
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities [6],
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choaking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward [7], with a purpose
It hath to climb: The general 's disdain'd

[1] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. [2] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. [3] *Hatch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver. [4] i. e. the particular rights of supreme authority. [5] i. e. the earth; which, according to the Ptolemaïc system, then in vogue, is the center of the solar system. [6] i. e. corporations, companies, *confraternities*. [7] That goes backward *step by step*.

By

tep below: he, by the next;
y him beneath: so every step,
y the first pace that is sick
or, grows to an envious fever
bloodless emulation [1]:
fever that keeps Troy on foot,
sinews. To end a tale of length,
weakness stands, not in her strength.
t wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
ereof all our power is sick.
nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
remedy?
great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
d the forehand of our host,—
ar full of his airy fame,
y of his worth, and in his tent
g our designs: With him, Patroclus,
bed, the livelong day
il jests;
liculous and awkward action
derer, he imitation calls)
us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
deputation he puts on;
trutting player,—whose conceit
sm-string, and doth think it rich
wooden dialogue and sound
etch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
itied and o'er-rested [2] seeming
greatness in: and when he speaks,
me a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
chilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
ep chest laughs out a loud applause;
cellent!—'tis Agamemnon just.—
me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy
eard,
ng 'drest to some oration.'
y—as near as the extremest ends
as like as Vulcan and his wife:
chilles still cries, 'Excellent!
r right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
answer in a night alarm.'
rsooth, the faint defects of age
scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
l out the rivet:—and at this sport,
ies; cries, 'O!—enough, Patroclus;
e ribs of steel! I shall split all
e of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
ties, gifts, natures, shapes,
generals of grace exact [3],
nts, plots, orders, preventions,
to the field, or speech for truce,
oss, what is, or is not, serves
hese two to make paradoxes.
l in the imitation of these twain
Ulysses says, opinion crowns
erial voice) many are infect.
n self-will'd; and bears his head

In such a rein [4], in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank [5] soever rounded in with danger.
Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall pre-science, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent? [you?
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls, [accord,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

lation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. [2] *Topless* means supreme. [3] Read *o'er-wrested*, i. e. *over-charged*. [4] All our good of *grace exact*, means our *exprehensible*. [5] That is, holds up his head as haughtily.—We still say of a girl, *she* [6] A *rank weed* is a *high weed*.

Agam.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpets sound.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father;
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession[1],
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.
Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace[2] put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor,——
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is 't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to its maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
However it is spread in general name, [sends,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles. [stance,
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-
Whose grossness little characters sum up[3]:
And, in the publication, make no strain[4],
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks[5]
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering
To steel a strong opinion to themselves? [part,
Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,

[1] *Confession* for *profession*. [2] An armour for the arm,—*avantbras*. [3] *Substance* is estate; the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, i. e. numerals. [4] i. e. make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. [5] Small *points compared* with the volumes.

In

In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.
Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; What are they? [tor,
Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hec-
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort [1] to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre [2] the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax, and Thersites.

Ajax. THERSITES,——
Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full all over, generally?
Ajax. Thersites,——
Ther. And those boils did run?——say so,—— did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?
Ajax. Dog,—
Ther. Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.
Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*
Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!
Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven [3], speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.
Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!
Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.
Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?
Ajax. The proclamation,——
Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.
Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another.
Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——
Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpine's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.
Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou should'st strike him.
Ajax. Cobloaf [4]!
Ther. He would pun [5] thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.
Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*
Ther. Do, do.
Ajax. Thou stool for a witch [6]!
Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an assinego [7] may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!
Ajax. You dog!

[1] i. e. the lot. [2] *Tarre* is an old English word, signifying to provoke or urge on. [3] *Unsalted* leaven, means *sour* without *salt*; metaphorically, malignity without wit. [4] A crusty uneven loaf is in some counties called by this name. [5] *Pun* is, in the midland counties, the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*. [6] In one way of trying a *witch*, they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. [7] *Assinego* seems to have been a cant term for a foolish fellow.—*Assinego* is Portuguese for a little ass.

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,——I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation; and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach[1] bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clodpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

TROY.

Priam's Palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen; and all damage else——
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,——
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks[2] than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows!*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes[3],
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,

[1] He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles' dog.

[2] *Greeks*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth.

at as our dread father, in a scale
mon ounces? will you with counters sum
st-proportion[1] of his infinite?
ckle-in a waist most fathomless,
pans and inches so diminutive
s and reasons? fie, for godly shame! [sons,
No marvel, though you bite so sharp at rea-
e so empty of them. Should not our father
e great sway of his affairs with reasons,
e your speech hath none, that tells him so?
You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest, [reasons:
r your gloves with reason. Here are your
ow, an enemy intends you harm;
iow, a sword employ'd is perilous,
son flies the object of all harm:
arvels then, when Helenus beholds
ian and his sword, if he do set
y wings of reason to his heels;
like chidden Mercury from Jove,
a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
atourgates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
ave hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts
is cramm'd reason: reason and respect
vers pale, and lustyhood deject. [cost
Brother, she is not worth what she doth
ding.
What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?
But value dwells not in particular will;
his estimate and dignity
wherein 'tis precious of itself,
e prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
e the service greater than the god;
will dotes, that is inclinable
infectiously itself affects,
some image of the affected merit.
I take to-day a wife, and my election
in the conduct of my will;
enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
ded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
nd judgement; How may I avoid,
h my will distaste what it elected,
: I chose? There can be no evasion
h from this, and to stand firm by honour:
not back the silks upon the merchant,
e have soil'd them; nor the remainder
viands
ot throw in unrespective sieve[2],
we now are full. It was thought meet,
uld do some vengeance on the Greeks:
ath of full consent belly'd his sails;
and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive, [freshness
ght a Grecian queen, whose youth and
Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
p we her? The Grecians keep our aunt:
rth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,
ice hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go!*),
If you 'll confess, he brought home noble pr.. e,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!
Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra.
Enter Cassandra, raving.
Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand
And I will fill them with prophetic tears. [eyes,
Hect. Peace, sister, peace. [elders,
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Troi. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick ruptures
Cannot distaste[3] the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as would offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!
Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,

neaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.* [2] That is, into a *common*
[3] i. e. corrupt; change to a worse state.

Nor faint in the pursuit.
Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed [1] wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,——
As it is known she is,——these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities. [sign:
Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our de-
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens [2],
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.——
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst [3] emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.
Achilles' Tent.
Enter Thersites.

How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, —a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron [4], and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.
Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where 's Achilles?
Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?
Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who 's there!
Patr. Thersites, my lord.

[1] i. e. inflexible, immoveable. [2] i. e. the execution of spite and resentment. [3] That is, envy, factious contention. [4] That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web.*

Where, where?——Art thou come? r cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not yself in to my table so many meals? hat's Agamemnon?
Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell oclus, what's Achilles?
Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I , what's thyself?
Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, , what art thou?
Thou may'st tell, that know'st.
O, tell, tell.
I'll decline the whole question[1]. Aga- commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; oclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.
You rascal!
Peace, fool; I have not done. [sites.
He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Ther- Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is
Derive this; come.
Agamemnon is a fool, to offer to com- hilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded emnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such id Patroclus is a fool positive.
Why am I a fool?
Make that demand of the prover.——It e, thou art. Look you, who comes here?
amemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.
Patroclus, I'll speak with no body:— with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*
here is such patchery, such juggling, and very! all the argument is—a cuckold, ore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous nd bleed to death upon. Now the dry n the subject! and war, and lechery, all! [*Exit.*
Where is Achilles?
Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.
Let it be known to him, that we are here. [2] our messengers; and we lay by rtainments, visiting of him:
be told so; lest, perchance, he think not move the question of our place, not what we are.
shall so say to him. [*Exit.*
We saw him at the opening of his tent; sick.
Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: call it melancholy, if you will favour the , by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? ew us a cause.—A word, my lord. [*To Agamemnon.*
What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.
Who? Thersites?
He.
Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have gument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.
Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.
Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.—Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.
Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy;
His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.
Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state[3], To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.
Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;——
We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,— Not virtuously on his own part beheld,— Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak to him: And you shall not sin, If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgement; and worthier than himself,
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And under-write[4] in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he over-hold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report—— Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance[5] give Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.
Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*
Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you. [*Exit Ulysses.*
Ajax. What is he more than another?
Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.
Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself
A better man than I?
Agam. No question.
Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, he is? [valiant,
Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as As wise, and no less noble; much more gentle,

[1] i. e. will deduce the question from the first case to the last. [2] i. e. rebuked, rated. [3] i. e. y train of attending nobles whom you bring with you. [4] To *subscribe*, in Shakspeare, is to [5] *Allowance* is *approbation*.

And altogether more tractable.
Ajax. Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.
Agam. Your mind 's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues
The fairer. He that 's proud, eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle: and whate'er praises itself
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.
Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.
Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself; Is it not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.
Agam. What 's his excuse?
Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.
Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?
Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possest he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it[1]
Cry—*No recovery.*
Agam. Let Ajax go to him.——
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.
Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam[2];
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*
Nest. O, this is well: he rubs the vein of him.
[*Aside.*
Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!
[*Aside.*
Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I 'll pash him o'er the face.
Agam. O, no, you shall not go.
Ajax. An he be proud with me, I 'll pheeze[3] his pride:——
Let me go to him. [quarrel.
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,——
Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I 'll let his humours blood.
Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*
Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?
Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I will knead him, I 'll make him supple:—
Nest. He 's not yet thorough warm: force him[4] with praises: [*Aside.*
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulys. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
[*To Agamemnon.*
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man——But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now——
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Diom. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
Diom. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor: and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn[5], a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here 's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;——
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

[1] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. [2] *Seam* is *grease.*
[3] To *pheeze* is to *comb* or *curry.* [4] i. e. stuff him with praises (from *farcir*, Fr.). [5] A *bourn* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another.

Shall I call you father?
Ay, my good son.
Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
icket. Please it our great general
ogether all his state of war;
igs are come to Troy: To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep.
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

TROY.

The Palace.

ndarus, and a Servant. [*Musick within.*

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord

Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
You do depend upon him, I mean?
Sir, I do depend upon the lord.
You do depend upon a noble gentleman; eeds praise him.
The lord be praised!
You know me, do you not?
Faith, sir, superficially.
Friend, know me better; I am the lord
.
I hope I shall know your honour better.
I do desire it.
You are in the state of grace?
Grace! not so, friend; honour and lord-my titles:—What musick is this?
I do but partly know, sir; it is musick

Know you the musicians?
Wholly, sir.
Who play they to?
To the hearers, sir.
At whose pleasure, friend?
At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.
Command, I mean, friend?
Who shall I command, sir?
Friend, we understand not one another; courtly, and thou art too cunning: At
uest do these men play?
That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at
st of Paris my lord, who is there in per-
n him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood
y, love's invisible soul[1],——
Who, my cousin Cressida?
No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out
ier attributes?
It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not
lady Cressida. I come to speak with
an the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris, and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits[2].

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we 'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord.——My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus——

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that 's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very very sweet queen?

[1] i. e. the *soul of love* invisible every where else.

[2] i. e. now and then, by fits.

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay but, my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy[1].

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three[2].

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love, ay, that it shall i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

" Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
" For, oh, love's bow
" Shoots buck and doe:
" The shaft confounds
" Not that it wounds,
" But tickles still the sore.

" These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
" Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
" Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
" So dying love lives still:
" Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
" Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
" Hey ho!"

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so: How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. Sound a retreat.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall, [you
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Pandarus' Garden.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus' man.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I will bring her straight. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so blush,

[1] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hie, spy, hie.* [2] i. e. says Mr. Tollet, the reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two.

l fetches her wind so short, as if she were
ith a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the
illain:—she fetches her breath as short
a'en sparrow. [*Exit Pandarus.*
Even such a passion doth embrace my
bosom:
beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
ıy powers do their bestowing lose,
ılage at unawares encount'ring
of majesty.
Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.
Come, come, what need you blush?
a baby.—Here she is now: swear the
to her, that you have sworn to me.—
you gone again? you must be watch'd
e made tame[1], must you? Come your
me your ways; an you draw back-
'll put you i' the files[2].—Why do you
to her!—Come, draw this curtain, and
our picture. Alas the day, how loth
offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd
ıer. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mis-
w now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there,
; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall
hearts out, ere I part you. The faul-
tercel, for all the ducks i' the river[3]:
to.
ou have bereft me of all words, lady.
Words pay no debts, give her deeds:
bereave you of the deeds too, if she call
rity in question. What, billing again?
In witness whereof the parties interchange-
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.
[*Exit Pandarus.*
Will you walk in, my lord?
Cressida, how often have I wish'd me

Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—
d!
hat should they grant? what makes this
ruption? What too curious dreg espies
lady in the fountain of our love?
More dregs than water, if my fears have

ears make devils of cherubims; they
truly.
ind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds
ng than blind reason stumbling without
fear the worst, oft cures the worst.
, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all
ageant there is presented no monster.
Nor nothing monstrous neither?
Nothing, but our undertakings; when
o weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks,
rs; thinking it harder for our mistress
imposition enough, than for us to un-
difficulty imposed. This is the mon-
n love, lady,—that the will is infinite,
xecution confin'd; that the desire is
, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and being born, his addition shall be humble[4]. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you 'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:——
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever——Pardon me:—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant,
I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much
But I might master it:——in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:

ing to the manner of taming hawks. [2] Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected ice in the middle places. [3] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her my bett.—The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally understand the *female*. give him no high or pompous titles.

I am

I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?
Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow morning,——
Cres. Pray you, content you.
Troi. What offends you, lady?
Cres. Sir, mine own company.
Troi. You cannot shun yourself.
Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I speak I know not what.
Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.
Cres. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted[1] with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.
Cres. In that I'll war with you.
Troi. O virtuous fight, [right!
When right with right wars who shall be most
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similies, truth tir'd with iteration,——
As true as steel[2], as plantage[3] to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,——
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.
Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness.——Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say amen.
Troi. Amen,
Cres. Amen.
Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away,
And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomed, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to love
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.
Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.
Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negociations all must slack,

[1] I wish, "my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love." [2] This is an ancient proverbial simile. [3] Formerly neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the increase or waning of the moon, as may be proved by the following quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft:* "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* fruitfull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane;* and in the *conjunction* to utterlie wither and vade."

Wanting

Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain[1].
Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
Diom. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.
[*Exit Diomed, and Calchas.*
Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.
Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him;——
I will come last: 'Tis like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;——
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me? [Troy.
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us? [neral?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the ge-
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord?
Agam. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus?
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not Achilles? [bend,
Patr. They pass by strangely: They were us'd to
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late? [tune,
'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with for-
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess, [out
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.——How now, Ulysses?
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted[2],
How much in having, or without, or in,——
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance[3], expressly proves——
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown[4] Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,

[1] i. e. *Her presence shall strike off,* or recompence, *the service I have done* even in these *labours* which were *most accepted.* [2] i. e. *however excellently endowed,* with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned. [3] i. e. in the detail or circumduction of his argument. [4] Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

While

While some men leave to do!
How some men creep[1] in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.
Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes: [devour'd
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do
in present, [yours:
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;
And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions[2] 'mongst the gods them-
And drave great Mars to faction. [selves,

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical;
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters[3].
Achil. Ha! known?
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the
gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle[4]) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When Fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
"But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*
Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you;
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.
Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector? [by him.
Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.
Patr. O, then beware; [selves:
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them-
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger[5];
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.
Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I 'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's long-
An appetite that I am sick withal, [ing,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

[1] To *creep* is to *keep out of sight*, from whatever motive.—The meaning is, Some men *keep out of notice in the hall of fortune*, while others, though they but *play the ideot*, are always *in her eye*, in the way of distinction. [2] The meaning of *mission*, Dr. Johnson says, seems to be *dispatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. [3] Polyxena; in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. [4] i. e. There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. [5] i. e. By *neglecting* our duty, we *commission* or enable that *danger* of dishonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us.

Enter

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What? [for himself.

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with lector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroi- al cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a pea- ock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an ostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to t down her reckoning: bites his lip with a po- tic regard [1], as who should say—there were wit this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; ut it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which ill not show without knocking. The man's un- one for ever; for if Hector break not his neck the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. le knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax;* nd he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon.* What think ou of this man, that takes me for the general? le's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a nonster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear t on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my embassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body; ıe professes not answering; speaking is for beg- gars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will ut on his presence; let Patroclus make demands o me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I hum- bly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most va- lorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven- times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum! [memnon.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Aga-

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock, it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings [2] on. [straight.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. [stirr'd;

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles, and Patroclus.*

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Street in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas, and Servant, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomed, &c. with torches.

Par. SEE, ho! who is that there?

Deiph. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long, [ness

As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly busi-

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my mind too.——Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:

Witness the process of your speech, wherein

You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,

Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question [3] of the gentle truce:

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,

As heart can think, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:

But when contention and occasion meet,

By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,

With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

With his face backward. In humane gentleness,

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,

Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love, in such a sort,

The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We sympathize:——Jove, let Æneas live,

If to my sword his fate be not the glory,

[1] With a *sly look.* [2] A *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of *catgut.* [3] *Question* here means intercourse, interchange of conversation.

A thou-

A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well. [worse.
Diom. We do; and long to know each other
Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not. [Greek
Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this
To Calchas' house; and there to render him
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,——
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?
Diom. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soylure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece[1];
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Diom. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,——
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,——
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Pandarus' House.

Enter Troilus, and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold. [down;
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle
He shall unbolt the gates.
Troi. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow then.
Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*Within*] What's all the doors open here!
Troi. It is your uncle.
Enter Pandarus. [ing!
Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mock-
I shall have such a life,——
Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?——Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do[2], and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say What have I brought you to do? [what:
Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia[3]!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*
Cres. Did not I tell you?——'would he were knock'd o' the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.——
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troi. Ha, ha! [thing.—
Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in; [*Knock.*
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. [2] To *do* is here used in an obscene sense. [3] Meaning to say, "Poor fool! hast not slept to-night?"—The Italian word *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence, metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull.

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here? [him;

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny it doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came a late:—What should he do here?

Æne. Who!——nay, then:—— ['ware:

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither; Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash[1]: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!—— I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of neighbour Pandar Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt Troilus, and Æneas.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter Cressida.

Cres. How now? What's the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee get thee in; Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death:——O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep,—

Pan. Do, do. [cheeks;

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Pandarus' House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Diomedes, &c.

Par. It is great morning[2]; and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon:——Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk in to her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit Troilus.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love; And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—— Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Pandarus' House.

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it? If I could temporize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dross; No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.——Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart,*—as the goodly saying is,—

——— *o heart, o heavy heart,*
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship, nor by speaking.

[1] i. e. so *hasty*, so abrupt.

[2] *Grand jour*, a Gallicism.

There

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles up into a loose adieu; And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.— Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, Or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!— When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love:—Be thou but true of heart,——

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us:—— I speak not, *be thou true,* as fearing thee; For I will throw my glove [1] to death himself, That there's no maculation in thy heart: But, *be thou true,* say I, to fashion in My frequent protestation; be thou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear you this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels, To give thee nightly visitation. But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love: The Grecian youths Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing, And swelling o'er with arts and exercise; How novelties may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin) Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then! In this I do not call your faith in question, So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heel the high lavolt [2], nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant: But I can tell, that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil, That tempts most cunningly: But be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No. But something may be done, that we will not: And sometimes we are devils to ourselves, When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither; And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault: While others fish with craft for great opinion, I with great truth catch mere simplicity; Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns, With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare. Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit [3] Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomed.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady, Whom for Antenor we deliver you: At the port [4], lord, I'll give her to thy hand; And, by the way, possess thee what she is [5]. Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek, If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword, Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe As Priam is in Ilion.

Diom. Fair lady Cressid, So please you, save the thanks this prince expects: The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously, To shame the zeal of my petition to thee, In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece, She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises, As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

[1] That is, I will *challenge* death himself in defence of thy fidelity. [2] The *lavolta* was a dance. [3] That is, *the governing principle of my understanding.* [4] i. e. the *gate.* [5] i. e. I will *make thee fully understand.*

I charge

thee, use her well, even for my charge:
he dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
hy throat.
O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
e privileg'd by my place, and message,
speaker free; when I am hence,
er to my lust: And know you, lord,
ing do on charge: to her own worth
be priz'd; but that thou say—be 't so,
t in my spirit and honour,—no.
'ome, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
'e shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
ve me your hand; and as we walk,
wn selves bend we our needful talk.
nt Troilus and Cressida. Sound trumpet.
Hark! Hector's trumpet.
How have we spent this morning!
ce must think me tardy and remiss,
ere to ride before him to the field.
'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field
with him.
Let us make ready straight.
Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
ldress to tend on Hector's heels:
y of our Troy doth this day lie
ir worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp.

*ax arm'd, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patro-
s, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Here art thou in appointment fresh and
fair,
ing time with starting courage.
h thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
eadful Ajax; that the appalled air
rce the head of the great combatant,
: him hither.
Thou, trumpet, there's my purse:
ck thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
lain, till thy sphered bias cheek[1]
l the cholic of puff'd Aquilon: [blood;
retch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
ow'st for Hector.
No trumpet answers.
'Tis but early days. [ter:
Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daugh-
'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
on his toe; that spirit of his
ion lifts him from the earth.
Enter Diomed, with Cressida.
Is this the lady Cressida?
Even she. [lady.
Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet
Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Yet is the kindness but particular;
etter, she were kiss'd in general.
And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
Achilles bids you welcome. [lady:
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of allour scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir; Lady, by your
leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render, or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss. [one.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for
Cres. You 're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his
horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then. [kiss
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a
When Helen is a maid again and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word; I'll bring you to your fa-
ther. [*Diomed leads out Cressida.*
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie, upon her!
There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive[2] of her body.
O, these encounters, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting[3] welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity[4],
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet!
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.
Enter Hector, Æneas, Troilus, &c. with attendants.
Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall
be done to him
That victory commands? Or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? Will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.
Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

[1] ling out like the bias of a bowl. [2] *Motive for part that contributes to motion.* [3] i. e. an address; a courtship. [4] i. e. Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity ke a prey.

Æne. He cares not, he 'll obey conditions.
Agam. 'Tis done like Hector! but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing. [this:—
Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
Achil. A maiden battle then!—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
Ulyss. They are oppos'd already. [heavy?
Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair [1] thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous:
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes [2]
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me [4].

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

[*Trumpets cease.*

Diom. You must no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Diom. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—"This hand is Grecian all,
"And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
"All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
"Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
"Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:—
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable [yes
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the
What further you will do. [sides,
Hect. We 'll answer it [3];
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Diom. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part:
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy:
But that 's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with
And formless ruin of oblivion; [husk
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to
you. [*To Troilus.*
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting:—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Men. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!

[1] *Securely* is here used in the sense of the Latin, *securus*; a negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. [2] i. e. A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character.
[3] That is, *yields, gives way.* [4] i. e. thus *explain his character.* [5] That is, answer the encounter.

Mock

ot, that I affect the untraded oath;
ondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
ll, but bade me not commend her to you.
Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
O, pardon; I offend.
I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
ıg for destiny, make cruel way [thee
ıranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
s Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
ıg many forfeits and subduements,
ou hast hung thy advanced sword i'theair,
ng it decline on the declin'd;
ave said to some my standers-by,
ter is yonder, dealing life!
ve seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
at a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
thy countenance, still lock'd in still,
aw 'till now. I knew thy grandsire,
e fought with him: he was a soldier good;
great Mars, the captain of us all,
ke thee! let an old man embrace thee;
rthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
'Tis the old Nestor.
Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
t so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
'erend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
contend with thee in courtesy.
I would they could.
Ha! by this white beard, I 'd fight with thee to-morrow.
lcome, welcome! I have seen the time—
I wonder now how yonder city stands,
e have here her base and pillar by us.
I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
here 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
ıt I saw yourself and Diomed
on your Greekish embassy.
Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
hecy is but half his journey yet;
ler walls that pertly front your town,
ers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
s their own feet.
I must not believe you:
ey stand yet; and modestly I think,
of every Phrygian stone will cost
f Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
old common arbitrator, time,
day end it.
So to him we leave it.
tle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
general, I beseech you next
with me, and see me at my tent.
shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou[1]—
ctor, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
th exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
ed[2] joint by joint.
Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles. [thee.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body [there?
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his elm,
I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;——
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match. [tent;
Agam. First all your peers of Greece, go to my
There in the full convive[3] we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.——
Beat loud the tabourines[4], let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus, and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid. [much,
Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so

[1] repetition of *thou!* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. [2] i. e. observed.
[3] To *convive* is to *feast*. [4] *Tabourines* are small drums.

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring them thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Achilles' Tent.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch [1] of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?
Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?
Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.
Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?
Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!
Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?
Ther. Do I curse thee?
Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.
Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies? diminutives of nature!
Patr. Out, gall!
Ther. Finch egg!
Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go or stay;
My major vows lie here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. *Exeunt.*
Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails [2]; but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique [3] memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced [4] with wit, turn him? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be a Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.
——Hey day! spirits, and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomed, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

[1] *Batch* signifies all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh: A *batch of bread* is a phrase still used in Staffordshire.—Thersites had already been called *cobloaf*. [2] By loving *quails*, the poet may mean loving the company of harlots.—A quail is remarkably salacious. [3] The author of *The Revisal* observes, that "the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such upon the common supposition that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns." [4] i. e. *stuffed* with wit.

ow, fair prince of Troy, I bid good
ommands the guard to tend on you.
ks, and good night, to the Greeks'

d night, my lord.
d night, sweet lord Menelaus.
t draught: Sweet, quoth a'! sweet
ewer.
d night, and welcome, both at once,
hose
urry.
od night. [*Exeunt Agam. and Men.*
Nestor tarries: and you too, Diomed,
company an hour or two.
ot, lord; I have important business,
eof is now.—Good night, great Hec-
me your hand. [tor.
w his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent;
company. [*To Troilus.*
t sir, you honour me.
so, good night.
ne, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt severally.*
ame Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,
t knave; I will no more trust him
rs, than I will a serpent when he
l spend his mouth, and promise like
hound; but when he performs,
foretell it; it is prodigious, there will
hange; the sun borrows of the moon,
d keeps his word. I will rather leave
r, than not to dog him: they say, he
an drab, and uses the traitor Calchas
ll after.—Nothing but lechery! all
arlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Calchas' Tent.

Enter Diomed.

at are you up here, ho? speak.
calls?
omed.——
ink. Where is your daughter?
omes to you.

s, and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Thersites.

l where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

sid come forth to him!
w now, my charge?
w, my sweet guardian!—Hark,
you. [*Whispers.*
, so familiar!
will sing any man at first sight.
any man
, if he can take her cliff[2]; she's noted.
ll you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.
Diom. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Troi. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List! [folly.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to
Ther. Roguery!
Diom. Nay then,——
Cres. I'll tell you what.
Diom. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn——
Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.
Diom. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Diom. Good night.
Troi. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,—
Diom. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Troi. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.
Troi. O plague and madness! [pray you,
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Troi. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction[3]: come, my lord.
Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come. [torments,
Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's
I will not speak a word.
Diom. And so good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troi. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?
Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Diom. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter,
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come. [word.
Troi. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together[4]! Fry, lechery, fry!

nd *gives his mouth*, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *bler*. [2] *Cliff* is a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice,—as base, tenour, treble, it is proper for, ng is, The tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of to the *height of madness* from the predominance of your own passions. [4] Mr. Collins passage thus: "*Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by school-divines, to express ncontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury* in all our old English writers.—But

Diom. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Diom. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one.
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve [1].
Troi. O beauty!
Where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,——
Troi. I will be patient; outwardly, I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve: Behold it well.——
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Diom. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.
Diom. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Diom. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking on his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.
Diom. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Diom. I will have this; Whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Diom. Come, tell me whose it was. [will.
Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you
But, now you have it, take it.
Diom. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting women yonder [2],
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Diom. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd. [is not;
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and yet it
I will not keep my word.
Diom. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you. [word,
Diom. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.
Diom. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:——O Jove!——
Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Diom. Farewell, 'till then. [*Exit.*
Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
Alas! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more [3],
Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperence so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Troi. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure, she was.
Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this is not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Troi. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself [4],
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt [5]; this is, and is not, Cressid;
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Arachnè's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates:
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as Heaven itself;

why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe* finger?—This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative."

[1] It was anciently the custom to wear a lady's *sleeve* for a favour. [2] i. e. the stars which she points to. [3] i. e. she could not publish a stronger proof. [4] That is, If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if it be a rule that *one* is *one*. [5] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense; but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*. The

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied[1],
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten[2] faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express!
Troi. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord;
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
Troi. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle[3] on thy head!
Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.
Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion; A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The palace of Troy.

Enter Hector, and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go. [day.
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night [ter.
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaugh-
Cas. O, it is true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother. [swear.
Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear[4] man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff[5] thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it. [fall,
Troi. When many times the captive Grecians
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars. [day,
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-
Troi. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

[1] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. [2] Vows which she has already swallowed *once over*.—We still say of a faithless man, that he has *eaten his words*. [3] It has been before observed in note [1], p. 843, that by a *castle* was meant a *close helmet*. [4] i. e. the *valuable* man. [5] i. e. put off.

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse [1] of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had vi-
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself [sions;
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache.*

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Troi. Away!—Away!——

Cas. Farewell. Yet soft:—Hector, I take my leave;
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: The gods with safety stand about thee! [*Exit Priam. Alarums.*

Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here 's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.——
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you—— [shame

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey!—Ignominy and
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Camp.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter Thersites.*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing [2] rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They set me up in policy, that mungril cur, Ajax, against that dog, of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism [3]; and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter Diomed, and Troilus.

Troi. Fly not; for, should'st thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Diom. Thou dost mis-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee! [*They go off fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match;
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no;—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What 's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Same.

Enter Diomed, and a Servant.

Diom. Go, go, my servant; take thou Troilus' horse;

[1] i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. [2] Mr. Theobald supposes *sneering*; which is most probably right. [3] i. e. to set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

Present

the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
commend my service to her beauty;
, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
her knight by proof.
I go, my lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
at down Menon: bastard Margarelon
oreus prisoner;
nds colossus-wise, waving his beam,
ie pashed corses of the kings
phus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
nachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
us ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
rt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary [1]
our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
forcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
l the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
s a thousand Hectors in the field:
re he fights on Galathè [2] his horse,
re lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
re they fly, or die, like scaled sculls [3]
the belching whale; then is he yonder,
re the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
n before him, like the mower's swath:
here, and every where, he leaves and takes;
ity so obeying appetite,
hat he will, he does; and does so much,
roof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
ng, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
us' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
er with his mangled Myrmidons,
oseless, handless, hack'd and chip'd, come to him,
on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
ams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
for Troilus; who hath done to-day
id fantastic execution;
ng and redeeming of himself,
uch a careless force, and forceless care,
at luck, in very spite of cunning,
im win all.

Enter Ajax.

. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
. Ay, there, there.
. So, so, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

l. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the Field.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Diom. I would correct him. [my office,
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Troilus. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Diom. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.
Diom. He is my prize; I will not look upon.
Troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now, do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector. [*Fight.*
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go seek thy fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush [4] it, and unlock the rivets all,

Beyonde the royalme of Amasonne came an auncyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named strophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a marvayllouse beste that was called SAGITTAYRE, benynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man: This beste was heery like an horse, had his eyen rede as a cole; and shotte well with a bowe: *This beste made the Greekes sore le, and slewe many of them with his bowe.*"—*The Three Destructions of Troy*, printed by *Caxton*.

[1] *The Three Destructions of Troy* is taken this name given to Hector's horse. [3] *Sculls* are umbers of fishes swimming together. [4] Dr. Johnson says, he never found the word *frush* ere, nor does he understand it; but that Hanmer explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. Mr. Steevens hat to *frush* a chicken, is a term in carving which he cannot explain; but that the word is as as Wynkyn de Worde's *Booke of Kervinge*, 1508; and that it seems to be sometimes used action of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed.

But

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms[1].
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Same.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt Paris, and Menelaus.*

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: Farewell, bastard.
Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
Even with the vail[2] and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this 'vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part. [lord.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like[3], the armies separates.
My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*
[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

SCENE X.

The Same.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and the rest, marching.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he. [sent,
Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.——
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Æneas, and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is slain.
All. Hector?——the gods forbid! [tail,
Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile[4] at Troy!
I say, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead;
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives;

[1] Mr. Steevens proposes to read—*aims.* [2] i. e. the *sinking* of the sun. [3] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists.—We now call these *sticklers sidesmen.* [4] Mr. Steevens proposes to read—"*smite* at Troy."

Cold

atues of the youth; and, in a word,
roy out of itself. But, march away:
is dead; there is no more to say.
t.—You vile abominable tents,
roudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
an rise as early as he dare,
ough and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd coward!
ce of earth shall sunder our two hates;
ant thee, like a wicked conscience still,
ouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.
a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
f revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[*Exeunt, Æneas, &c.*

Enter Pandarus.

Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and shame
thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit Troilus.*

A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!
rld! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd!
ors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it? —Let me see:——

Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this—
Some galled goose[1] of Winchester would hiss:
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.
[*Exit.*

[1]. Pope on this passage remarks, that the public stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of ıop of Winchester.—A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*: s explanation may be supported by the vulgar phrase at present applied to a person infected certain disease, that "he has got the *goose*."

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

INE, *King of Britain.*
, *Son to the Queen by a former husband.*
US POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman married to*
incess.
IS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the*
y Morgan.
IUS, } *disguised under the names of Po-*
GUS, } *lydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons*
to Belarius.
IO, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario.*
CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from Rome.*
PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*
A French Gentleman.
CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*
HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

adies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
e obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
n, as does the king's[1].
t. But what 's the matter?
t. His daughter, and the heir of his king-
dom, whom
oos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
e he married) hath referr'd herself [ded;
oor, but worthy gentleman: She 's wed-
band banish'd; she imprison'd: all
ard sorrow; though, I think, the king
h'd at very heart.
t. None but the king? [queen,
t. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
ost desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
;h they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
2 Gent. And why so? [thing
1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
2 Gent. You speak him far.
1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself[2];
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.
2 Gent. What's his name, and birth?
1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom

Johnson observes, that this passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning ut animosity or shame;—that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a para- such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make tion unnecessary. *We do not meet a man, but frowns; our bloods*——our countenances, which, ar speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey* the laws of *hea-* hich direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers;* that is, than the *bloods of* -*tiers;* but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem, as doth the king's.* Mr. Steevens is of opinion, od appears to be used for *inclination;* and Mr. Tyrwhitt proposes to make the passage clear ry slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter; "You do not meet a man but frowns: ods no more obey the heavens than our courtiers still seem, as does the *king*:—That is, *Still the king does.*" [2] The meaning is, My praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his merit.

He

He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which, their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them[1]; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
I'the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so conveyed!
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not [him
How much of his displeasure:—Yet, I'll move
To walk this way: I never do him wrong, [*Aside.*
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?——
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods!——
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

[1] i. e. *a glass that* formed *them*: meaning, a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they fashioned their manners.

Imo.

ere cannot be a pinch in death
p than this.
disloyal thing,
d'st repair my youth; thou heapest
ge on me!
eseech you, sir,
yourself with your vexation; I
ess of your wrath; a touch more rare[1]
ll pangs, all fears.
st grace? obedience?
st hope, and in despair; that way, past

at might'st have had the sole son of my

lest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
void a puttock[2].
hou took'st a beggar; would'st have
nade my throne
baseness.
); I rather added
it.
thou vile one!

fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
him as my play-fellow; and he is
rth any woman; over-buys me
sum he pays.
hat?—art thou mad? [I were
ost, sir:—Heaven restore me!—Would
d's daughter! and my Leonatus
bour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

ou foolish thing!
again together: you have done
[*To the Queen.*
our command. Away with her,
er up.
beseech your patience:—Peace,
daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
o ourselves; and make yourself some
omfort
ir best advice.
ay, let her languish
blood a day; and, being aged,
folly! [*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Fie!—you must give way: [news?
your servant.—How now, sir? What
My lord, your son, drew on my master.
Ha!
I trust, is done?
There might have been,
ny master rather play'd than fought,
o help of anger: they were parted
nen at hand.
I am very glad on't.
our son's my father's friend; he takes
is part.——
pon an exile!—O brave sir!—
ey were in Africk both together;

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master?
Pisan. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pisan. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you
speak with me:
You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard:
For this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcase, if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the back-side of the town.

Clot. The villain would not stand me,

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign[1], but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *A more rare*, may mean *a nobler passion*, or *a more exquisite feeling, a superior sensation.*

[1] *Sign* here means *fair outward* shew. Mr. Steevens adds, that to understand the whole Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, tempt at a witticism, underneath it.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst ev'ry sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is [1]. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisan. 'Twas, 'His queen, his queen!'

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pisan. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pisan. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisan. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space [2] had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then [nio,
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisa-
When shall we hear from him?

Pisan. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage [3].

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
That she's of Italy should not betray [him,
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company. [patch'd.—

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dis-
I will attend the queen.

Pisan. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rome.

An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is, with that which makes [4] him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter [5].

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours [6], are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you?—How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine:—How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone [7] my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences [8]: but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

[1] The meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal. [2] Dr. Johnson remarks, that *the diminution of space*, is *the diminution* of which *space* is the cause.—Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting*, not *blasted* lightning. [3] i. e. next *opportunity*. [4] *Make* is here used in the sense in which we say, This will *make* or *mar you*. [5] i. e. makes the description of him very distant from the truth. [6] i. e. by her influence. [7] To *atone* signifies in this place to *reconcile*. [8] That is, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself.

French.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of sword; and by such two, that would, by all likelyhood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report[1]. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady. [stone.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her; so do I my

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual: a cunning thief, or a that-way accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince[2] the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd[3] in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation[4] of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser[5]. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the

[1] That is, Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told. [2] *Convince* for *overcome*. [3] i. e. *deceiv'd*. [4] i. e. proof. [5] The meaning is, "*You are a friend* to the lady, *and therein the wiser*, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you *fear*, is a proof of your *religious* fidelity."

assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs? [madam:

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are,
But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions[1]? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
But noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.——

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.—— [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To Pisanio.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while: [dogs;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats, and
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench; and let instruction enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being[2],
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans[3]?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a phial: Pisanio takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on[4]; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
[*Exit Pisanio.*
Think on my words.—A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers[5] for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*

Pisan. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there's all I 'll do for you. [*Exit.*

[1] That is, other *experiments.* [2] i. e. to change his abode. [3] i. e. that *inclines* towards its fall. [4] The meaning is, "Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service." [5] A *leiger* ambassador is one that resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, [band!
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that hus-
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort[1].—Who may this be?
Fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisan. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Gives a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnished with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

——"He is one of the noblest note, to whose
"kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
"upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.
"LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes [*Aside.*
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land[2], which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach[3]? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and
monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judge-
ment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed[4].

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—Beseech you,
sir, [*To Pisanio.*
Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He 's strange[5], and peevish.

Pisan. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. ['beseech you?

Imo. Continues well, my lord? His health,

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs,
cries! "O! [knows
"Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who
"By history, report, or his own proof,
"What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
"But must be,—will his free hours languish
"For assur'd bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so? [laughter.

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
It is a recreation to be by, [know,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope. [him might

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—

[1] That is, according to Warburton, "who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for or desire." [2] *The crop of sea and land* means the productions of either element. [3] Dr. Johnson says, he knows not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous.—Twinn'd stones* he does not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common."—Mr. Steevens adds, that the pebbles on the sea-shore are so much of the same size and shape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*.—Dr. Farmer thinks we may read the *umbered*, the *shaded* beach. [4] Dr. Johnson explains this passage thus: "Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the *eyes* and the *judgement* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had nothing to eject." [5] *Strange* here seems to signify *shy* or *backward*.

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
Imo. You do seem to know [you,
Something of me, or what concerns me; Pray
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing[1],
The remedy then born) discover to me
What both you spur and stop[2].
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour); then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more. [heart
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
With pity that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery[3], [ner'd
Would make the greatest king double! to be part-
With tomboys[4], hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield[5]! with diseas'd
ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold [stuff,
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.
Imo. What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that
have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.——What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust: and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judge-
In the election of a sir so rare, [ment
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the
court for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To intreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

[1] Rather, timely *known*. [2] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. [3] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete. [4] A masculine, forward girl is still called a *tomboy*. [5] *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband.

Imo.

ay, what is't?
me dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
present for the emperor;
the factor for the rest, have done
: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
d exquisite form; their values great;
something curious, being strange',
hem in safe stowage; May it please you
hem in protection?
illingly;
i mine honour for their safety: since
ath interest in them, I will keep them
d-chamber.
hey are in a trunk,
by my men: I will make bold
hem to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.
Iach. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.
Imo. I thank thee for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?
Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have out-stood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

AS there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack[2] upon an up- e hit away! I had a hundred pound l then a whoreson jackanapes must take swearing; as if I borrow'd my oaths of might not spend them at my pleasure. What got he by that? You have broke ith your bowl.
If his wit had been like him that broke I have run all out. [*Aside.*
hen a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it ny standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha? No, my lord; nor crop the ears of [*Aside.*
horeson dog!—I give him satisfaction? e had been one of my rank!
To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*
am not vex'd more at any thing in the pox on't! I had rather not be so am; they dare not fight with me, be- ie queen my mother: every jack-slave elly full of fighting, and I must go up like a cock that no body can match.
You are a cock and a capon too; and cock, with your comb on[3]. [*Aside.*
y'st thou?
It is not fit your lordship should un- ery companion[4] that you give offence
o, I know that; but it is fit, I should fence to my inferiors.
2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.
Clot. Why, so I say.
1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?
Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!
2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*
1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.
Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?
1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.
Cot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?
1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.
Clot. Not easily, I think.
2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*
Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.
2 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.
[*Exeunt Cloten, and first Lord.*
That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father, by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm

eing a stranger. [2] The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He rest to it wins.—*To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage. [3] The allusion is to a which hath a *comb* like a cock's. [4] i. e. every *fellow*.

The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it, a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo, from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes[1], ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd
Under these windows: White and azure! lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such pictures;—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures?
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
(Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off a bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up——I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three:—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk: the scene closes.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this musick would come: I am advis'd to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies[2];
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better[3]: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.
[*Exeunt Musicians.*

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

[1] We have in a former play observed, that it was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. [2] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers.—It may be noted, that the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*. [3] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it.

ttend you here the door of our stern
laughter?
ot forth?
have assail'd her with musicks, but she
ouchsafes no notice.
he exile of her minion is too new;
ot yet forgot him: some more time
the print of his remembrance out,
he's yours.
You are most bound to the king;
o by no vantages, that may
to his daughter: Frame yourself
solicits[1]; and be friended
ss of the season: make denials
our services: so seem, as if
inspir'd to do those duties which
r'd to her; that you in all obey her,
command to your dismission tends,
n you are senseless.
nseless! not so.
Enter a Messenger.
like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
Caius Lucius.
worthy fellow,
comes on angry purpose now;
no fault of his: We must receive him
to the honour of his sender;
ls himself, his goodness forespent on us[2],
xtend our notice.—Our dear son,
avegivengoodmorningtoyourmistress,
queen, and us; we shall have need
you toward this Roman.—Come, our
ueen. [*Exeunt.*
he be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
till, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*
r women are about her; What
one of their hands; 'Tis gold
's admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
akes
igers false themselves, yield up
to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
ses the true man kill'd, and saves the
ief; [What
time, hangs both thief and true man:
do, and undo? I will make
women lawyer to me; for
derstand the case myself.
ave. [*Knocks.*
Enter a Lady.
ho's there that knocks?
gentleman.
o more?
s, and a gentlewoman's son.
at 's more
, whose taylors are as dear as yours,
oast of: What'syourlordship'spleasure?
ur lady's person: Is she ready?
, to keep her chamber. [report.
re's gold for you; sell me your good

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——
Enter Imogen.
Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister: your sweet
hand. [pains
Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much
For purchasing but trouble: The thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.
Clot. That is no answer. [silent,
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.
Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal[3]: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.
Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot[4];
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.
Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
Clot. The south-fog rot him! [come
Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,

[1] *ular courtship.* [2] i. e. the good offices done by him to us heretofore. [3] *Verbal* *so verbose*, so full of talk. [4] A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourself.

Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!
Enter Pisanio.
Clot. His garment? Now, the devil—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—
Clot. His garment?
Imo. I am sprighted with a fool[1]; man
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm[2]; it was thy master's: shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but him.
Pisan. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*
Clot. You have abus'd me:——
His meanest garment?
Imo. Ay; I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.
Clot. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clot. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?——Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

ROME.

An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phil. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or[3] look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
(Statist[4] though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers[5], they are people, such
That mend upon the world.
Enter Iachimo.
Phil. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phil. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.——
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good, sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,

[1] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. [2] i. e. too many chances of losing it have arisen from my carelessness. [3] *Or* for ere. [4] i. e. statesman. [5] i. e. to those who try them.

Proud

leopatra, when she met her Roman,
dnus swell'd above the banks, or for
s of boats, or pride: A piece of work
ely done, so rich, that it did strive
manship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
e so rarely and exactly wrought,
e true life on 't was——
This is true;
you might have heard of here, by me,
me other.
More particulars
stify my knowledge,
So they must,
our honour injury,
The chimney
the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
to report [1] themselves: the cutter
nother nature, dumb; out-went her,
nd breath left out [2].
This is a thing,
ou might from relation likewise reap;
s it is, much spoke of.
The roof o' the chamber
lden cherubim is fretted: Her andirons
rgot them) were two winking Cupids
r, each on one foot standing, nicely
ing on their brands.
This is her honour!—
granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
to your remembrance) the description
is in her chamber, nothing saves
ger you have laid.
Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
v 'tis up again: It must be married
your diamond; I'll keep them.
Jove!——
ore let me behold it: Is it that
left with her?
Sir, (I thank her) that:
pp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
tty action did out-sell her gift,
enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
, she priz'd it once.
May be, she pluck'd it off,
it me.
She writes so to you? doth she?
O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [*Gives the ring.*
silisk unto mine eye,
to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
here is beauty; truth, where resemblance;
love,
here 's another man: The vows of women
ore bondage be, to where they are made,
ey are to their virtues; which is nothing:-
e measure false!
Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.
Post. Very true;
And so I hope, he came by 't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this: for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears,
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am
sure,
She could not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:——They induc'd to
steal it!
And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance [3] of her incontinency
Is this—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.——
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——
Post. Never talk on 't:
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
(Worthy the pressing!) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more? [turns:
Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the
Once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be sworn,——
Post. No swearing:—
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lye;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.
Iach. I will deny nothing. [meal;
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I 'll do something—— [*Exit.*
Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;

so near to speech.—The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking*

[1] The meaning is this: The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every
it nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*.—In *breath* is included *speech*. [2] i. e. the token; the
roof.

And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife [geance!
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, ven-
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't [her
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, 'Oh!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. NOW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us? [yet

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds: which by thee
Is left untender'd. [lately

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant[1] baubles,) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglet fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses; but to own such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one: but I have a hand.——Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious Roman did extort [bition,
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's am-
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all colour[2], here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran-
chise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than

[1] i. e. *unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas. [2] i. e. without any pretence of right.

Thyself

lomestic officers) thine enemy:
t from me then:—War, and confusion,
's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
bee for myself.
Thou art welcome, Caius.
ar knighted me; my youth I spent
der him; of him I gather'd honour;
, to seek of me again, perforce,
me keep at utterance [1]. I am perfect [2],
Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
erties, are now in arms: a precedent
ot to read, would shew the Britons cold;
shall not find them.
et proof speak.
His majesty bids you welcome. Make
vith us a day, or two, or longer: If you
fterwards in other terms, you shall find
salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of
ours; if you fall in the adventure, our
ll fare the better for you; and there 's an

o, sir. [mine:
I know your master's pleasure, and he
emain, is welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room.

Enter Pisanio.

How! of adultery? Wherefore write
you not
onsters her accuse?—Leonatus!
! what a strange infection
into thine ear? What false Italian
nous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
o ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
nish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
ddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
l take in some virtue.—O my master!
d to her is now as low, as were
mes.—How! that I should murder her?
e love, and truth, and vows, which I
ade to thy command?—I, her?—her
blood?
o to do good service, never
counted serviceable. How look I,
ould seem to lack humanity,
as this fact comes to? 'Do't: The letter
[*Reading.*
have sent her, by her own command,
ve thee opportunity:'—O damn'd paper!
the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble!
a feodary [4] for this act, and look'st
-like without?—Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

orant in what I am commanded [5].
How now, Pisanio?

Pisan. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.——You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!
(Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love [6])—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables'.——Good news, gods! [*Reading.*

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he
'take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel
'tome, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not
'even renew me with your eyes. Take notice,
'that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What
'your own love will, out of this, advise you, fol-
'low. So, he wishes you all happiness, that re-
'maius loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in
'love,

'Leonatus Posthumus.'

O, for a horse with wings!——Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me: yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
'Till our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pisan. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow; I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

[1] *Utterance* means to keep at the extremity of defiance. [2] i. e. I am well informed. [3] To town is to *conquer* it. [4] A feodary is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and [5] a superior lord. [6] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. [7] That is, grief for keeps love in health and vigour. The meaning is, that the bees are not blest by the man feiting a bond, is sent to prison, as they are by the lover, for whom they perform the more office of sealing letters.

That

That run i' the clock's behalf [1]:—But this is fool-
ery:——
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me, present-
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit [ly,
A franklin's housewife [2].
Pisan. Madam, you're best consider.
Imo. I see before me, man, not here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through [3]. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Forest in Wales, with a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands [4] on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail thou, fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
Guid. Hail, Heaven!
Arv. Hail, Heaven!
Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded [5] beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check [6];
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe [7];
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.
Guid. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor
unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor
What air 's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well correspondin
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit [8].
Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are as old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the
search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well: what 's worse,
Must curt'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body 's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree, [night,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Guid. Uncertain favour! [oft)
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: So,
Follow'd my banishment; and these twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all [tains;
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-
This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in the valleys,
[*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*
How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!

[1] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. [2] A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a small estate, neither *villan*, nor *vassal*. [3] That is, "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me; but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." [4] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. [5] i. e. the beetle, whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. [6] *Check* may mean in this place a *reproof*; but it rather seems to signify *command, controul*. [7] Dr. Johnson suspects, that the right reading of this passage is as follows: "Richer than doing nothing for a *brabe*."—*Brabium* is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word is found (he adds) in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward*; and that Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game*. [8] To overpass his bound.

These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly [hit
I' the cave, wherein they bow[1], their thoughts do
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother Cad-
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure, [wal,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphilè,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore break that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter:
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy[2] hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pisan. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pisan. What, shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.——No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms[3] of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states[4],
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pisan. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting[4], hath betray'd
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; [him:
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O, [ing,
Men's vows are women's traitors!—All good seem-
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pisan. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, [weeping
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity [humus,
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Post-
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding:—When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:

[1] i. e. Thus meanly brought up:—Yet in this very cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. [2] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. [3] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. [4] Persons of highest rank. [4] That is, *Some jay of Italy*, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting.—In this sense, *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*.

Thy

Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding, strike.—
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.
Pisan. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;— [fence;
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no de-
Obedient as the scabbard.——What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that diddest set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on[1], how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pisan. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pisan. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.
Imo. Wherefore then
Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pisan. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pisan. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pisan. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pisan. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow, [live?
What shall I do the while? where bide? how
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pisan. If you'll back to the court,——
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pisan. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pisan. I am most glad
You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger[2]; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view[3]: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.
Pisan. Well, then here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it, (but, O the harder heart!—
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

[1] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French. [2] The meaning is, "*You must disguise that* greatness, *which, to appear* hereafter *in its proper form*, cannot yet appear without great *danger to itself.*" [3] i. e. with opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes.
Pisan.

st, make yourself but like one.
g this, I have already fit,
cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
to them: Would you in their serving,
hat imitation you can borrow
of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
rself, desire his service, tell him
u are happy, (which you 'll make him
ow,
ead have ear in music) doubtless,
will embrace you; for he's honourable,
ıg that, most holy. Your means abroad
ıe, rich; and I will never fail
nor supplyment.
ıu art all the comfort
ill diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
re to be consider'd; but we 'll even
d time will give us[1]: This attempt
to[2], and will abide it with
courage. Away, I pr'ythee. [well;
ell, madam, we must take a short fare-
miss'd, I be suspected of
ge from the court. My noble mistress,
ox; I had it from the queen;
is precious: if you are sick at sea,
-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
way distemper.——To some shade,
to your manhood:—May the gods
to the best!
en: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace of Cymbeline.

eline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

ıs far; and so farewell.
nks, royal sir.
r hath wrote: I must from hence;
ht sorry, that I must report ye
's enemy.
r subjects, sir,
dure his yoke; and for ourself
ıs sovereignty than they, must needs
inglike.
sir, I desire of you
over land, to Milford-Haven.——
joy befall your grace, and you! [fice;
y lords, you are appointed for that of-
honour in no point omit:——
, noble Lucius.
ır hand, my lord.
eive it friendly: but from this time
r it as your enemy.
the event
ne the winner: Fare you well. [lords,
ave not the worthy Lucius, good my
e cross'd the Severn.——Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius, &c.*
le goes hence frowning: but it honours
ve given him cause. [us,
ı all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
His war for Britain. [moves
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too light in sufferance.
[*Exit a Servant.*
Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cymb. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Serv. Please you, sir, [swer
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no an-
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd? [fear,
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [*Exit.*
Queen. Go, look after.—
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her, [her:
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?
Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

[1] 'll make our work *even* with our *time;* we 'll do what time will allow. [2] i. e. I have I bound myself to it.

Queen.

Queen. All the better: May
This night fore-stall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*
Clot. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisanio.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.
Pisan. O, good my lord!
Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pisan. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?
Pisan. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,——No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.
Pisan. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.
Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pisan. Or this, or perish[1]. [this
She's far enough; and what he learns by } [*Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger. }
Clot. Humh!
Pisan. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen, [*Aside.*
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!
Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pisan. Sir, as I think.
Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.
Pisan. Well, my good lord.
Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?
Pisan. Sir, I will.
Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
Pisan. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.
Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.
Pisan. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:——I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:——Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?
Pisan. Ay, my noble lord.
Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?
Pisan. She can scarce be there yet.
Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*
Pisan. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go, [flow,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,

[1] That is, *I must either give him the paper freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it.*

Foundations

Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folk lye,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fullness
Is sorer[1], than to lye in need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one of the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food:—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil[2], speak; if savage,
Take, or lend[3].—Ho!—No answer; then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keeps thyself!

Guid. I am thoroughly weary. [tite.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appe-

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:—— [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
good troth, [had found
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth, [nesty
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In ho-
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most wel-
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends. [come!

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they [prize
Had been my father's sons! then had my } *Aside.*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing[4] multitudes),
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so: [in!
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near. [lark, less welcome.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the

[1] i. e. is a *greater* or *heavier* crime. [2] *Civil*, for human creature. [3] Dr. Johnson suspects that, after the words, *if savage*, a line is lost, and proposes to read the passage thus:

——Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, *take or lend*,
If savage, *speak*.

If you are *civilised* and *peaceable*, *take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompence; if you are *rough inhospitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *speak*, that I may know my state. [4] *Differing* may here be applied in a sense equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble.

Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

ROME.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission[1]. Long live Cæsar!
Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.
Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The Forest near the Cave.

Enter Cloten.

I AM near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the taylor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant[2] thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To Imogen.*
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all[3]. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Guid. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why,
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.
Bel. O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself! lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish you sport.
Arv. You health.——So please you, sir.
Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

[1] i. e. he *commands* the commission to be given to you. [2] *Imperseverant* means no more than *perseverant*. [3] That is, keep your *daily* course uninterrupted: if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.

I am sick still; heart-sick:——Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.
Guid. I could not stir[1] him:
He said, he was gentle[2], but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field:——
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit Imogen.*
Bel. And shalt be ever.—— [had
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Guid. But his neat cookery!
He cuts our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs[3] together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning[4]. Come; away.—
Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:——I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us?—I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he:——We are held as outlaws:—
Hence.
Guid. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
Guid. To who? to thee? What art thou?
Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?
Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Guid. No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My taylor made them not.
Guid. Hence then, and thank [fool;
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
I am loath to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Guid. What's thy name?
Clot. Cloten, thou villain.
Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.
Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clot. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*

Enter Belarius, and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For the effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear.—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Guid. I am perfect, what[5]: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in[6],

[1] *Stir* for *move*. [2] *Gentle* implies *well-born*, of birth above the vulgar. [3] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. [4] A Gallicism. *Grand-jour*. [5] i. e. well-informed, what. [6] To *take in* means, here, to conquer, to subdue.

Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
And set them on Lud's town. [grow,
Bel. We are all undone.
Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For[1] we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Tho' his honour
Was nothing but mutation[2]; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear;
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth[3].
Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet[4], would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn musick.*
Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
Guid. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Guid. What does he mean? since death of my dearest mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Guid. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare[5]
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I[6],
Thou dy'd'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

[1] *For* is here used in the sense of *because*.
[2] That is, The only notion he had of honour was the fashion, which was perpetually changing.
[3] i. e. Fidele's sickness made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*.
[4] i. e. such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition.
[5] A *crare* is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The word often occurs in Holinshed.
[6] The meaning is, "Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I *know* thou dy'dst."

Nor

death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
ig on a cushion. [cheek
Where?
O' the floor;
is thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and
put [rudeness
ated brogues[1] from off my feet, whose
d my steps too loud.
Why, he but sleeps:
gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
male fairies will his tomb be haunted,
rms will not come to thee.
With fairest flowers,
ummer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
ten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
ver, that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
r'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
of eglantine, whom not to slander,
eten'd not thy breath: the ruddock[2]
uritable bill (O bill, sore-shaming [would,
ch-lett heirs, that let their fathers lie
a monument!) bring thee all this; [none,
l furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
r-ground thy corse.
Pry'thee, have done;
not pray in wench-like words with that
so serious. Let us bury him,
protract with admiration what
ue debt.—To the grave.
Say, where shall's lay him?
By good Euriphele, our mother.
Be 't so;
is, Polydore, though now our voices
the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
our mother; use like note, and words,
Euriphele must be Fidele.
Cadwal,
sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee:
of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
sts and fanes that lie.
We 'll speak it then. [Cloten
reat griefs, I see, medicine the less; for
orgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
igh he came our enemy, remember,
aid[3] for that: Though mean and mighty
rotting
, have one dust; yet reverence
el[4] of the world) doth make distinction
twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
gh you took his life, as being our foe,
him as a prince.
Pray, fetch him hither.
body is as good as Ajax,
ither are alive.
f you 'll go fetch him,
y our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Guid. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning flash,*
Arv. *Nor all the dreaded thunder-stone;*
Guid. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign[5] *to thee, and come to dust.*

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witch-craft charm thee!*
Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more: [night,
The herbs that have on them the cold dew o' the
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exe.*

Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?——
I thank you.——By yon bush?——Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins[6]!——can it be six miles yet?——
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses! [*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

[1] *ed brogues* are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *hob-nails*. In some parts of England, thin iron called *clouts* are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen. [2] The *ruddock* is the *red*-which bird the office of covering the dead is ascribed. [3] *Paid* is here used for *punished*. [4] that *reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power which keeps peace and order id. [5] *To consign to thee*, is to *seal the same contract* with thee, i. e. add their names to thine egister of death. [6] This diminutive adjuration is derived from *God's my pity*.

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is,
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!——The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial[1] face—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous[2] devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!——Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, and left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us; O, my lord! my lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods[3] shew'd me a vision:
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!——
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let 's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who is he,
That otherwise than noble nature did[4],
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by Mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope they 'll pardon it. [*aside.*
Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes[5] can dig: and when
With wild wood leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans

[1] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. [2] i. e. lawless, licentious. [3] i. e. the gods themselves. [4] i. e. *made*, or *did* it. [5] Meaning her fingers.

A grave;

ome, arm him[1].—Boy, he is preferr'd
is; and he shall be interr'd,
can. Be chearful; wipe thine eyes:
e means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

ain; and bring me word, how 'tis
th her.
a the absence of her son;
of which her life 's in danger:——
eavens,
you at once do touch me! Imogen,
art of my comfort, gone: my queen
perate bed; and in a time
al wars point at me: her son gone,
or this present: It strikes me, past
f comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
must know of her departure, and
o ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
orture.
r, my life is yours,
t it at your will: But, for my mistress,
now where she remains, why gone,
she purposes return. 'Beseech your
ur loyal servant. [highness
od my liege,
t she was missing, he was here:
ound he 's true, and shall perform
his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
s no diligence in seeking him,
o doubt, be found.
e time is troublesome;
ou for a season; but our jealousy
[*To Pisan.*
pend[2].
please your majesty,
legions, all from Gallia drawn,
on your coast; with a supply
gentlemen, by the senate sent.
w for the counsel of my son, and
een!—
d with matter[3].
od my liege,
ration can affront[4] no less
you hear of; come more, for more
u're ready:
, but to put these powers in motion,
o move.
ank you: Let's withdraw:
he time, as it seeks us. We fear not
om Italy annoy us; but
t chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*
eard no letter from my master, since
, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
from my mistress, who did promise
: often tidings: Neither know I
id to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work;
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to
be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note[5] o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor
muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render[6]
Where we have liv'd; and to extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer[7] would be
Drawn on with torture. [death

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires[8], have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years, [him
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to the still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had

[1] *him up in your arms.* [2] That is, My suspicion is yet undetermined. [3] i. e. confounded of business. [4] i. e. can *face* no less, &c. [5] i. e. observation. [6] *Render* means an [7] i. e. The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten would be death, &c. [8] i. e. their fires sposed.

A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Guid. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve [boys:
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead—The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Field, between the British and Romish Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd [ones,
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little!—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on[1] this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack, [love,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse[2];
And make them dread it[3], to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,
Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one Door; and the British Army at another; Leonatus Posthumus following it like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carle[4],
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. [borne
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus. [the ground;

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand, stand! and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane? [turf;
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with

[1] i. e. to *incite*, to *instigate*. [2] i. e. Where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity; and the older such are, the more their crime. [3] i. e. according to Mr. Steevens, to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions*. [4] *Carle* is used by our old writers in opposition to a *gentleman*.—*Carlot* is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As You Like It*. Which

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
The country base[1], than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame[2]),
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These
Three thousand confident, in act as many, [three,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, *stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks, [coward
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!)—'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: And now our cow-
(Like fragments in hard voyages, became [ards,
The life o' the need) having found the back-door
open [wound!
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs[3] o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance;
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord: O noble
misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd[4],
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will
find him:
For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer[5] be
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly[6] habit,
That gave the affront[7] with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported; [there?
But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; A dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell [his service
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you[8];
So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better [way,
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd [rather
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd [give me
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

[1] This alludes to a rustic game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. [2] *Shame* for modesty. [3] i. e. terrors. [4] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle.—It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are, above all other people, given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, "Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent." [5] *Answer*, as once in this play before, means *retaliation*. [6] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustic*. [7] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. [8] This wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture.

No

No stricter render of me, than my all [1].
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

Solemn Musick. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates, and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art,)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.
1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?
2 *Bro.* From this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.
2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.
Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.
Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
Prunes [2] the immortal wing, and cloys [3] his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks, Jupiter! [ter'd
Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is en-
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*
Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created

[1] Meaning, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. [2] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. [3] i. e. *claws*.—To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

A mother,

r, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
ney went hence so soon as they were born.
am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
ness' favour, dream as I have done;
nd find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
ream not to find, neither deserve,
are steep'd in favours; so am I,
e this golden chance, and know not why.
iries haunt this ground? A book? O,
rare one!
as is our fangled world, a garment
than that it covers: let thy effects
n, to be most unlike our courtiers,
as promise.

[*Reads.*]

ien as a lion's whelp shall, to himself un-
n, without seeking find, and be embrac'd
piece of tender air; and when from a
y cedar shall be lopt branches, which, be-
ad many years, shall after revive, be joint-
the old stock, and freshly grow; then
Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
iate, and flourish in peace and plenty."
a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
eless speaking, or a speaking such
: cannot untie [1]. Be what it is,
ion of my life is like it, which
p if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Come, sir, are you ready for death?
Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.
Hanging is the word, sir; if you be
or that, you are well cook'd.
So, if I prove a good repast to the spec-
he dish pays the shot.
A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the
is, you shall be call'd to no more payments,
more tavern bills; which are often the
of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you
a faint for want of meat, depart reeling
o much drink; sorry that you have paid
:h, and sorry that you are paid too much [2];
nd brain both empty: the brain the hea-
r being too light; the purse too light, be-
wn [3] of heaviness: O! of this contradic-
u shall be now quit.—O, the charity of a
:ord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you
o true debitor and creditor [4] but it; of
past, is, and to come, the discharge:——
eck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so
uittance follows.
I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.
Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
:he: But a man that were to sleep your
nd a hangman to help him to bed, I think,
ld change places with his officer: for, look
, you know not which way you shall go.
Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry [5] on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no boltsfor the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus & Messenger.*

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone [6]. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.
Cym. No tidings of him? [living,
Pisa. He hathbeen search'd among the dead and
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

[1] meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is this: "This is a dream or madness, or both,—or :—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, *as in a dream*, or a speech unintelligible, *dness, be it as it is*, it is like my course of life." [2] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much our pocket, and sorry that you *are paid* or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. [3] *Drawn* is *ll'd, exenterated.* [4] *Debitor and creditor* for an *accounting book.* [5] That is, *venture* at it thought. [6] i. e. forward.

Bel.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.
Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.—
Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.
There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.
Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.
Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty; was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despight
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, dy'd.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did, so please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!
Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.
Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A gage so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat [1], so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.
Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour [2] is familiar to me:—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,
Live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.
Imo. I humbly thank your highness.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know, thou wilt.
Imo. No, no; alack,
There's another work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

[1] i. e. so ready; so dexterous in waiting.
[2] i. e. his countenance.

Imo.

Fidele, sir.
Thou art my good youth, my page;
hy master: Walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside.*
s not this boy reviv'd from death?
One sand another
ıre resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
r'd, and was Fidele—What think you?
. The same dead thing alive. [forbear;
Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
es may be alike; were 't he, I am sure
ld have spoke to us.
But we saw him dead.
Be silent; let 's see further.
. It is my mistress: [*Aside.*
ıe is living, let the time run on,
lor bad. [*Cym. and Imogen come forward.*
Come, stand thou by our side;
hy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;
[*To Iachimo.*
ıswer to this boy, and do it freely;
our greatness, and the grace of it,
is our honour, bitter torture shall
r the truth from falsehood.——On, speak
to him. [der
My boon is, that this gentleman may ren-
m he had this ring.
What's that to him? [*Aside.*
That diamond upon your finger, say,
me it yours?
Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
to be spoke, would torture thee.
How! me? [which
I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
ats me to conceal. By villainy
is ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
ith me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd [my lord:
sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,
All that belongs to this.
That paragon, thy daughter,—— [spirits
om my heart drops blood, and my false
to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:
ither thou should'st live while nature will,
ie e'er I hear more; strive, man, and speak.
Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
ruck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
ınsion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
nds had been poison'd! or, at least,
which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
humus
should I say? he was too good, to be
ill men were; and was the best of all
; the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
g us praise our loves of Italy
ıuty that made barren the swell'd boast
that best could speak: for feature, laming
ine of Venus or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature[2]; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—
Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall, [humus,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly—This Post-
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom he prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery; he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught,
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely, for my 'vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this, her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks I see him now,——
Post. Ay, so thou dost, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord or knife or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For tortures ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple

quail is to sink into dejection. [2] i. e. the ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which ex-
, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*, i. e. of hasty une-
e nature.

Of

Of virtue was she; yes, and she herself[1].
Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus: and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——
Post. Shall 's have a play of this? thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*
Pisan. O, gentlemen, help
Mine, and your mistress,—O my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers[2] on me?
Pisan. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pisan. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen! [me, if
Pisan. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.
Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.——
Guid. This is sure Fidele. [you?
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard[3] in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had a motive for it.
[*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*
Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother 's dead.
Imo. I 'm sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and, long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pisan. My lord, [ten,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Clo-
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
Guid. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince. [me
Guid. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee: [must
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
Endure our law: Thou art dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,

[1] i. e. *Virtue* herself. [2] This wild and delirious perturbation.—*Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy.
[3] A *dullard* in this place means a person stupidly unconcerned.

Though

1, haply, well for you.
Your danger's ours.
!. And our good his.
Have at it then.—— [who
re;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject,
ll'd Belarius.
. What of him? he is
h'd traitor.
He it is, that hath
'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
not how, a traitor.
. Take him hence;
ıole world shall not save him.
Not too hot:
ıy me for the nursing of thy sons;
t it be confiscate all, so soon
ıve receiv'd it.
. Nursing of my sons? [knee;
I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my
rise, I will prefer my sons;
spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
two young gentlemen, that call me father,
ink they are my sons, are none of mine;
ıre the issue of your loins, my liege,
lood of your begetting.
. How! my issue!
So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
at Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
ɔleasure was my near [1] offence, my punish-
ınd all my treason; that I suffer'd, [ment
l the harm I did. These gentle princes
ıch and so they are) these twenty years
l train'd up: those arts they have, as I
put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
ıighness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
ı for the theft I wedded, stole these children
my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
g receiv'd the punishment before,
at which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
d me to treason: Their dear loss,
ore of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
ny end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
ıre your sons again; and I must lose
f the sweet'st companions in the world:—
ɔnediction of these covering heavens
ı their heads like dew! for they are worthy
ıy heaven with stars.
. Thou weep'st and speak'st.
ɔrvice, that you three have done, is more
: than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
e be they, I know not how to wish
of worthier sons.
Be pleas'd a while.——
ɔntleman, whom I call Polydore,
ɔorthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
ɔntleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
ɔounger princely son; he, sir, was lap'd
ost curious mantle, wrought by the hand
queen mother, which, for more probation,
ɔith ease produce.
. Guiderius had
ıis neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord; [thers,
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle bro-
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce [2]
abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.——Where? how
liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies, [place,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye,
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.——
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.
[*To Belarius.*
Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me
To see this gracious season.
Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

[1] Meere is very properly proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. [2] *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid*; *Iach.*

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
[*Kneels.*
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.
Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You hold us, sir.
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Post. Your servant, princes.——Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews[1]
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection[2] of it: let him shew
His skill in the construction.
Luc. Philarmonus,——
Sooth. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.
Soothsayer reads.
"When as a lion's whelp shall to himself
"unknown, without seeking find, and be em-
"brac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from
"a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which,
"being dead many years, shall after revive, be
"joined to the old stock, and freshly grow; then
"shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
"fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much;
The piece of tender air thy virtuous daughter,
[*To Cymbeline.*
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine, [now
Is this most constant wife; [*To Post.*] who, even
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clip'd about,
With this most tender air.
Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopt branches point,
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
Cym. Well.
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
On whom heaven's justice (both on her, and her's)
Hath lay'd most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplished: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so thro' Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.——
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

A SONG, *sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

2.
No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd-lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.
No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4.
The red-breast oft' at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.
When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

6.
Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

[1] *Sprightly shews* are ghostly appearances; but should be read *spritely shews.* [2] *A collection* is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises.

KING

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of Britain.
FRANCE.
BURGUNDY.
CORNWALL.
ALBANY.
GLOSTER.
KENT.
Son to Gloster.
D, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*
a Courtier.
n.

Fool.
OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
A Captain, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, } *Daughters to Lear.*

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.
t did always seem so to us: but now, in ion of the kingdom, it appears not which ukes he values most; for equalities are hed, that curiosity[1] in neither can make f either's moiety[2].
Is not this your son, my lord?
lis breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: o often blush'd to acknowledge him, that n brav'd to 't.
I cannot conceive you.
Sir, this young fellow's mother could; ion she grew round-womb'd; and had, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a for her bed. Do you smell a fault?
I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue ng so proper.
But I have, sir, a son by order of law, ars elder than this, who is yet no dearer in unt, though this knave came somewhat nto the world before he was sent for: yet mother fair; there was good sport at his and the whoreson must be acknowledged.
—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?
Edm. No, my lord.
Glo. My lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.
Edm. My services to your lordship.
Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you bet-
Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.
Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.
[Trumpets sound within.
Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.
Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.
Glo. I shall, my liege. *[Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*
Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker[3] purpose.
The map there.—Know, that we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant[4] will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

[1] *Curiosity* is scrupulousness, or captiousness. [2] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half, an equal parts*: but Shakespeare commonly uses it for *any part* or *division*. [3] *Darker*, for *secret*; not for *indirect, oblique*. [4] *Constant* is *firm, determined*.

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Go-
Our eldest born, speak first.
Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much[1] I love you.
Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers, and white-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that[2] *I* profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square[3] of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.
Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity[4], and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love,
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say, to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing. [again.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this[5], for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!— [*To Cordelia.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.——Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only, we shall retain
The name, and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest[6],
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;

[1] That is, beyond all assignable quantity. [2] *That* seems to stand without relation, but is referred to *find*; the first conjunction being inaccurately suppressed.—I find *that* she names my deed, I find that I profess, &c. [3] *Square* here means *compass, comprehension.* [4] *Validity*, for worth, value. [5] i. e. from this time. [6] i. e. the *execution of all the other business.*

hy best consideration, check- [ment,
ous rashness: answer my life, my judge-
ngest daughter does not love thee least;
hose empty-hearted, whose low sound
no hollowness.
Kent, on thy life, no more.
My life I never held but as a pawn
against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
y being the motive.
Out of my sight!
ee better, Lear; and let me still remain
blank [2] of thine eye.
Now, by Apollo,——
Now, by Apollo, king,
ear'st thy gods in vain.
) vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
rn. Dear sir, forbear.
o; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
t I can vent clamour from my throat,
ee, thou dost evil.
Hear me, recreant;
allegiance hear me!—
i hast sought to make us break our vow,
e durst never yet,) and, with strain'd
pride [3],
betwixt our sentence and our power [4],
or our nature nor our place can bear,)
ncy made good, take thy reward.
we do allot thee for provision
thee from disasters of the world;
he sixth, to turn thy hated back
kingdom: if on the tenth day following,
sh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
ent is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
not be revok'd.
Vhy, fare thee well, king: since thus
hou wilt appear,
lives hence, and banishment is here.—
to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[*To Cordelia.*
y think'st, and hast most rightly said.—
large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To Regan and Goneril.*
effects may spring from words of love.—
t, O princes, bids you all adieu;
e his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Gloster, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

ere 's France and Burgundy, my noble
ord.
My lord of Burgundy,
ddress towards you, who with this king
ll'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
require in present dower with her,
your quest of love [5]?
ost royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little seeming [6] substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer. [owes',
Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate, [oath,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up [8] on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for by the power
that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To France.*
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange!
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint [9]: which to believe of her,
Must be of faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art, [tend,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well in-
I'll do 't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer:
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou [better.
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in
nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from the entire [10] point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.
Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,

[2] The *blank* is the *white* or exact mark at which the arrow
ee better, says Kent, *and keep me always in your view.* [3] i. e. *pride exorbitant*; pride
e bounds. [4] i. e. *our power to execute that sentence.* [5] *Quest of love* is *amorous expe-*
he term originated from romance.—A *quest* was the expedition in which a knight was en-
[6] *Seeming* is *specious.* [7] i. e. is possessed of. [8] i. e. *makes not advances.* [9] *Taint*
d for *corruption* and for *disgrace.* [10] *Entire for single.*

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing; I have sworn: I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.——
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, and ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where[1] to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.——
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, &c.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are:
And, like a sister, am most loth to call [ther's
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our fa-
To your professing bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms: You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted[2].

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited[3] cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is! the observation we have made of it hath not been little! he always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together[4]: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat[5].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague[6] of custom; and permit
The curiosity[7] of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines [base?
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition, and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd[8] his power!
Confin'd to exhibition[10]! All this done

[1] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns.—Thou losest this residence to find a better residence in another place. [2] The meaning is, "You well deserve to meet with that *want* of love from your husband, which you have professed to *want* for our father." [3] i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning. [4] i. e. agree. [5] i. e. We must *strike while the iron's hot.* [6] That is, Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom? [7] *Curiosity*, in the time of Shakspeare, was a word that signified *an over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c.—The *curiosity of nations* means, the idle, nice distinctions of the world. [8] To *deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit.* [9] *Subscrib'd* for *transferred, alienated.* [10] *Exhibition* is *allowance.*

he gad[1]! Edmund! How now? what
news?
So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*
Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
letter?
I know no news, my lord.
What paper were you reading?
Nothing, my lord.
No? What needed then that terrible dis-
f it into your pocket? The quality of no-
th not such need to hide itself. Let's see:
f it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.
I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a let-
my brother, that I have not all o'er-read;
so much as I have perus'd, I find it not
our overlooking.
Give me the letter, sir.
I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
ntents, as in part I understand them, are
.
Let's see, let's see.
I hope, for my brother's justification, he
is but as an assay or taste of my virtue.
reads.] "This policy, and reverence of
nakes the world bitter to the best of our
; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our old-
annot relish them. I begin to find an idle
nd[2] bondage in the oppression of aged ty-
; who sways, not as it hath power, but
suffered. Come to me, that of this I may
more. If our father would sleep 'till I
l him, you should enjoy half his revenue
er, and live the beloved of your brother,
r."—*Hum!—Conspiracy!*—"Sleep, 'till I
l him!—you shall enjoy half his reve-
"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write
heart and brain to breed it in?—When
is to you? Who brought it?
It was not brought me, my lord, there's
ing of it; I found it thrown in at the case-
my closet.
You know the character to be your bro-

If the matter were good, my lord, I durst
were his; but, in respect of that, I would
k it were not.
It is his.
It is his hand, my lord; but I hope, his
not in the contents. [this business?
Hath he never heretofore sounded you in
Never, my lord: But I have often heard
intain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age,
iers declining, the father should be as ward
on, and the son manage his revenue.
O villain, villain!—His very opinion in
the letter!——Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I 'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence[3] of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very even-
Glo. He cannot be such a monster.— [ing.
Edm. Nor is not, sure.
Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution[4].

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey[5] the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the frequent effects[6]; love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!——Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!——Strange! strange! [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains, by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an enforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-

to upon the gad, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when e stung by the gad-fly. [2] i. e. weak and foolish. [3] *Pretence* is design, purpose. [4] The g is, according to Dr. Johnson, *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I unstate myself*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due reso*to be settled and composed on such an occasion.—Mr. Steevens comments on this passage Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, i. e. to *unstate* him; refore his father says, he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him."—To is to *confer* a fortune. [5] To *convey*, here means to *manage artfully*. [6] That is, though philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the madenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.——O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi——

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business——
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle: When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: Say, I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gen. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:——I'll write straight to my sister
To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An open Place before the Palace.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse [2], my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

[1] The sense, according to Dr. Johnson, is this: "*Old men must be treated with checks*, when as *they are seen to be deceived with flatteries*: or, *when they are weak enough to be* seen abused by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be *used with checks*. There is a play on the words *used* and *abused*.—To *abuse* is, in our author, very frequently the same as to *deceive*." [2] That is, If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.—To *diffuse* speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it.

it dost thou profess? What would'st
profess to be no less than I seem; to
ly, that will put me in trust; to love
nest; to converse[1] with him that is
s little; to fear judgement; to fight,
t choose; and to eat no fish[2].
it art thou?
ry honest-hearted fellow, and as poor
ou be as poor for a subject as he is
ou art poor enough. What would'st
ice.
om would'st thou serve?
l.
t thou know me, fellow?
ir; but you have that in your coun-
h I would fain call master.
at's that?
hority.
at services canst thou do?
n keep honest counsel, ride, run,
s tale in telling it, and deliver a plain
ntly: that which ordinary men are fit
lify'd in; and the best of me is dili-
v old art thou?
so young, sir, to love a woman for
so old, to dote on her for any thing:
on my back forty-eight.
ow me; thou shalt serve me, if I
worse after dinner: I will not part
t.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's
ny fool? Go you, and call my fool

Enter Steward.

rrah, where's my daughter?
lease you,— [*Exit.*
at says the fellow there?—Call the
k.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think
asleep.——How now? where's that
e says, my lord, your daughter is not
y came not the slave back to me,
d him?
ir, he answer'd me in the roundest
would not.
would not!
ly lord, I know not what the matter
y judgement, your highness is not en-
n that ceremonious affection as you
there's a great abatement of kindness

appears, as well in the general dependents, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence[3] and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—— But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—— Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.——

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to: Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. [*Giving Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb[4]: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.——How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs[5], and two daughters!

[1] *rse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *discourse* or *talk*.—His meane chooses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are no tattlers nor

[2] In Queen Elizabeth's time, the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, ene- government.—Hence the proverbial phrase of *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to a friend to the government, and a Protestant; the eating fish, on a religious account, steemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoin'd for a season by act of par- the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; called *Cecil's fast*. [3] *Pretence* for *design*. [4] Meaning his cap, called so because on the ol's or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock.—The ards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. [5] Two toolscaps, in- t seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach[1] may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [*To Kent.*

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest[2],
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest[3],
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't:——Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come, place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't[4]: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fool's ne'er had less grace in a year[5]; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gav'st them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one of the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet[6] on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [*to Goneril.*] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,
He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—
That's a sheal'd peascod[7]. [*Pointing to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, [you,
I had thought, by making this well known unto
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

[1] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting-kind. [2] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast.*—To *owe*, in old English, is *to possess.* [3] To *trow*, is an old word which signifies to *believe.* [4] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee.—*Monopolies* were, in Shakspeare's time, the common objects of satire. [5] The meaning is, There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place.—Both the quarto editions read—*less wit* for *less grace.* [6] Lear alludes to the *frontlet*, which was anciently part of a woman's dress. [7] i. e now a mere husk, which contains nothing.

By

yourself too late have spoke and done,
protect this course, and put it on [1]
llowance; which if you should, the fault
t 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
n the tender of a wholesome weal,
their working do you that offence,
se were shame, that then necessity
discreet proceeding.
'or you trow, nuncle,
:dge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
had its head bit off by its young.
ent the candle, and we were left darkling.
Are you our daughter?
'ome, sir,
you would make use of that good wisdom
I know you are fraught; and put away
spositions, which of late transform you
at you rightly are.
May not an ass know when the cart draws
?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee [2].
Does any here know me?—Why, this is
not Lear: [eyes?
ir walk thus? speak thus?—Where are his
s notion weakens, or his discernings
rgy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.—
it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's
shadow?
learn that; for by the marks
:ignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
be false persuaded I had daughters.—
me, fair gentlewoman?
'ome, sir,
niration is much o' the favour
your new pranks, I do beseech you
rstand my purposes aright:
re old and reverend, you should be wise:
you keep a hundred knights and squires;
disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
our court, infected with their manners,
ke a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
more like a tavern, or a brothel, [speak
grac'd palace [3]. The shame itself doth
nt remedy: Be then desir'd
hat else will take the thing she begs,
o disquantity your train;
remainder, that shall still depend [4],
ch men as may besort your age,
w themselves and you.
Darkness and devils!——
ny horses; call my train together.——
rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
e I left a daughter. [rabble
You strike my people; and your disorder'd
rvants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are
you come?
Is it your will? speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
[*To Albany*
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster [5]!
Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Goneril.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew! [nature
Which, like an engine [6], wrench'd by frame of
From the fixt place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgement out!—Go, go, my people.
Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.
Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature! hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate [7] body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd [8] torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth:
With cadent [9] tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*
Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight!
Alb. What 's the matter, sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
asham'd
That thou hadst power to shake my manhood thus:
[*To Goneril.*
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs,
upon thee!
The untented [10] woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

promote, push it forward. [2] Mr. Steevens has been informed, that this is a quotation
: burthen of an old song. [3] A palace grac'd by the presence of a sovereign. [4] *Depend*,
nue in service. [5] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the
phical symbol of impiety and ingratitude.—Sandys, in his Travels, says—"that he killeth his
l ravisheth his own dam." [6] By an engine is meant the *rack.* [7] *Derogate* here means
d, blasted. [8] *Disnatur'd* is wanting in natural affection. [9] i. e. falling tears. [10] *Un-*
rounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them.

To

To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so:—Yet I have left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She 'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*
Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?
Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you.
Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*To the Fool.*
Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good counsel:——A hundred knights!
'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep [dream,
At point [1], a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives at mercy.—Oswald, I say!—
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.
Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness,—How now, Oswald?
Enter Steward.
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Stew. Ay, madam. [horse:
Gon. Take you some company, and away to
Inform her full of my particular fear:
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more [2]. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. No, no, my lord,
[*Exit Steward.*
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at task [3] for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness. [tell;
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot
Striving to better, oft' we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then——
Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Court-yard before the Duke of Albany's Palace.
Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.
Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.
Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have deliver'd your letter.
Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?
Lear. Ay, boy.
Fool. Then I pr'ythee be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.
Lear. Ha, ha, ha!
Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, boy?
Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face?
Lear. No.
Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.
Lear. I did her wrong [4]:——
Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?
Lear. No.
Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.
Lear. Why?
Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.
Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!——Be my horses ready?
Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.
Lear. Because they are not eight.
Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.
Lear. To take it again perforce [5]!—Monster! ingratitude!
Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.
Lear. How's that?
Fool. Thou should'st not have been old before thou hadst been wise.
Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!——
Enter a Gentleman.
How now? are the horses ready?
Gent. Ready, my lord.
Lear. Come, boy. [departure,
Fool. She that 's a maid now, and laughs at my
Shall not be a maid long unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *At point*, probably means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. [2] That is, Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. [3] *To be at task*, is to be liable to *reprehension and correction*. [4] He is musing on Cordelia. [5] He is meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with our father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments[1]?

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy[2] question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches:—O, sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well. [here!—
Yield:—Come before my father;—Light, ho,
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could— [means, what?

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—By no

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lord-
But that I told him, the revenging gods [ship;
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether-gasted[3] by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught; [ter,
And found—Dispatch.—The noble duke my mas-
My worthy arch[4] and patron comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight[5] to do it, with curst[6] speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
" Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
" If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
" Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee [deny,
" Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should
" (As this I would; ay, though thou didst pro-
" My very character) I'd turn it all [duce
" To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practices:
" And thou must make a dullard of the world,
" If they not thought the profits of my death
" Were very pregnant and potential spurs
" To make thee seek it." [*Trumpets within.*

Glo. O strange, fasten'd villain! [him.
Would he deny his letter, said he?—I never got
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him: and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable[7].

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,

[1] *Ear-kissing arguments* means, that they are yet in reality only *whisper'd ones.* [2] *Queazy* means *delicate;* what requires to be handled nicely. [3] i. e. frighted. [4] i. e. *chief;* a word now used only in composition, as *arch-angel, arch-duke.* [5] *Pight* is *pitch'd,* fixed, settled. [6] *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. [7] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy.

(Which

(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?
Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd! [life?
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
That tend upon my father? [knights
Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.——
Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expence and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister [tions,
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cau-
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.——
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practice [1]; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursu'd?
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.
Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize [2],
Wherein we must have use of your advice:——
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit [gers
To answer from our home [3]; the several messen-
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter Kent and Steward severally.

Stew. Good even to thee, friend: Art of this [house?
Kent. Ay.
Stew. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' th' mire.
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury [4] pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Stew. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited [5], hundred-pound [6], filthy worsted-stocking [7] knave; a lily-liver'd [8], action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamourous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.
Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, or knows thee?
Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you [10]: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger [11], draw. [*Drawing his sword.*
Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.
Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!
Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave [12], strike. [*Beating him.*
Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!
Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.
Edm. How now? What 's the matter? Part.

[1] i. e. *discover, betray.*—*Practice* is always used by Shakspeare for *invidious mischief.* [2] *Prize*, or *price*, for value. [3] i. e. not at home, but at some other place. [4] *Lipsbury pinfold* may be a cant expression importing the same as *Lob's Pound.* [5] *Three-suited knave* might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three suits* would furnish him with. [6] *A hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach. [7] *A worsted-stocking knave* is another term of reproach.—The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, were remarkably expensive, and scarcely any other kind than silk were worn, even by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages. [8] *Lily-liver'd* is *cowardly; white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are still in vulgar use. [9] i. e. titles. [10] This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making *the sun shine through any one.* [11] *Barber-monger* may mean *dealer in the lower trademen:* a slur upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family. [12] *You neat slave*, means no more than *you finical rascal*, you who are an assemblage of *foppery and poverty.*

Kent.

With you, goodman boy, if you please;
I'll flesh you; come on, young master.
Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?
Keep peace, upon your lives;
that strikes again: What is the matter?
The messengers from our sister and the

What is your difference? Speak.
I am scarce in breath, my lord.
No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your
wardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee;
made thee.
Thou art a strange fellow:
make a man?
Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a paint-
I not have made him so ill, though they
n but two hours at the trade.
Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?
This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I
have spar'd
of his grey beard,——
Thou whoreson zed[1]! thou unnecessary
—My lord, if you will give me leave, I
ad this unbolted[2] villain into mortar, and
he wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my
ard, you wagtail?
Peace, sirrah!
astly knave, you know no reverence?
Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.
Why art thou angry?
That such a slave as this should wear a
sword,
ears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as
ts, oft bite the holy cords[3] in twain
rinsicate t' unloose: sooth ev'ry passion
the nature of their lords rebels;
il to fire, snow to their colder moods;
, affirm, and turn their halcyon[4] beaks
very gale and vary of their masters;
g nought, like dogs, but following.—
e upon your epileptic[5] visage!
ou my speeches, as I were a fool?
if I had you upon Sarum plain,
e you cackling home to Camelot[6].
What art thou mad, old fellow?
How fell you out? say that.
No contraries hold more antipathy
and such a knave.
Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes[7] me not.
Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his,
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature[8]: He cannot flatter, he!
An honest mind, and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly[9] ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely[10].
Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering[11] Phœbus' front,——
Corn. What mean'st thou by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguil'd you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.
Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king,
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool[12].
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend brag-
We'll teach you——
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:—

Steevens observes, that Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not, is it read in any word originally Teutonic. [2] *Unbolted* mortar, according to Mr. Tollett, is made of unsifted lime; and therefore, to break the lumps, it is necessary to tread it by men in shoes.—This *unbolted* villain is, therefore, this *coarse* rascal. [3] By these *holy cords*, the poet he natural union between parents and children.—The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the ry*; and the fomenters of family-differences are compared to these sacrilegious rats. [4] The is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*.—The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, *ary* with the wind, and by that means shew from what point it blew. [5] The frighted coun- of a man ready to fall in a fit. [6] *Camelot* was the place where, the romances say, king Arthur court in the West: so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances.—In Somer- , adds Hanmer, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers. [7] i. e. pleases me not. rces his *outside* or his *appearance* to something totally *different from* his natural disposition, ere means only *simple*, or rustic. [10] i. e. foolishly. [11] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, is word means to *flutter*. [12] *Their fool* means here, their *butt*, their *laughingstock*.

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Regan. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, You should not use me so.

Regan. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so: His fault is much, and the good king his master Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches, For pilferings and most common trespasses, Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill, That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger, Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I 'll answer that. [worse,

Regan. My sister may receive it much more To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted, For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.——

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Regan, and Cornwall.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure, Whose disposition, all the world well knows, [thee, Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I 'll entreat for

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard; Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle. A good man's fortune may grow out at heels; Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke 's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw! Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st To the warm sun[1]! Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

[*Looking up to the moon.*

That by thy comfortable beams I may Peruse this letter:—Nothing almost sees miracles, But misery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;

[*Reading the letter.*

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd Of my obscur'd course;—*and shall find time From this enormous state,——seeking to give Losses their remedies;*—All weary and o'er-watch'd, Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.

A part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd; And, by the happy hollow of a tree, Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place, That guard, and most unusual vigilance, Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape, I will preserve myself: and am bethought To take the basest and most poorest shape, That ever penury, in contempt of man, [filth; Brought near to beast: my face I 'll grime with Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots[2]; And with presented nakedness out-face The winds, and persecutions of the sky. The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms Pins, wooden pricks[3], nails, sprigs of rosemary: And with this horrible object, from low farms, Poor pelting[4] villages, sheep-cotes, and mills, Sometime with lunatic bans[5], sometime with prayers, [Tom! Inforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood; poor That 's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home, And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd, The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master! [time!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pas-

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel[6] garters! Horses are ty'd by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty[7] at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks[8]. [mistook

Lear. What 's he, that hath so much thy place To set thee here?

[1] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *that out of, &c.*; that changest better for worse. Hanmer observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was perhaps first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*.—The *saw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, book ii. chap. 5.

" In your running from him to me, *ye runne*
" *Out of God's blessing into the warm sunne.*"

[2] Hair knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. [3] i. e. skewers. [4] i. e. *paltry*. [5] To *ban*, is to curse. [6] Mr. Steevens believes that a quibble was here intended.—*Crewel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made. [7] *Over-lusty* in this place has a double signification.—*Lustiness* anciently meant *sauciness*. [8] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*.—*Breeches* were at that time called " men's over-stocks."

Kent.

t is both he and she,
and daughter.
Jo.
(es.
So, I say.
say, yea.
No, no; they would not.
(es, they have.
by Jupiter, I swear no.
by Juno, I swear ay.
hey durst not do't: [murder
ld not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
on respect such violent outrage[1]:
ie with all modest haste, which way
ht'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
om us.
dy lord, when at their home
mend your highness' letters to them,
risen from the place that shew'd
kneeling, came there a reeking post,
his haste, half breathless, panting forth
ieril his mistress, salutations;
letters, spite of intermission[2],
esently they read: on whose contents,
mon'd up their meiny[3], straight took
led me to follow, and attend [horse;
e of their answer; gave me cold looks:
ing here the other messenger,
lcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
: very fellow which of late
so saucily against your highness)
ore man than wit about me, I drew;
the house with loud and coward cries:
and daughter found this trespass worth
e which here it suffers.
Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
ly that way[4].
thers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
t fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
rtune, that arrant whore,
:'er turns the key to the poor.——
l this, thou shalt have as many dolours[5]
dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a

), how this mother swells toward my
heart!
passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
ent's below!—Where is this daughter?
With the earl, sir, here within.
'ollow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*
lade you no more offence than what
you speak of?
None.
ce the king comes with so small a train?
n thou hadst been set i' the stocks for
ion, thou hadst well deserv'd it.
Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty[6] but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry: the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick, they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.
Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke;
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own course.
Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.
Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so. [me, man?
Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand
Glo. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father [service:
Would with his daughter speak; commands her
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:——may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, [selves
Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; [mind
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [*Looking on Kent.*
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice[7] only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them, [me,
Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear

is, to violate the public and venerable character of a messenger from the king. [2] *Spite of on* means *without pause, without suffering time to intervene.* [3] i. e. people. [4] The meaning be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. [5] A quibble is here intended *dolours* and *dollars.* [6] The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the neral. [7] *Practice* is here used in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice.*

Or

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you.
[*Exit.*
Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but down.
Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney[1] did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapt 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, 'Down, wantons, down:' 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.
Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.
Lear. Good-morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to see your highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress.——O, are you free?
[*To Kent.*
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught; O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here[2],
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how depraved a quality—O Regan!
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.
Lear. Say? how is that?
Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation; If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground; and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!
Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house[3]?
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old:
'Age is unnecessary[4]': on my knees I beg,
[*Kneeling.*
'That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'
Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.
Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:——
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fie, sir, fie! [flames
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall[5] and blast her pride!
Reg. O the blest gods! [on.
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted[6] nature shall not give [thine
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes[7],
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*
Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?
Corn. What trumpet 's that?
Enter Steward.
Reg. I know 't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't.——Who comes here?
O heavens,
Enter Goneril.
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow[8] obedience, if yourselves are old, [part!
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
[*To Goneril.*
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence, that indiscretion finds[9],
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?——How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement[10].
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,

[1] i. e., probably, a *cook* or *scullion*. [2] Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. [3] *House* here signifies the order of families, duties of relation. [4] This may mean, *old people are useless*. [5] i. e. to *humble*, to *pull down*. [6] *Hefted*, Mr. Steevens says, seems to mean the same as *heaved*: *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. [7] i. e. to contract my allowances or proportions settled. —*Sizes* are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in colleges are set down to the account of particular persons. [8] i. e. *approve*. [9] To *find*, means little more than to *think*. [10] By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful situation; a situation not so reputable.

You

will return and sojourn with my sister,
ssing half your train, come then to me;
ow from home, and out of that provision
h shall be needful for your entertainment.
r. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
ather I abjure all roofs, and choose
ge[1] against the enmity o' the air;
a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
sity's sharp pinch!——Return with her?
the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
oungest born, I could as well be brought
ee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
ep base life afoot[2];—Return with her?
ide me rather to be slave and sumpter[3]
s detested groom. [*Looking on the steward.*
I. At your choice, sir. [me mad;
r. Now I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make
not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
no more meet, no more see one another:—
t thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
ther, a disease that 's in my flesh,
I must needs call mine: thou art a bile,
ue-sore, an embossed[4] carbuncle,
corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
ame come when it will, I do not call it:
ot bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
ll tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
be patient; I can stay with Regan,
my hundred knights.
. Not altogether so, sir;
'd not for you yet, nor am provided
ur fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
ose that mingle reason with your passion,
e content to think you old, and so——
e knows what she does.
. Is this well spoken now?
. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
ot well? What should you need of more?
so many? sith that both charge and danger
'gainst so great a number? How, in one
house,
many people, under two commands,
unity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance
hose that she calls servants, or from mine?
Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd
to slack you,
ld controul them: If you will come to me,
w I spy a danger) I intreat you
ng but five-and-twenty; to no more
give place, or notice.
. I gave you all——
And in good time you gave it.
. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
pt a reservation to be follow'd
ch a number: What, must I come to you
ve-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?
And speak it again, my lord; no more
with me. [favour'd,
. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;
[*To Goneril.*
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need,— [need!
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall,—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:——
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep:—O fool, I shall go mad!
[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
[*Storm and tempest heard.*
Reg. This house is little; the old man and his
people
Cannot be well bestow'd. [from rest,
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter Gloster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—He is re-
Glo. The king is in high rage. [turn'd.
Corn. Whither is he going? [whither.
Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;

. to *make war.* [2] i. e. in a *servile* state. [3] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessaries on
ey; though sometimes used for the case to carry them in. [4] *Embossed* is *swelling, protuberant.*

And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear. [night;
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. WHO 's there, besides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you: Where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main [1],
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [couch,
This night, wherein the cub-drawn [2] bear would
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note [3],
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd [wall;
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings [4] of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings [5];—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd [6] kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret fee
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To shew their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.
Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) shew her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know.—Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king. [to say?
Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet; [your pain
That, when we have found the king, (in which
That way; I'll this,) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath.

Storm still. Enter Lear, and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout [cocks!
'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers [7] to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds; all germens spill at once [8],
That make ingrateful man!
Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water [9] in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.
Lear. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription [10]; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul [11]!

[1] The *main* seems to signify here the *main land, the continent.* [2] *Cub-drawn* means, *whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.* [3] My observation of your character. [4] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances. [5] i. e. *colours, external pretences.* [6] i. e. *divided, unsettled.* [7] *Avant-couriers*, Fr. [8] That is, "Crack nature's mould, and spill (or *destroy*) all the *seeds of matter* that are hoarded within it." [9] *Court holy-water* is a proverbial expression, meaning *fair words.* [10] *Subscription* for *obedience.* [11] i. e. shameful, dishonourable.

Fool.

He that has a house to put's head in, has
head-piece.
The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any:
The head and he shall louse;——
So beggars marry many[1].
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry, woe!
And turn his sleep to wake.
here was never yet fair woman, but she
ouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
y nothing.
Who's there?
Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece[2];
wise man, and a fool.
Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
night,
t such nights as these; the wrathful skies
the very wanderers of the dark,
ke them keep their caves: Since I was man,
eets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
oans of roaring wind and rain, I never
ber to have heard: man's nature cannot
iction, nor the fear. [carry
Let the great gods,
ep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
st within thee undivulged crimes,
t of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
erjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
nder covert and convenient seeming[4],
ctis'd on man's life!—Close pent up guilts,
ur concealing continents[5], and cry
readful summoners[6] grace.—I am a man,
n'd against, than sinning.
Alack, bare-headed!
s my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
endship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
you there: while I to this hard house,
ard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
even but now, demanding after you,
me to come in) return, and force
anted courtesy.
My wits begin to turn.——
n, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
d myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
of our necessities is strange,
n make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel.——
ol and knave, I have one part in my heart
sorry yet for thee.
He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors[7];
No heretics burn'd[8], but wenches' suitors:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.—
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds, and whores, do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.——I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

---

[1] A beggar marries a wife and lice. [2] Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit, ere is *no discretion below the girdle*. [3] *Gallow*, a west-country word, signifies to scare or . [4] *Convenient seeming* is *appearance* such as may promote his purpose to destroy. [5] *Con*ands for that which *contains* or *incloses*. [6] *Summoners* mean here the *officers* that summon rs before a proper tribunal. [7] i. e. invent fashions for them. [8] The disease to which *suitors* are particularly exposed, was called in Shakspeare's time the *brenning* or *burning*.

Thy tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter. [tious storm
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this conten-
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free,
The body 's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!—
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home!—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,——
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that,——
Kent. Good my lord, enter here. [ease;
Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I 'll go in:—
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,——
Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel:
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.
Edg. [*within,*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!
Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*
Kent. Give me thy hand.——Who 's there?
Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says, his name 's poor Tom. [the straw?
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'
Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!——
Thro' the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.
Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?
Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits[1]!—Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking[2]! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:——There could I have him now,—and there,—and there, and there again, and there.
[*Storm still.*
Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—— [all?
Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them
Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.
Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air [ters!
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daugh-
Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.
Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.——
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican[3] daughters.
Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;——
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!
Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.
Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array:—Tom 's a-cold.
Lear. What hast thou been?
Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap[4], serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear[5], bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.——Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sessy; let him trot by. [*Storm still.*
Lear. Why thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no

[1] So the *five senses* were called by our old writers. [2] To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence. [3] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. [4] i. e. his mistress' favours: which was the fashion of that time. [5] i. e. ready to receive malicious reports.

more

uch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou
ff, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton
[*Tearing off his clothes.*
'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a
ight to swim in.—Now a little fire in a
were like an old lecher's heart; a smal
l all the rest of his body cold.—Look,
s a walking fire.
his is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet:* he
urfew, and walks 'till the first cock; he
reb and the pin[1], squints the eye, and
hare-lip; mildews the white wheat,
the poor creature of earth.
Withold footed thrice the world[2];
t the night-mare, and her nine fold;
id her alight,
nd her troth plight,
Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee[3]*!*
ow fares your grace?
Enter Gloster, with a torch.
hat's he?
ho's there? What is't you seek?
at are you there? Your names?
or Tom; that eats the swimming frog,
e tadpole, the wall-newt, and the wa-
that in the fury of his heart, when the
ages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swal-
ld rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the
le of the standing pool; who is whipt
g to tything[4], and stock'd, punish'd,
n'd; who hath had three suits to his
hirts to his body, horse to ride, and
wear,—
, and rats, and such small deer[5],
n Tom's food for seven long year.
follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace,
ou fiend!
at, hath your grace no better company?
e prince of darkness is a gentleman;
call'd, and Mahu. [vile,
flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so
h hate what gets it.
er Tom 's a-cold.
in with me; my duty cannot suffer
all your daughters' hard commands:
eir injunctions be to bar my doors,
tyrannous night take hold upon you;
ventur'd to come seek you out,
you where both fire and food is ready.
st let me talk with this philosopher:—
cause of thunder?
y good lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.
Lear. I'll take a word with this same learned
Theban:——
What is your study? [min.
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill ver-
Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.
Glo. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good
Kent!——
He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,
friend,
I am almost mad myself; I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he sought my life
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee, [this!
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's
I do beseech your grace,—
Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir:——
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold. [warm.
Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take
the fellow.
Glo. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glo. No words, no words; hush.
Edg. Child[6] *Rowland to the dark tower came,*
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke

es of the eye. [2] *Wold* signifies a down, or ground hilly and void of wood. [3] These
e no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the Epialtes; and the last line is the
cration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i. e. de-
ith.—Bedlams, gipsies, and such-like vagabonds, used to sell these kind of spells or charms
le. They were of various kinds for various disorders. [4] A *tything* is a division of a
strict; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times, every hundred
l into *tythings*. [5] *Deer* in old language is a general word for wild animals. [6] In
es of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the season of
tion, were called *Infans, Varlets, Damoysels, Bacheliers;* the most noble of the youth par-
nfans. Here a story is told, in some old ballad, of the famous hero and giant-killer Ro-
e he was knighted, who is, therefore, called *Infans;* which the ballad-maker translated,
ld.

of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting [1] the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm House.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to a son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hizzing in upon them:——

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:——
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—
[*To Edgar.*
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]—Now you she-foxes!——

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
" Come o'er the bourn [2], Bessy, to me:——

Fool. " Her boat hath a leak,
" And she must not speak
" Why she dares not come over to thee."

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings [3]. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you n
amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushi

Lear. I'll see their trial first:——Bring
evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place
[*To E*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the*
Bench by his side:—You are of the commi
Sit you too. [*To*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

" Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepl
" Thy sheep be in the corn;
" And for one blast of thy minikin [4] m
" Thy sheep shall take no harm."

Purre! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril.
take my oath before this honourable asse
she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your
Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it. [

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt
proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they
at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at th
Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black [5] or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brache [6], or lym [7];
Or bobtail tike [8], or trundle-tail;
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessy, come, march to wak
fairs,
And market towns:—Poor Tom, thy l

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, se
breeds about her heart: Is there any cause
ture, that makes these hard hearts?—You, si
certain you for one of my hundred; only, I
like the fashion of your garment: you wi
they are Persian attire; but let them be ch
[*To*

[1] i. e. *supporting, helping.* [2] *A bourn* in the North signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as Milburn, Sherburn, &c. [3] *White herrings* are *herrings.* [4] *Minikin* was anciently a term of endearment. [5] This is a proverbial expr [6] To have *the roof of the mouth black* is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. [7] *A* is a dog that hunts by scent wild beasts, birds, and even fishes; and the female of it is called a *l* [8] A *kimmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he wa *till he was let slip.* [9] *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog.

Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest a while. [curtains:
Make no noise, make no noise; draw the
o: We'll go to supper i'the morning:
So, so, so.
And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master? [are gone.
Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits
Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy
erheard a plot of death upon him: [arms;
a litter ready; lay him in 't, [meet
e toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt
lcome and protection. Take up thy master;
ıould'st dally half an hour, his life,
ıe, and all that offer to defend him,
assured loss: Take up, take up;
ow me, that will to some provision
e quick conduct.
Oppressed nature sleeps:— [senses,
might yet have balm'd thy broken
convenience will not allow, [ter;
ıard cure.—Come, help to bear thy mas-
ist not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*
ome, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*

Manet Edgar.

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
ely think our miseries our foes.
ıe suffe s, suffers most i' the mind;
free things[1], and happy shows behind:
the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
ief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
ıt and portable my pain seems now,
at, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
ed, as I father'd!——Tom, away:
high noises; and thyself bewray,
se opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
st proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
I hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
rk.—— [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Gloster's Castle.

rnwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Post speedily to my lord your husband;
ı this letter:—the army of France is
Seek out the traitor Gloster.

[*Exeunt servants.*

Hang him instantly.
Pluck out his eyes.
Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,
ı our sister company; the revenges we
d to take upon your traiterous father, are
ır your beholding. Advise the duke, when you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists[2] after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Goneril, and Edmund.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell.——Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:—
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath[3], which men
May blame, but not controul. Who 's there? The traitor?

Enter Gloster, brought in by servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky[4] arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find—— [*Regan plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours[5]
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France? [truth.

Reg. Be simple-answer'd[6], for we know the

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom? [king?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

---

[1] States clear from distress. [2] A *questrist* is one who goes in search or *quest* of another. [3] *courtesy* is to gratify, to comply with.—*To pass*, is to pass a judicial sentence. [4] i. e. dry, husky arms. [5] *Favours* here means the same as *features*, i. e. the different parts of face is composed. [6] *Simple* means *plain*.

Wast thou not charg'd at peril——
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that. [the course[1].
Glo. I'm ty'd to the stake, and I must stand
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head [up,
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd[2]:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:——
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
[*Gloster is held down, while Cornwall treads out one of his eyes.*
Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help:——O cruel! O ye gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance,—
Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?
Corn. My villain[3]! [*Draws, and runs at him.*
Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger. [*Fight; Cornwall is wounded.*
Reg. [*To another servant.*] Give me thy sword.—
A peasant stand up thus!
[*Comes behind, and kills him.*
Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, yet you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads the other out.*
Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrible act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan;—Servants lead Gloster out.*
1*st Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.
2*d Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters. [Bedlam
1*st Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
2*d Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs, [him!
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An open Country.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?
Enter Gloster, led by an old man.
My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age[4].

[1] i. e. the running of the dogs upon me. [2] i. e. yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion. [3] *Villain* is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. [4] The sense of this obscure passage is, O world! so much are human minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not for those successive miseries, each worse than the other, which overload the scenes of life, we should never be willing to submit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to choose it as a proper asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity, which leaves the mind at ease, the body would generally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up long against the decays of time. These are the two reasons, it is supposed, why he said, "Life would not yield to age." And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the mind's judgement, and the perturbations of the mind disorder the body's frame, is known to all.

Old

1. O my good lord, I have been your te-
our father's tenant, these fourscore years.
ay, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
orts can do me no good at all,
may hurt.
2. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
ve no way, and therefore want no eyes;
l when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
' secures us; and our meer defects
commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
of thy abused father's wrath!
ut live to see thee in my touch,
had eyes again!
n. How now? Who's there?
[side.] O Gods! Who is't can say, *I am*
t the worst?
e than e'er I was.
n. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
[side.] And worse I may be yet: The
vorst is not,
we can say, *This is the worst.*
n. Fellow, where goest?
it a beggar-man?
n. Madman and beggar too.
has some reason, else he could not beg.
night's storm I such a fellow saw;
ide me think a man a worm: My son
n into my mind; and yet my mind
e then friends with him: I have heard
more since:
wanton boys, are we to the gods;
us for their sport.
ow should this be?—
trade, that must play the fool to sorrow,
self and others. [*Aside.*]——Bless thee,
master!
hat the naked fellow?
n. Ay, my lord. [sake,
en, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my
o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
to Dover, do it for ancient love;
some covering for this naked soul,
ll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.
Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone. [have,
Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*
Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub[2] it further. [*Aside.*
Glo. Come hither, fellow.
Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.
——Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.—Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once;—of lust, as *Obidicut; Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness: *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women[3]. So, bless thee, master!
Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous[4] and lust-dicted man,
That slaves your ordinance[1], that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?
Edg. Ay, master.
Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

oderate, mediocre condition. [2] i. e. disguise. [3] Shakspeare has made Edgar, in
d distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English jesuits, at that time
subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and
style and composition by Dr. S. Harsenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the
acil, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Ma-
jects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers
iests his wicked Associates*: printed 1603.—The imposture was in substance this: While the
were preparing their armado against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to pro-
y making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs; by
fice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene
e was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood,
of Anthony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant
Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chamber-maids* in that
me into the priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and se-
the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the con-
the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished.—The five devils here
l, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids
g-women*; and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harsenet has one chap-
strange names of their devils; lest, says he, *meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake
e names of tapsters or jugglers.* [4] *Superfluous* is here used for one living in abundance.
n ordinance, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril, and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband[1] [master?
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your
Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse:* of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to
What like, offensive. [him;

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To Edmund.*
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes on the
way, [ther;
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my bro-
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers;
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to
If you dare venture in your own behalf, [hear,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster! [*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle[2].

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain[3] in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use[4].

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you mad-
Could my good brother suffer you to do it? [ded.
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come, humanity must perforce prey on
Itself, like monsters of the deep[5].

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman[6].

Gon. O vain fool! [shame,

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing[7], for
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!
Enter Messenger.

Alb. What news? [dead;

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes? [morse,

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my lord.——
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*

[1] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. [2] This expression is a proverbial one. [3] *Certain*, for within the bounds that nature prescribes. [4] Alluding to the *use* that witches and enchanters are said to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms: A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief; and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. [5] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. [6] i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who unnaturally assumes them. [7] By *self-cover'd*, our author probably means, Thou that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness; thou that hast hid the woman under the fiend.

Alb.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?
Mes. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.
Mes. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedness?
Mes. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him; [ment
And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
Might have the freer course.
Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The French Camp, near Dover.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back,
Know you the reason?
Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd and necessary.
Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?
Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonstration of grief? [my presence;
Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
Kent. O, then it mov'd her.
Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day[1]. Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes: which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.
Kent. Made she no verbal question?
Gent. Yes; once, or twice, she heav'd the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cry'd, 'Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
'Kent! father! sisters! What! i' the storm? i' the night?
'Let pity not be believed[2]!'—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes, [started
And clamour moisten'd[3] her: then away she
To deal with grief alone.
Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate[4] could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her [since?
Gent. No.
Kent. Was this before the king return'd?
Gent. No, since. [town:
Kent. Well, sir; the poor distressed Lear is i' the
Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
Gent. Why, good sir? [own unkindness,
Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him; his
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame[5]
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot. [Lear,
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Tent in the Camp at Dover.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlocks, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.——What can man's wisdom do,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it[6].

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,

[1] A *better day* is the *best* day, and the *best day* is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth.—Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine. [2] i. e. Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist! [3] i. e. her outcries were accompanied with tears. [4] The same husband and the same wife. [5] The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of nature; the *venom* of poisonous animals being a high caustic salt, that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part. [6] i. e. the reason which should guide it.

It

It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important[1] tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition[2] doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Regan's Palace.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier. [at home?
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lady
Stew. No, madam. [him?
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
Stew. I know not, lady. [ter.
Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious mat-
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life[3]; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my
letter. [us;
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might
not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather—— [band;
Reg. I know your lady does not love her hus-
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads[4], and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.
Stew. I, madam? [it:
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note[5]:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more[6].
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I
would shew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter Gloster, and Edgar as a peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that
same hill? [labour.
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly. [fect
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imper-
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.
Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am
I chang'd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir: here's the place:—stand
still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! [air,
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire[7]; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon[8] tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock[9]; her cock, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple[10] down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand. [a foot
Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright[10].
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?—
'Tis done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

[1] *Important* for *importunate*. [2] i. e. no inflated, no swelling pride. [3] i. e. his life made dark as night by the extinction of his eyes. [4] *Œillade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye. [5] *Note* means in this place not a *letter*, but a *remark*. [6] i. e. You may infer more than I have directly told you. [7] "*Samphire* grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." Smith's *History of Waterford*. [8] i. e. her cock-boat. [9] To *topple* is to *tumble*. [10] *Upright* has the same sense as the Latin *supinus*.

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you, sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass[2], indeed:——Yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die. [feathers, air,
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but Gossomer[3],
So many fathom down precipitating, [breathe;
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts[4] at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen;
Thy life's a miracle; Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no? [bourn[5]:
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm; [stand.
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest[6] gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and *die.* That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man, often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.——But who comes here?
Enter Lear, fantastically drest up with flowers.
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.
Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper[7]: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!——Give the word[8],
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glo. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof. [ber:
Glo. The trick[9] of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?
Lear. Ay, every inch a king;
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was the cause?—*Adultery.*——
Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No;
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury[10], pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.——
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks[11] presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head

[1] i. e. when life is willing to be destroyed. [2] Thus he might *die* in reality.—We still use the word *passing*-bell. [3] *Gossomore*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather.—Skinner says, it signifies the down of the sow-thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind. [4] In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten masts at* least. [5] Dr. Johnson says, "*Bourn* seems here to signify a *hill*. Its common signification is a *brook*.—Milton, in *Comus*, uses *bosky bourn*, in the same sense perhaps with Shakspeare: But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*. [6] i. e. the purest, the most free from evil. [7] In several counties, to this day, they call a stuffed figure representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrows, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*. [8] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and, before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. [9] *Trick* (says Sir Thomas Hanmer) is a word frequently used for the *air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others.* We still say, "—he has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, of speaking loud," &c. [10] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence*. [11] That is, according to Dr. Warburton, her hand held before her face in sign of modesty, with the fingers spread out, forky.—Dr. Johnson believes, that the *forks* were two prominences of the ruff rising on each side of the face.

To

To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew[1], nor the soyled horse[2], goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's dark-
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,
stench, consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah! pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination! there's money for
Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!
Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.
Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.
Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.
Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.
Lear. Read.
Glo. What, with the case[3] of eyes?
Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.
Glo. I see it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
Glo. Ay, sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.——
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em!
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.——Now, now,
Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.
Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt;
Reason in madness!
Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.
Glo. Alack, alack the day!
Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools;——This a good block[4]?—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter——
Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.——Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.
Gent. You shall have any thing.
Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt[5],
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.—
Gent. Good sir,——
Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom; what?
I will be jovial; come, come, I am a king,
My masters, know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, come, an you get it,
You shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit.*

[1] A polecat. [2] *Soyled horse* is a term used for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood. [3] The *case of eyes* is the *socket* of either eye. [4] This is an old phrase, signifying to qualify, or uphold them. [5] Dr. Johnson proposes to read, *a good flock*.—"*Flocks* (he adds) are wool moulded together. It is very common for madmen to catch an accidental hint, and strain it to the purpose predominant in their minds. Lear picks up a *flock*, and immediately thinks to surprize his enemies by a troop of horse shod with *flocks* or *felt*. Yet *block* may stand, if we suppose that the sight of a block put him in mind of mounting his horse."——Mr. Steevens thinks Dr. Johnson's explanation is very ingenious; but believes there is no occasion to adopt it, as the speech itself, or at least the action that should accompany it, will furnish all the connection which he has sought for from an extraneous circumstance. Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom Mr. Steevens has seen so represented in ancient prints), till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head-part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself. [6] Mr. Malone believes *a man of salt* is *a man made up of tears*.

Gent.

A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
aking of in a king!——Thou hast one
daughter,
leems nature from the general curse
wain have brought her to,
Hail, gentle sir.
Sir, speed you: What's your will?
Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears
an distinguish sound. [that,
But, by your favour,
ar's the other army?
Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry,
n the hourly thought[1].
thank you, sir: that's all. [here,
Though that the queen on special cause is
y is mov'd on.
thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*
You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;
my worser spirit tempt me again
efore you please!
Well pray you, father.
low, good sir, what are you? [blows;
A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
the art of known and feeling sorrows[2],
nant to good pity. Give me your hand,
you to some biding.
learty thanks:
nty and the benizon of heaven
and boot!

Enter Steward.

A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
less head of thine was first fram'd flesh
ny fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
yself remember[3]:—The sword is out
st destroy thee.
low let thy friendly hand
gth enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*
Wherefore, bold peasant,
ou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
the infection of his fortune take
l on thee. Let go his arm.
hill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.
Good gentleman, go your gait[4], and let
pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out
e, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis
tnight. Nay, come not near the old
ep out, che vor' ye[5], or ise try whether
ard[6] or my bat[7] be the harder: Ch'ill
with you.
Out, dunghill!
Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no
r your foyns[8]. [*Edgar knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take
my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body:
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party:——O, untimely death,
death!—— [*Dies.*
Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.
Glo. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.— [of,
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:——
Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their
Their papers are more lawful. [hearts;

Reads the letter.

"Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd.
"You have many opportunities to cut him off:
"if your will want not, time and place will be
"fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he
"return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner,
"and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth
"whereof deliver me, and supply the place for
"your labour.
"Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate
"servant, "GONERIL."
O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!——
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up[9], the most unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd[10] duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.
[*Exit Edgar, removing the body.*
Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile
sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling[11]
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and
work,

[1] *main* body is *expected* to be *descry'd* every hour. [2] i. e. sorrows past and present. [3] i.e. recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. [4] *Gang your gate* common expression in the North. [5] i. e. *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. [6] i. e. club. [7] *To foyn* is to make what we call a *thrust* in fencing. [8] i. e. I'll in Staffordshire, to *rake* the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. [9] The duke of whose death is machinated by *practice* or treason. [10] *Ingenious feeling* signifies a feeling understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes of pain the more exquisite.

To

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me[1].
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.
Cor. Be better suited[2]:
These weeds are memories[3] of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent[4]:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.——
How does the king? [*To the Physician.*
Phys. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed[5] father!
Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Lear is brought in in a chair.
Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him. [him;
Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. Very well. [sic there!
Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the mu-
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration[6], hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princess! [flakes
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm[7]? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.
Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty? [grave:——
Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me? [die?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you
Cor. Still, still, far wide!
Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
I am mightily abus'd[8].—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:——
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward;
Not an hour more, nor less; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am! [weep not:
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me. [rage,
Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost[9].
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.*
Gent. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloster.
Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

[1] i. e. All good which I shall a'lot thee, or *measure out* to thee, will be scanty. [2] i. e. Be better drest, put on a better suit of clothes. [3] i. e. memorials, remembrancers. [4] An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we say in common language, to *make a design*, and to *make a resolution*. [5] i. e. changed to a child by his years and wrongs. [6] *Restoration* is *recovery* personified. [7] The allusion, Dr. Warburton says, is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called, in French, *enfans perdus*; she therefore calls her father, *poor perdu*. [8] I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. [9] i. e. to reconcile it to his apprehension.

Kent.

Report is changeable. [dom
time look about; the powers o' the king-
ch apace.
The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Kent. My point and period wi l be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

amp of the British Forces, near Dover.
ith drums and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

NOW of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
her since he is advis'd by aught
ge the course: He's full of alteration,
reproving:—bring his constant pleasure[1].
Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.
'Tis to be doubted, madam.
Now, sweet lord,
w the goodness I intend upon you:
—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
not love my sister?
In honour'd love. [way
But have you never found my brother's
ore-fended [2] place?
That thought abuses you. [junct
am doubtful that you have been con-
om'd with her, as far as we call hers.
No, by mine honour, madam.
never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
miliar with her.
Fear me not:—
the duke her husband,——
ter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.
had rather lose the battle, than that sister
oosen him and me. [*Aside.*
ur very loving sister, well be met.——
I hear, The king is come to his daugh-
ers, whom the rigour of our state [ter,
cry out. Where I could not be honest,
et was valiant: for this business,
th us as France invades our land,
s the king [4]; with others, whom, I fear,
and heavy causes make oppose.
Sir, you speak nobly.
Why is this reason'd?
combine together 'gainst the enemy:
domestic and particular broils
o question here.
Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?
Gon. No. [us.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with
Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle: I will go.
As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.
Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you.——Speak.
[*Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.*
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay 'till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.
Re-enter Edmund.
Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side [5],
Her husband being alive. Now then, we 'll use

ettled resolution. [2] *fore-fended* means *prohibited, forbidden.* [3] The meaning of this
The king and others whom we have opposed, are come to Cordelia. I could never be
it in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As
vades our land, I am concerned to repel him; but as he *holds*, entertains, and supports the
others whom I fear many *just and heavy causes make*, or compel, as it were, *to oppose* us, I
unjust to engage against them. [4] *This business* (says Albany) *touches us, as France in-
land, not as it bolds the king, &c.* i. e. *emboldens* him to assert his former title. [5] i. e. bring
se to a successful issue, to completion.—*Side* seems here to have the sense of the French
ie, in *prendre partie, to take his resolution.*

His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate [1]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers over the stage; and exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit Edgar.*

[*Alarum, and retreat within.*

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness [2] is all: Come on.

Glo. And that 's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain. [guard;

Edm. Some officers take them away: good
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who 's in, who 's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects [3] of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes [4]. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers [5] shall devour them, flesh, and fell [6],
Ere they shall make us weep: we 'll see them starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear, and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded [ment
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employ-
Will not bear question [7]; either say, thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Capt.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our imprest [8] lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:——
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.

[1] Dr. Johnson thinks that *for* does not stand in this place as a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as* for my state, *it requires now, not* deliberation, *but* defence *and support.* [2] i. e. To be *ready, prepared,* is all. [3] *Packs* is used for *combinations* or *collections*: as is a *pack of cards.* For *sects, sets* might be more commodiously read. Thus we say, *affairs are now managed by a new* set. [4] It is usual to *smoke foxes* out of their holes. [5] i. e. *Morbus Gallicus.—Gouge,* Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp: and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries,* i. e. the disease of the *gouges.* [6] Flesh and skin. [7] The meaning is, that the important business he now had in hand, did not admit of *debate*; he must instantly resolve to do it, or not. [8] i. e. turn the *launce-men* which are *press'd* into our service, against us.

Methinks,

,ourpleasuremighthavebeendemanded,
ıad spoke so far. He led our powers;
:ommission[1] of my place and person;
:h immediacy[2] may well stand up,
itself your brother.
Not so hot:
n grace[3] he doth exalt himself,
n in your advancement.
n my rights,
vested, he compeers the best.
hat were the most, if he should husband
esters do oft prove prophets. [you.
Holla, holla!
, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.
ady, I am not well; else I should answer
ull-flowing stomach.—General,
u my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
of them, of me; the walls are thine[4]:
he world, that I create thee here
and master.
Mean you to enjoy him?
he let alone lies not in your good will[5].
Nor in thine, lord.
Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [thee
ay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest
al treason; and, in thy arrest,
[*Pointing to Goneril.*
ed serpent:—for your claim, fair sister,
n the interest of my wife;
s sub-contracted to this lord,
er husband, contradict your banns.
ill marry, make your love to me,
is bespoke.
An interlude!
Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trum-
pet sound:——
ppear to prove upon thy person
ious, manifest, and many treasons,
my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,
ste bread, thou art in nothing less
ave here proclaim'd thee.
Sick, O, sick!
If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*
There 's my exchange: what in the world
he is
mes me traitor, villain-like he lies:
hy trumpet: he that dares approach,
on you, (who not?) I will maintain
h and honour firmly.
A herald, ho!
A herald, ho, a herald!

Enter a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. This sickness grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*
Come hither, herald;—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
Capt. Sound trumpet. [*A trumpet sounds.*
Herald reads.
"If any man of quality, or degree, within the
"lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund,
"supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold
"traitor, let him appear by the third sound of
"the trumpet: He is bold in his defence."
Edm. Sound. [1 *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2 *trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3 *trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers, within.*
Enter Edgar, armed.
Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adversary? [of Gloster?
Edg. What 's he, that speaks for Edmund earl
Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege[6] of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession:—I protest,——
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay

[1] *mission*, for authority. [2] *Immediacy* implies *supremacy*, in opposition to *subordination*. here means *accomplishments*, or *honours*. [4] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and g, *to surrender at discretion*. [5] Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice. arge he is here going to bring against the Bastard, he calls *the privilege*, &c[illegible] understand hraseology, we must consider that the old rites of knighthood are here alluded to; whose oath fession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge d, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no knight, accused who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it essary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight. [7] *'Say*, for *essay*, ew or probability.

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets speak.
[*Alarum. Fight. Edmund falls.*
Alb. Save him, save him!
Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster: [swer
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to an-
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*
Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for 't?
Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit Gon.*
Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let us exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself? [ther?
How have you known the miseries of your fa-
Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;— [burst!—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in:
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. — This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but, another';—
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity:——
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.
Alb. But who was this? [guise
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in dis-
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.
Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.
Gent. Help! help! Oh! help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means this bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks;
It came even from the heart of——O! she's dead!
Alb. Who, man? speak.
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.
Enter Kent.
Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!
[*Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.*
This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.——
Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.
Alb. O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!——
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?——
See'st thou this object, Kent?
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

[1] The sense may probably be this: *This would have seemed a period to such as love not sorrow; but,—another,* i. e. but I must add *another,* i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told.

Alb.

en so,—Cover their faces.
ant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
mine own nature. Quickly send,—
it,—to the castle; for my writ
fe of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
in time.
in, run, O, run—— [send
whom, my lord?—Who has the office?
of reprieve.
'ell thought on; take my sword,
captain.
iste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*
e hath commission from thy wife and
ordelia in the prison, and [me
blame upon her own despair,
ordid[1] herself.
ie gods defend her! Bear him hence
while. [*Edmund is borne off.*
ear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.
lowl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are
nen of stones;
ir tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
'en's vault should crack:—O, she is
one for ever!——
ien one is dead, and when one lives;
d as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
breath will mist or stain the stone,
i she lives.
this the promis'd end?
r image of that horror?
ll, and cease[2]!
his feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
nce that does redeem all sorrows
I have felt.
my good master! [*Kneeling.*
r'ythee, away.
'is noble Kent, your friend.
plague upon you, murderers, traitors
ht have sav'd her; now she's gone for
ordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
d low; an excellent thing in woman:—
e slave that was a hanging thee.
'is true, my lords, he did.
)id I not, fellow? [chion
en the day, with my good biting faul-
ave made them skip: I am old now,
same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
are none o' the best:—I'll tell you
traight.
fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
em we behold.
'his is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?
'he same; your servant Kent:
your servant Caius?

Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He 'll strike, and quickly too:——He 's dead
and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—
Lear. I 'll see that straight. [decay[3],
Kent. That, from your first of difference and
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither. [and deadly.
Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd[4] them-
And desperately are dead. [selves,
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That 's but a trifle here.——
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay[5] may come,
Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your
rights; [*To Edgar.*
With boot[6], and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see! [life.
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd[7]! No, no, no
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, [more,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
Never, never, never, never, never!——
Pray you, undo this button[8]: Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there!—— [*He dies.*
Edg. He faints;—My lord, my lord,—
Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!
Edg. Look up, my lord. [hates him,
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
That would upon the rack of this tough[9] world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life. [siness
Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present bu-
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To Kent and Edgar.*
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.
Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

[1] *do* signifies to *destroy.* [2] Mr. Steevens affixes the following meaning to this exclamation of 'He is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover hi[illegible]l, and knows iseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having th[illegible]ages present and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than co[illegible]e in existence cretched.*" [3] *Decay* for *misfortunes.* [4] That is, have anticipated their own doom. [5] i. e. *e of decay'd royalty,* this *ruin'd majesty.* [6] With advantage, with increase. [7] Mr. Steevens that this is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his fool, as some have on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life there. [8] The Rev. rton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* essive circumstance. [9] i. e. this *obdurate, rigid* world.

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets speak.
[*Alarum. Fight. Edmund falls.*
Alb. Save him, save him!
Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster: [swer
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to an-
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*
Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for 't?
Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit Gon.*
Alb. Go after her; she 's desperate; govern her.
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let us exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself? [ther?
How have you known the miseries of your fa-
Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;— [burst!—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in:
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. — This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but, another;—
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity:——
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.
Alb. But who was this? [guise
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in dis-
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.
Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.
Gent. Help! help! Oh! help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means this bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks;
It came even from the heart of——O! she 's dead!
Alb. Who, man? speak.
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.
Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.
Enter Kent.
Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!
[*Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.*
This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.——
Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.
Alb. O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!——
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where 's Cordelia?——
See'st thou this object, Kent?
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

[redacted]

† The sense may probably be this: *This would have seemed a period [redacted] but love not sorrow; but,—another,* i. e. but I must add *another,* i. e. another period, [redacted] story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told, [redacted]

ven so.—Cover their faces.
pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
f mine own nature. Quickly send,—
n it,—to the castle; for my writ
life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
d in time.
un, run, O, run—— [send
o whom, my lord?—Who has the office?
n of reprieve.
Well thought on; take my sword,
e captain.
laste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*
He hath commission from thy wife and
Cordelia in the prison, and [me
e blame upon her own despair,
fordid[1] herself.
he gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*
Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.
Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are
men of stones;
ur tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
ven's vault should crack:—O, she is
gone for ever!——
hen one is dead, and when one lives;
ld as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
r breath will mist or stain the stone,
n she lives.
s this the promis'd end?
Or image of that horror?
all, and cease[2]!
This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
nce that does redeem all sorrows
r I have felt.
O my good master! [*Kneeling.*
Pr'ythee, away.
'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
A plague upon you, murderers, traitors
ght have sav'd her; now she's gone for
ordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
ld low; an excellent thing in woman:—
e slave that was a hanging thee.
'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Did I not, fellow? [chion
en the day, with my good biting faul-
have made them skip: I am old now,
same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
's are none o' the best:—I'll tell you
straight.
f fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
em we behold.
This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?
The same; your servant Kent:
your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good [illegible]
He'll strike, and [illegible]
[illegible]
Kent. No, my good [illegible]
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of difference and
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are [illegible]
Kent. Nor no man else: all's cheerless, dark,
Your eldest daughter have [illegible]
And desperately are [illegible]
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says: and vain is it
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.——
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;
With boot[3], and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
Never, never, never, never, never!——
Pray you, undo this button[4]: Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? *Look on her, look on her lips,*
Look there, look there!—— *He dies.*
Edg. He faints;—My lord, my lord.—
Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break.
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass, he
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. *Friends of my soul, you twain*
[To Kent and Edgar.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.
Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[Exeunt, with a dead march.

rdo signifies to *destroy*. [2] Mr. Steevens affixes the following meaning to this exclamation of "He is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover [illegible] miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having [illegible] s and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in a state of misery wretched.*" [3] *Decay* for *misfortunes*. [4] That is, *have anticipated* their own [illegible] *ce of decay'd royalty*, this *ruin'd majesty*. [5] With advantage, with increase. Mr. [illegible] that this is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (*just* his [illegible] on whose lips he is still intent, and [illegible] while he is searching for life there. [illegible] arton judici[illegible]ves, that [illegible] and heaving of the heart is describ[illegible] ressive ci[illegible] [illegible] i. e. [illegible] old world.

ROMEO AND JULIET[1].

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

US, *Prince of Verona.*
Kinsman to the Prince.
AGUE, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance*
ET, } *with each other.*
, *Son to Montague.*
JTIO, } *Friends of Romeo.*
LIO, }
T, *Kinsman to Capulet.*
Man, his Cousin.
AWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*
OHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*
SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*
Three Musicians.
PETER.

Lady MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*
Lady CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*
JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet; in love with Romeo.*
Nurse to Juliet.

CHORUS,—Page, Boy to Paris, an Officer, an Apothecary.
of Verona, several Men and Women, Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

ENE, in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, at Verona

PROLOGUE.

ouseholds, both alike in dignity,
fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
cient grudge break to new mutiny,
e civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
rth the fatal loins of these two foes
r of star-crost lovers take their life;
tisadventur'd piteous overthrows
ith their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A STREET.

Sampson and Gregory, two servants of Capulet.

REGORY, o' my word, we 'll not carry coals[2].
No, for then we should be colliers.
I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
Ay, while you live, draw your neck out ollar.
I strike quickly, being mov'd.
But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Greg. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.
Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
Greg. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust [illegible] wall:—— therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of* and was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakespeare. [2] Dr. Warburton , that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries.*

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John.—Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter Abram, and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Greg. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing[1] blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four Citizens, with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet, in his gown; and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword[2], ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague, and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,——Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stain'd steel,—
Will they not hear?—What ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd[3] weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, Capulet, &c.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where—underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from the city's side—
So early walking did I see your son:

[1] To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. [2] The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. [3] *Mis-temper'd* weapons are weapons used in anger.

Towards

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,—
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must his humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours? [them short.
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out——
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoak, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness[1], who she is you love?
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
O word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bid the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store[2].
Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste? [waste;
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks[3], that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.

[1] That is, tell me in *seriousness*. [2] Mr. Theobald reads, "*With* her dies beauty's *store*."
[3] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play.

Shew

Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth[1]:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store, [more.
One more, most welcome, makes my number
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merits most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me:—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:——In good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, [illegible]! one fire burns out another's burning.
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad? [is;
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow. [read?
Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.
[*He reads the list.*]
"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
"County Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; The
"lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and
"his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother
"Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and
"daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia;
"Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio,
"and the lively Helena."
A fair assembly; Whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither to supper?
Serv. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's. [fore.
Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that be-
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine[2]. Rest you merry.
Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with untainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye: [by,
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love[3] against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

[1] This is a Gallicism: *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an *heiress.* [2] A cant expression which seems to have been once common among low people. We still say—to *crack* a *bottle.* [3] *Your lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

D. Nurse, where 's my daughter? call her
forth to me.
. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve
year old,—
r come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
id!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

ow now, who calls?
. Your mother.
[adam, I am here; what is your will?
p. This is the matter: Nurse, give leave
awhile,
talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
nember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
ow'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.
. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
p. She's not fourteen.
. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,— [four,
to my teen ' be it spoken, I have but
t fourteen: How long is't now to Lam-
mas-tide?
p. A fortnight, and odd days.
. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
ammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
d she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
too good for me: But, as I said,
mas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
ll she, marry; I remember it well.
e the earthquake now eleven years;
was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
e days of the year, upon that day:
d then laid wormwood to my dug,
the sun under the dove-house wall,
and you were then at Mantua:—
lo bear a brain:—but, as I said,
did taste the worm-wood on the nipple
ug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
teachy, and fall out with the dug. [trow,
quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
e trudge.
e that time it is eleven years:
she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
d have run and waddled all about.
i the day before, she broke her brow:
i my husband—God be with his soul!
merry man;—took up the child;
quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
vilt fall backw: , when thou hast more
' wit;
ou not, Jule?' and, by my holy-dam,
ty wretch left crying, and said—'Ay:'
ow, how a jest shall come about!
, an I should live a thousand years,
hould forget it; 'Wilt thou not, Jule?'
quoth he:
ty fool, it stinted [2], and said—'Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace. [laugh,

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but
To think it should leave crying, and say—'Ay;'
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
'Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
'Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said—'Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I 'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now;—younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin [3] of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men. [love?

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

[2] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. [3] The comments on books were always printed in the margin.

La. Cap.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity[1]:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper[2];
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our enterance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch[3],——I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light. [dance.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing-shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love:
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in;
[*Putting on a mask.*
A visor for a visor!——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote[4] deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me; let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels[5];
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on[6],
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun 's the mouse[7], the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire[8],
Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light[9], ho.

Rom. Nay, that 's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgement sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed asleep; while they do dream things true. [you.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies[10]
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grashoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love: [straight:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

[1] It was a custom observed by those who came uninvited to a masquerade, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation, to preface their entry on these occasions by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions we believe Romeo is made to allude. [2] See note ', p. 957. [3] A *torch-bearer* seems to have been a constant attendant on every troop of masks. [4] To *quote* is to *observe*. [5] We have already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. The stage was also anciently strewn with *rushes*. [6] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being an *idle spectator*. [7] *Dun 's the mouse*, is a proverbial expression, the precise meaning of which cannot be determined. [8] *Draw dun out of the mire*, seems to have been a game. [9] To *burn day-light* is a proverbial expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day-time. [10] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*.

Of

ıches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
ıths five fathom deep; and then anon
in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
eing thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
:eps again. This is that very Mab,
lats the manes of horses in the night;
kes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs[1],
, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
resses them, and learns them first to bear,
ş them women of good carriage.
she——
. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
alk'st of nothing.
. True, I talk of dreams;
are the children of an idle brain,
of nothing but vain phantasy;
is as thin of substance as the air;
ore inconstant than the wind, who wooes
ıow the frozen bosom of the north,
eing anger'd, puffs away from thence,
g his face to the dew-dropping south.
This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-
selves;
is done, and we shall come too late.
. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
:onsequence, yet hanging in the stars,
itterly begin his fearful date
his night's revels; and expire the term
espised life, clos'd in my breast,
ıe vile forfeit of untimely death:
:, that hath the steerage of my course,
my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.
Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants.

v. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
way? he shift a trencher[2]! he scrape a
r!
v. When good manners shall lie all in one
men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis
hing.
v. Away with the joint-stools, remove
ırt-cupboard[3], look to the plate:——good
ave me a piece of march-pane[4]; and, as
v'st me, let the porter let in Susan Grind-
and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!
v. Ay, boy: ready.
v. You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd
d sought for, in the great chamber.
v. We cannot be here and there too.——
y, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer
ke all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their feet
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all [she,
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, [gone:
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis
You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall[5]! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Musick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?
2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years. [much:
1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.
2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.
1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago. [hand
Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the
Of yonder knight?
Serv. I know not, sir. [bright!
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.
Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spight,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
1 *Cap.* Young Romeo, is't?

[1] *Mab* was a common superstition, and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the *Plica Polonica*. [2] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. They are still retained common much longer in many public societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn. [3] Meaning, perhaps, what we call at present the *side-board*. [4] *March-pane* was a confection made of pistachio-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time. It was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors. [5] This exclamation is frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*.

Tyb.

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.
1 Cap. He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?——
This trick may chance to scathe you[1];—I know what.—
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time——
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox[2]; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.
Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To Juliet.*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear saints, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake. [I take.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards[3].—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name:——if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
[*Exit Chorus.*

[1] i. e. to do you an injury. [2] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person. [3] *Towards* is ready, at hand.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. CAN I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.— Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid[1].—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.——
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spight: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him. trees,
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those
To be consorted with the humourous[2] night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark. mark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady: O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!——
She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me it speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp: her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul. Ay me!
Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is the winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white up-turned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
[*Aside.*
Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague[3].
What 's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
What 's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I 'll be new-baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

[1] Alluding to an old ballad preserved in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry.* [2] Shakspeare means humid, the moist *dewy* night. [3] The sense is, Thou art thyself (i. e. a being of distinguished excellence), though thou art not what thou appearest to others, akin to thy family in malice.
Jul.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word. [words
Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me; and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here. [sight;
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogu'd [1], wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place? [quire;
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to en-
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.
Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heardst, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry;
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love——
Jul. Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine. [it:
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again:
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true,
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.
Re-enter Juliet, above.
Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee, [rite;
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee, [*Within:* Madam.] By-and-by, I come:——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul,——
Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—— [books;
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

[1] i. e. *delayed.*

Re-enter

-enter Juliet again, above.
Romeo, hist!—O, for a faulconer's
:e,
:assel-gentle' back again!
oarse, and may not speak aloud;
tear the cave where echo lies,
r airy tongue more hoarse than mine
on of my Romeo's name.
my soul, that calls upon my name:
veet sound lovers' tongues by night,
nusick to attending ears!
:o!
sweet?
iat o'clock to-morrow
to thee?
he hour of nine.
not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then.
why I did call thee back.
ne stand here 'till thou remember it.
forget, to have thee still stand there,
g how I love thy company.
'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
ıy other home but this. [gone;
lmost morning, I would have thee
ırther than a wanton's bird;
op a little from her hand,
ɔrisoner in his twisted gyves,
lk thread plucks it back again,
lous of his liberty.
uld, I were thy bird.
, so would I;
kill thee with much cherishing.
good night! parting is such sweet
ow,
ay—good night, 'till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*
p dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
breast!——
e sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
to my ghostly father's cell;
ave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

! *MONASTERY.*

'riar Lawrence, with a basket.

grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
night, [light;
:he eastern clouds with streaks of
' darkness like a drunkard reels
y's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
sun advance his burning eye,
ıeer, and night's dank dew to dry,
this osier cage of ours
weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
at 's nature's mother, is her tomb;
ıurying grave, that is her womb:
r womb children of divers kind
ɔn her natural bosom find;
ny virtues excellent,
some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace', that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime 's by action dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart. [part;
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will:
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstutt brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure, [reign:
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name 's woe.

Fri. That 's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I 'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I 'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Holy Saint Francis! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

l or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *gosshawk*; so called, because it is a ! less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. ² *Flecked* is spotted, ak'd, or variegated. ³ i. e. efficacious virtue.

How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence then—— [men.
Women may fall, when there 's no strength in
Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Benvolio, and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.
Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than prince of cats [1], I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house;—of the first and second cause [2]:—Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay [3]!——
Ben. The what?
Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accent!—*By—a very good blade!——a very tall man!——a very good whore!*——Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these Pardonnez-moy's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's* [4]!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.
Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gypsey; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.——Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop [5]. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.
Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you? [ceive?
Mer. The slip, sir, the slip [6]; Can you not con-
Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.
Mer. That 's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.
Rom. Meaning—to curt'sy.
Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
Rom. A most courteous exposition.
Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
Rom. Pink for flower.
Mer. Right.
Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd [7].
Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, 'till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.
Rom. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness!

[1] *Tybert*, the name given to the *Cat*, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. [2] That is, a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight. [3] The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist. [4] i.e. How ridiculous they make themselves in crying out *good*, and being in ecstacies with every trifle. [5] *Slops* are large loose *breeches* or *trowsers*, worn at present only by sailors. [6] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed, that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. [7] Dr. Johnson says, Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures.

Mer.

Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit faints.
Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or a match.
Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, ne; for thou hast more of the wild-goose f thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my 're: Was I with you there for the goose?
Thou wast never with me for any thing, ou wast not there for the goose.
I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.
Nay, good goose, bite not.
Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting[1]; it is a rp sauce.
And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?
O, here's a wit of cheverel[2], that stretches inch narrow to an ell broad!
I stretch it out for that word—broad, dded to the goose, proves thee far and road goose.
Why, is not this better now than groaning ? now thou art sociable, now art thou now art thou what thou art, by art as y nature: for this driveling love is like a tural, that runs lolling up and down to bauble in a hole[3].
Stop there, stop there.
Thou desirest me to stop in my tale he hair[4]. [large.
Thou would'st else have made thy tale
O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made for I was come to the whole depth of my I meant, indeed, to occupy the argument r.
Here 's goodly geer!
Enter Nurse, and Peter.
A sail, a sail, a sail!
Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.
. Peter!
Anon?
. My fan[5], Peter.
Do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fairer of the two.
. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.
God ye good den[6], fair gentlewoman.
. Is it good den?
'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy the dial is now upon the prick of noon.
. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.
Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?
Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.
Nurse. You say well.
Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.
Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.
Ben. She will indite him to some supper.
Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
Rom. What hast thou found?
Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar',
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.——

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner thither.
Rom. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady[8].
[*Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.*
Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant[9] was this, that was so full of his ropery[10]?
Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.
Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirtgills; I am none of his skains-mates[11]:——And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?
Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

tter sweeting is an apple of that name. [2] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves; from *chevreau*, r. [3] It has been already observed, in a note on *All's Well*, &c., that a *bauble* was one of the ments of a licensed fool or jester. [4] An expression equivalent to one which we now use— the grain." [5] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's fan* seems ridiculous according to manners; but such was formerly the practice. [6] i. e. God give you a good even. [7] *Hoar*, , is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. [8] The burthen of an old song. eevens observes, that the term *merchant*, which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the ort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinc*entleman*; signifying that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow.—The term e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak dom or disrespect. [10] i. e. roguery. [11] A *skein* or *skain* was either a knife or a *short dag*y *skains-mates* the nurse means, none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school , where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bade me enquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,——

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there. [wall:

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair[1],
Which to the high top-gallant[2] of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there 's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? [an R.

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return. [so.—
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that 's not
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead:
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the musick of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had! [news:

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. What haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied; Is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they! not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this I did know before; What says he of our marriage? what of that?

[1] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship.

[2] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

Nurse.

ord, how my head akes! what a head
re I!
would fall in twenty pieces.
the other side,—O, my back, my
ck!
ur heart, for sending me about,
death with jaunting up and down!
h, I am sorry that thou art not well:
t, sweet nurse, tell me what says my
e?
ur love says like an honest gentleman,
ous, and a kind, and a handsome, and
virtuous:—Where is your mother?
e is my mother?—why, she is within;
d she be? How oddly thou reply'st?
s like an honest gentleman,——
ur mother?
, God's lady dear!
not? Marry, come up, I trow;
oultice for my aking bones?
rd do your messages yourself.
's such a coil;—Come, what says
meo?
ve you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
e. [cell,
ien hie you hence to friar Lawrence'
a husband to make you a wife:
the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
n scarlet straight at any news.
hurch; I must another way,
dder, by the which your love
a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
dge, and toil in your delight;
ll bear the burthen soon at night.
linner; hie you to the cell.
o high fortune!—honest nurse, fare-
ll. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Friar Lawrence, and Romeo.

smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Friar. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire, and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow;

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamour[1]
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Friar. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both. [much.
Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.
Friar. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Street.

cutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

AY thee, good Mercutio, let 's retire;
day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
neet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
se hot days, is the mad blood stirring.
ou art like one of those fellows, that,
rs the confines of a tavern, claps me
on the table, and says, *God send me no*
and, by the operation of the second
t on the drawer, when, indeed, there

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?
Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.
Ben. And what to?
Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat;

[1] See note 3, p. 957.

and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not. [them.—

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man. [livery:

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
Marry, go first to field, he 'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain I am none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee; [draw
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata[1] carries it away.—
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher[2] by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Bear down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio. [*Exit Tybalt.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt? [enough.—

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough; 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses! What! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend[3];
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;

[1] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. [2] Dr. Warburton says, we should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. [3] i. e. This day's unhappy destiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.

Or

ı, or I, or both shall follow him. [here,
Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him
ith him hence.
This shall determine that.
[*They fight. Tybalt falls.*
Romeo, away, be gone!
izens are up, and Tybalt slain:— [death,
ıot amaz'd: the prince will doom thee
art taken—hence!—be gone!—away!
O! I am fortune's fool[1]!
Why dost thou stay? [*Exit Romeo.*
Enter Citizens, &c.
Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
, that murderer, which way ran he?
There lies that Tybalt.
Up, sir, go with me;
e thee in the prince's name, obey.
'rince, Montague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.
. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
O, noble prince, I can discover all
lucky manage of this fatal brawl:
ies the man, slain by young Romeo,
ew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!——O my bro-
ther's child!——
e!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true[2],
od of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
in, cousin!
. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;
) that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
ice[3] the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
ıigh displeasure: all this—utter'd
gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,—
not take truce with the unruly spleen
balt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
ıiercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
ıll as hot, turns deadly point to point,
ıith a martial scorn, with one hand beats
eath aside, and with the other sends
; to Tybalt, whose dexterity
s it: Romeo he cries aloud,
friends! friends, part! and, swifter than
his tongue,
ile arm beats down their fatal points,
wixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
ıious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
ıt Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
-and-by comes back to Romeo,
ad but newly entertain'd revenge,
't they go like lightning; for, ere I
draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
ıs he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
La. Mon. Not Romeo, prince; he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.
Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,[ing;
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleed-
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.——
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink[4]; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil[5] night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maiden-hoods;
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; 'till strange love grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty. [night!
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

ım always running in the way of evil fortune, like the fool in the play. [2] i. e. as thou art
d *upright*. [3] how *slight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. [4] Juliet would have night's darkness
e the great eye of the day, the *sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in
with *fiery-footed* steeds, and *posting* through the heavens, she very properly calls him, with
to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. [5] *Civil* is *grave, decently solemn*. [6] These
ms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company.—*Bating*
ering with the wings as striving to fly away.

That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish [1] sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bid thee fetch?
Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands? [dead!
Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* [2] shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I sownded at the sight.
Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banish'd;
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all nought, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband;
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts [3]. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

[1] *Garish* is gaudy, showy. [2] In our author's time, the affirmative adverb *ay* was generally written *I*: and by this means it both becomes a *vowel*, and answers in sound to *eye*, upon which the conceit turns in the second line. [3] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being.

Jul.

ish they his wounds with tears? mine
shall be spent,
irs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
hose cords:—Poor ropes, you are be-
and I; for Romeo is exil'd: [guil'd,
you for a highway to my bed;
aid, die maiden-widowed. [bed;
rds; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-
, not Romeo, take my maiden-head!
Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
rt you;—I wot well where he is.
your Romeo will be here at night;
; he is hid at Lawrence' cell.
find him! give this ring to my true
knight,
bid him come to take his last farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

ter Friar Lawrence, and Romeo.

omeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man;
is enamour'd of thy parts,
art wedded to calamity. [doom?
'ather, what news? what is the prince's
ow craves acquaintance at my hand,
t know not?
Too familiar
ir son with such sour company:
ee tidings of the prince's doom.
What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?
gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips,
's death, but body's banishment.
a! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
hath more terror in his look,
re than death: do not say—banishment.
ere from Verona art thou banished:
t, for the world is broad and wide.
here is no world without Verona walls,
tory, torture, hell itself.
nished is banish'd from the world,
d's exile is death; then banishment
nis-term'd; calling death—banishment,
t'st my head off with a golden axe,
'st upon the stroke that murders me.
deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
our law calls death; but the kind prince,
y part, hath rush'd aside the law,
'd that black word death to banishment:
ar mercy, and thou seest it not.
'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is
here,
liet lives; and every cat, and dog,
: mouse, every unworthy thing,
: in heaven, and may look on her,
eo may not.—More validity,
nourable state, more courtship lives
n flies, than Romeo: they may seize
hite wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not; he is banished. [knife,
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me?—banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?
Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.
Fri. O, then I see that mad men have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doating like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself. [*Knock within.*
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
[*Knock.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up:
[*Knock.*
Run to my study:—By-and-by:—God's will!
What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.
[*Knock.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.
Enter Nurse.
Nurse. O holy friar, O tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

dity seems here to mean *worth* or *dignity*; and *courtship* the state of a *courtier* permitted to the highest presence.

Nurse.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!——
Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she, [ing:
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both[1]!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself? [earth?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask[2],
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence[3].
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there too art thou happy:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis'hav'd and a sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming. [night,
Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:—
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Go hence. Good night:—and here stands all your state[4],—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter. [morrow;
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
To-night she's mew'd[5] up to her heaviness.

[1] That is, Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.
[2] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder.
[3] That is, And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons.
[4] The whole of your fortune depends on this.
[5] A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks.

Sir Paris, I will make a desperate [1] tender
child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
spects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.—
o you to her ere you go to bed;
nt her here with my son Paris' love;
l her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
lt; What day is this?
Monday, my lord. [soon,
Mónday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too
rsday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
ll be married to this noble earl:—
ou be ready? do you like this haste?
keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
k you, Tybalt being slain so late,
be thought we held him carelessly,
our kinsman, if we revel much:
ore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
ere an end. But what say you to Thurs-
day? [morrow.
My lord, I would that Thursday were to-
Well, get you gone:——o' Thursday be
it then:—
1 to Juliet ere you go to bed;
e her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
ll, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
ne, it is so very late, that we
ll it early by-and-by: Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo, and Juliet.

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
the nightingale, and not the lark,
ierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
y she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
: me, love, it was the nightingale.
. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
htingale: look, love, what envious streaks
e the severing clouds in yonder east:
s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops;
be gone and live, or stay and die.
Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I;
me meteor that the sun exhales,
to thee this night a torch-bearer,
ght thee on thy way to Mantua:
ore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.
. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
ontent, if thou wilt have it so.
, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
it the pale reflex [2] of Cynthia's brow;
at is not the lark, whose notes do beat
aulty heaven so high above our heads:
more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division [3];
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes [4];
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too'!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up [5] to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light?—more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse? [chamber:
Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
The day is broke; be wary, look about.
[*Exit Nurse.*
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll de-
scend. [*Romeo descends.*
Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, hus-
band! friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit Romeo.*
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
La. Cap. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures [7] her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.

[1] *sperate* means only *bold, advent'rous.* [2] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. [3] *tion* seems to have been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. [4] *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying st the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes.* To this the speaker alludes. [5] The ng is this: The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now *I would* the toad had her oo, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers. [6] The *huntsup* was the name of the tune ly played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. [7] *Procures* for *brings.*

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? [live;
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him
Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of love;
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the
Which you weep for. [friend
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives. [hands:
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death! [not:
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, 'till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him;—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris[1], at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. [too,
Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:——These are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
It rains downright.——
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:
I would, the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now! how now! chop logick?—What is this?
Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not—
And yet not proud—Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. [gage!
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag-
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie! fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; [blest,
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
That God hath sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,

[1] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly styled the *County* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the Italian *comte* to our *count*; perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot." He certainly did so: Paris is there first styled a *young earle*, and afterwards *counte*, *countee*, and *county*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

And

at we have a curse in having her:
i her, hilding!
se. God in heaven bless her!—
re to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
se. I speak no treason.
O, God ye good den!
se. May not one speak?
Peace, you mumbling fool!
your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
re we need it not.
Cap. You are too hot.
God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night, late, early,
ne, abroad, alone, in company,
g, or sleeping, still my care hath been
re her match'd: and having now provided
leman of princely parentage,
demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
l (as they say) with honourable parts,
tion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
ien to have a wretched puling fool,
iing mammet, in her fortune's tender,
wer—' I 'll not wed,—I cannot love,—
too young,—I pray you, pardon me;'—
i you will not wed, I 'll pardon you: [me;
where you will, you shall not house with
o 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
lay is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
u be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;
i be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
y my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
hat is mine shall never do thee good:
to 't, bethink you, I 'll not be forsworn.
[*Exit.*
Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
ees into the bottom of my grief?—
et my mother, cast me not away!
this marriage for a month, a week;
you do not, make the bridal bed
dim monument where Tybalt lies.
Cap. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
[*Exit.*
Jul. O God!——O nurse!—how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strata-
Upon so soft a subject as myself!— [gems
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
Oh! he 's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nurse. What? [much.
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris.

N Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
am nothing slow, to slack his haste.
You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
n is the course, I like it not. [death,
Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's
ierefore little have I talk'd of love;
mus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she do give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.
Enter Juliet.
Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul.

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be, shall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—
My lord, we must intreat the time alone.
Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.
[*Exit Paris.*
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission[1] of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it:
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Fri. Hold, then; go home; be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to the same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy[2], nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.
Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

[1] *Commission* for *authority* or *power.* [2] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance.

Serv.

ou shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try
lick their fingers.
w canst thou try them so?
arry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot
n fingers: therefore he, that cannot
gers, goes not with me.
, begone.—— [*Exit Servant.*
e much unfurnish'd for this time.—
y daughter gone to friar Lawrence?
Ay, forsooth. [her:
ll, he may chance to do some good on
self-will'd harlotry it is.
Enter Juliet.
ee, where she comes from shrift[1] with
erry look. [been gadding?
vnow, my head-strong? where have you
ere I have learnt me to repent the sin
ient opposition
d your behests; and am enjoin'd
wrence to fall prostrate here,
our pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
ard I am ever rul'd by you.
d for the county; go, tell him of this;
his knot knit up to-morrow morning.
et the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell;
him what becomed love I might,
ng o'er the bounds of modesty. [up:
y, I am glad on't; this is well, stand
should be.—Let me see the county;
, go, I say, and fetch him hither.——
God, this reverend holy friar,
ole city is much bound to him.
se, will you go with me into my closet,
e sort such needful ornaments
nk fit to furnish me to-morrow?
No, not 'till Thursday; there is time
nough.
, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church
-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet, and Nurse.*
We shall be short in our provision;
ear night.
ish! I will stir about,
ngs shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Juliet, help to deck up her;
bed to-night;—let me alone: [ho!—
the housewife for this once.—What,
ll forth: Well, I will walk myself
Paris, to prepare him up
morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt Capulet, and Lady Capulet.*

SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet, and Nurse.

, those attires are best:—But, gentle
urse,
, leave me to myself to-night;
need of many orisons
he heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.
Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need
my help? [ries

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessa-
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady, and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewell!——God knows, when we shall
meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;——
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, phial.——
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be married to the count?——
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger*[2].
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.——
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, [in,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,——
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth[3],
Lies fest'ring[4] in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad——
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught[5],
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!——

[1] om confession. [2] This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The 07, reads: "*Knife*, lie thou there."—It appears from several passages in our old plays, that e formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride. [3] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. is to corrupt. [5] *Distraught* is distracted.

Romeo,

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herself on the bed.*

SCENE IV.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse. [pastry.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter three or four, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what. [drier logs!

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with musick straight,
[*Musick within.*
For so he said he would. I hear him near:——
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I 'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her:——
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!——madam! sweet-heart!——
why, bride!——
What, not a word?——you take your penny-worths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest[1],
That you shall rest but little.——God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her:—Madam! madam! ma-
Ay, let the county take you in your bed; [dam!
He 'll fright you up, i' faith.——Will it not be?
What, dress! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady 's dead!——
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!——
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—My lord!—my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What 's the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!——
Help, help!—call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come. [the day!

Nurse. She 's dead, deceas'd, she 's dead; alack

La. Cap. Alack the day! she 's dead, she 's dead, she 's dead. [cold;

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she 's
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—
O son, the night before thy wedding-day [lies,
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all: life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

[1] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramatic writers, Mr. Steevens says, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuss: This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim.

By

cruel thee quite overthrown!——
O life!——not life, but love in death!
spis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
ortable time! why cam'st thou now
ler murder our solemnity?——
O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
thou!——alack! my child is dead;
h my child, my joys are buried!
'eace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not
:onfusions. Heaven and yourself
: in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
he better is it for the maid:
:t in her you could not keep from death;
en keeps his part in eternal life.
t you sought was—her promotion;
; your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
p ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
ie clouds, as high as heaven itself?
; love, you love your child so ill,
run mad, seeing that she is well:
t well married, that lives marry'd long;
; best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
/our tears, and stick your rosemary
ir corse; and, as the custom is,
best array bear her to church:
gh fond nature bids us all lament,
re's tears are reason's merriment.
ll things, that we ordained festival,
n their office to black funeral:
uments, to melancholy bells;
ding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
nn hymns to sullen dirges change;
al flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
hings change them to the contrary.
, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
ir Paris;——every one prepare
r this fair corse unto her grave:
'ens do lour upon you, for some ill;
:m no more, by crossing their high will.
Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.
Faith we may put up our pipes, and be
gone.
Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
you know, this is a pitiful case.
[*Exit Nurse.*
y, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease;*
O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

Mus. Why *heart's ease?*

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe:* O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me. [now.

Mus. Not a dump [1] we; 'tis no time to play

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek [2]: I will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:——Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then musick, with her silver sound, [*sound?*
Why *silver sound?* why *musick with her silver*
What say you, Simon Catling [3]? [sound.

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck [4]?

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver sound,* because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver sound,* because such fellows as you have no gold for sounding:——

Then musick with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.
[*Exit, singing.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

MANTUA.

A Street.

Enter Romeo.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleep [5],
ms presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

imp anciently signified *some kind of dance,* as well as *sorrow:* On this occasion it means a l song. [2] To *gleek* is to scoff. [3] A *catling* was a small lutestring made of *catgut.* ldler is so called from an instrument with three strings, mentioned by several of the old wri- ec, *rebecquin.* [5] The sense is, *If I may only trust the* honesty *of sleep,* which I know how- to be so nice as not often to practise *flattery.*—The oldest copy reads—*the flattering* eye *of sleep.*

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possest,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!——How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,——
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said——
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.——
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Apo. Who calls so loud? [poor;

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. [law

Apo. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apo. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apo. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. [sell:
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.——
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice [1], but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Church-yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page with a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;——

[1] i. e. was not written on a trivial or foolish subject.

Yet

t out, for I would not be seen.
on yew-trees lay thee all along,
thine ear close to the hollow ground;
no foot upon the church-yard tread,
ose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
that thou hear'st something approach.
those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
I am almost afraid to stand alone
he church-yard; yet I will adventure.
[*Exit.*
weet flower, with flowers I strew thy
bridal bed: [*Strewing flowers.*
nb, that in thy circuit dost contain
ect model of eternity;
t, that with angels dost remain,
his latest favour at my hands;
ng honour'd thee, and, being dead,
eral praises do adorn thy tomb!
[*The boy whistles.*
gives warning; something doth approach.
sed foot wanders this way to-night,
my obsequies, and true love's rites?
th a torch!—Muffle me, night, a while.
Romeo, and Balthasar with a torch, &c.
Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.
e this letter; early in the morning
deliver it to my lord and father.
he light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
ot interrupt me in my course.
scend into this bed of death
to behold my lady's face:
fly, to take thence from her dead finger
s ring; a ring, that I must use
employment[1]: therefore hence, be
gone:——
u, jealous, dost return to pry
I further shall intend to do,
n, I will tear thee joint by joint, [limbs:
w this hungry church-yard with thy
and my intents are savage-wild;
ce, and more inexorable far,
ty tygers, or the roaring sea.
. will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
o shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take
thou that:
be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
I fear, and his intents I doubt.
[*Exit Balthasar.*
ou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
ith the dearest morsel of the earth,
force thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking up the monument.*
espight, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,— [grief,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.——
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.——
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy conjuration[2],
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*
Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
Par. O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,——
A grave? O, no; a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence[3] full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,

is, *action of importance.*—Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues. [2] Paris
Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do *some villainous*
he dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he
, and the magic arts which he suspects he is preparing to use.—To *defy*, also anciently meant
r *deny*; therefore Paris may mean—I refuse to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, i. e. to depart.
ace is a *public room.*

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe—
I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
For fear of that, I will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest[1];
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars [last!
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!——
Come, bitter conduct[2], come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in:
Here's to my love!--[*Drinks;*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a lanthorn, crow and spade. [night

Law. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-
Have my old feet stumbled at graves[3]!—Who's there?

Enter Balthasar.

Balth. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well. [friend,

Law. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Law. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Law. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Law. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents. [me;

Law. Stay then, I'll go alone.--Fear comes upon
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Law. Romeo?——
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?——
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!——
The lady stirs.

Jul. [*waking.*] O, comfortable friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*

Law. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural[4] sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*noise again;*] I dare stay no longer. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:——
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?——I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself;*] there rust, and let me die.

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard;
Go, some of you, whome'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;——
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.——
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,——
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, 'till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, and Lady Capulet, &c.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,

[1] See a note on scene 5th of the preceding act.—To *set up one's rest*, is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind. [2] *Conduct* for *conductor*. [3] This accident was reckoned ominous. [4] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs.

With

pen out-cry, toward our monument.
ce. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?
h. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
)meo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
and new kill'd.
ce. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
h. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
struments upon them, fit to open
lead men's tombs.
O, heaven!——O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
gger hath mista'en, for, lo! his house
ipty on the back[1] of Montague,
nis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.
ap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
rns my old age to a sepulchre.
Enter Montague, and others.
'e. Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
hy son and heir more early down.
Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
rther woe conspires against my age?
e. Look, and thou shalt see.
O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
s before thy father to a grave?
e. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
can clear these ambiguities,
)w their spring, their head, their true descent;
n will I be general of your woes,
l you even to death: Mean time forbear,
mischance be slave to patience.——
rth the parties of suspicion.
I am the greatest, able to do least,
it suspected, as the time and place
ike against me, of this direful murder;
e I stand, both to impeach and purge
ondemned and myself excus'd.
:. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
will be brief, for my short date of breath
long as is a tedious tale.
there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
l them, and their stolen marriage-day
)alt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
the new-made bridegroom from this city;
m, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
remove that siege of grief from her——
l, and would have married her perforce,
ty Paris:—Then comes she to me;
h wild looks, bid me devise some means
:r from this second marriage,
y cell, there would she kill herself.
'e I her, so tutor'd by my art,
g potion; which so took effect
ided, for it wrought on her
of death: mean time I writ to Rome,
hould hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he, which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know: and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.
Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?
Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by-and-by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.
Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.——
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.
Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

[1] It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back.*

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] Mr. Steevens says, that this line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing her marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Lawrence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace.

HAMLET[1].

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

US, *King of Denmark.*
R, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the resent King.*
BRAS, *Prince of Norway.*
US, *Lord Chamberlain.*
IO, *Friend to Hamlet.*
S, *Son to Polonius.*
AND, .IUS, RANTZ, NSTERN, } *Courtiers.*
, *a Courtier.*
Another Courtier.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } *Officers.*
FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*
REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*
A Captain; An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinour.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Elsinour.

A Platform before the Palace.

sco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

VHO 's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me[2]: stand, and unfold yourself.
Long live the king!
Bernardo?
He.
You come most carefully upon your hour.
'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
m sick at heart.
Have you had quiet guard?
Not a mouse stirring.
Well, good night.
lo meet Horatio and Marcellus,
als of my watch[1], bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier;
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit Francisco.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo?
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him, along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,

e original story on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus, the Danish
n. [2] i. e. *me* who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word.
for *partners*, according to Warburton.—Hanmer says, that by *rivals of the watch* are meant
ho were to watch on the next adjoining ground.—*Rivals*, in the original sense of the word,
oprietors of neighbouring lands, parted only by a brook, which belonged equally to both.

He may approve our eyes[1], and speak to it.
Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all, [pole,
When yon same star, that's westward from the
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,——
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again!
Enter Ghost.
Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio. [wonder.
Hor. Most like: it harrows[2] me with fear and
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio. [night,
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of bury'd Denmark [speak.
Did sometime march? By heaven I charge thee,
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak.
[*Exit Ghost.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than phantasy?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack[3] on the ice.
'Tis strange. [hour,
Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work[4], I know not;
But, in the gross and scope[5] of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which, our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seis'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by that covenant,
And carriage of the articles design'd[6],
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved[7] mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up[8] a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach[9] in't; which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage[10] in the land.
Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy[11] state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
Disasters[12] veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce[13] events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen[14] coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

[1] i. e. add a new testimony to that of our eyes. [2] To *harrow* is to conquer, to subdue. The word is of Saxon origin. [3] He speaks of a prince in Poland whom he slew in battle. *Polack* was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland: *Polaque*, French. A *sled*, or *sledge*, is a carriage made use of in the cold countries. [4] i. e. what particular train of thinking to follow. [5] i. e. general thoughts, and tendency at large. [6] *Carriage* is *import*: *design'd*, is *formed, drawn up between them.* [7] *Unimproved*, for *unrefined.* [8] To *shark up* may mean to pick up without distinction, as the *shark*-fish collects his prey. [9] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was used for *constancy, resolution.* [10] i. e. tumultuous hurry. [11] *Palmy* for *victorious, flourishing.* [12] *Disasters* is here finely used in its original signification of evil conjunction of stars. [13] *Fierce*, for *conspicuous, glaring.* [14] *Omen*, for *fate.*

Re-enter

Re-enter Ghost.

ft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
ss it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
i hast any sound, or use of voice,
to me:
e be any good thing to be done,
ıay to thee do ease, and grace to me,
to me:
art privy to thy country's fate,
, haply, foreknowing may avoid,
ak!
thou hast uphoarded in thy life
ed treasure in the womb of earth,
ıich, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.
. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
. Do, if it will not stand.
. 'Tis here!
. 'Tis here!
. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*
› it wrong, being so majestical,
er it the show of violence;
is, as the air, invulnerable,
ur vain blows malicious mockery.
. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
. And then it started like a guilty thing
a fearful summons. I have heard,
ock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
: the god of day; and, at his warning,
ıer in sea or fire, in earth or air[1],
ktravagant[2] and erring spirit hies
confine[3]: and of the truth herein
resent object made probation.
. It faded on the crowing of the cock[4].
say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
ein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
ird of dawning singeth all night long:
ıen, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
ghts are wholesome; then no planets strike,
ry takes[5], nor witch hath power to charm,
low'd and so gracious is the time.
. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
ook, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
we our watch up; and, by my advice,
impart what we have seen to-night
young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
pirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
u consent we shall acquaint him with it,
dful in our loves, fitting our duty?
. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning
know
: we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of State.

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole king-
To be contracted in one brow of woe; [dom
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair so long:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortin-
Holding a weak supposal of our worth; [bras,—
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,—
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage[6],
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait[7] herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles[8] allows.
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Vol. In that and all things will we shew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt Voltimand, and Cornelius.*
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

ccording to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of , who had dispositions different, according to their various places of abode. [4] i. e. got out ounds. [5] Bourne of Newcastle, in his *Antiquities of the Common People*, informs us, "It is a ed tradition among the vulgar, that at the time of cock-crowing the midnight spirits forsake these regions, and go to their proper places." [6] This is a very ancient superstition. [5] No fairy with lameness or diseases. [6] The meaning is, He goes to war so indiscreetly, and unprepared, has no allies to support him but a *dream*, with which he is *colleagued* or confederated. [7] *Gate* is here used in the northern sense, for *proceeding, passage*. [8] i. e. the articles when dilated.

The

The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father [1].
What would'st thou have, Laertes?
Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France: [mark,
From whence though willingly I came to Den-
To shew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius? [slow leave,
Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my
By laboursome petition: and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be
thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind [2].
[*Aside.*
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on
you? [sun [3].
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed [4] lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust: [die,
Thou know'st, 'tis common: all, that live, must
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee? [seems.
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,
To give those mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his [5]; and the survivor
In filial obligation, for some term [bound,
To do obsequious [6] sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement [7], is a course
Of impious stubbornness: 'tis unmanly grief;
It shews a will most incorrect [8] to heaven;
A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
From the first corse, 'till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility [9] of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart [10] toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the chear and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouze the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve [11] itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd [God!
His canon [12] 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,

[1] The sense is, The head is not formed to be more useful to the heart, the hand is not more at the service of the mouth, than my power is at your father's service. [2] Hanmer observes, It is not unreasonable to suppose that this was a proverbial expression, known in former times for a relation so confused and blended, that it was hard to define it.—Dr. Johnson asserts *kind* to be the Teutonick word for *child*: Hamlet therefore, he adds, answers with propriety, to the titles of *cousin*, and *son*, which the king had given him, that he was somewhat more than *cousin*, and less than *son*.—Mr. Steevens says that a jingle of the same sort is found in another old play, and seems to have been proverbial, as he has met with it more than once. [3] Mr. Farmer questions whether a quibble between *sun* and *son* be not here intended. [4] With *lowering eyes*, cast-down eyes. [5] That is, *Your father lost a father*, i. e. your grandfather, which *lost grandfather* also lost his father. [6] *Obsequious* is here from *obsequies* or *funeral ceremonies*. [7] *Condolement*, for *sorrow*. [8] *Incorrect*, for *untutor'd*. [9] *Nobility* here means *generosity*. [10] i. e. *communicate* whatever I can bestow. [11] *Resolve* means the same as *dissolve*. [12] i. e. *that he had not restrained suicide by his* express law *and* peremptory prohibition.

That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—Nay, not so much, not
So excellent a king; that was to this, [two:
Hyperion to a satyr[1]: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't:——Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobé, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She marry'd.—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or do I forget myself? [ever.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant

Ham. Sir, my good friend: I'll change that name with you[2].
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,— [sir.—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even,
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinour?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral. [student;

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd meats[3]
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest[4] foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!——
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season[5] your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points, exactly cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their opprest and fear-surprized eyes, [till'd
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, dis-
Almost to jelly, with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secresy impart they did:
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this? [watch'd.

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it. [me.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

[1] By the *Satyr* is meant *Pan*; as by *Hyperion*, *Apollo*.—*Pan* and *Apollo* were brothers; and the allusion is to the contention between those gods for the preference in music. [2] i. e. I'll be your servant, you shall be my friend. [3] It was anciently the general custom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In distant counties, this practice is continued among the yeomanry. [4] *Dearest* is *most immediate, consequential, important*. [5] Eye is certainly more worthy of Shakspeare. [6] That is, *temper* it.

Ham.

Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like,
Very like: Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste
Might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant, it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.
[*Exeunt.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
'Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise
(Though all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Polonius' House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that? [vour,
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fa-
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance [1] of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews [2], and bulk: but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel [3], doth besmirch
The virtue [4] of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd [5] importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest [6] maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: but, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read [7].
Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessings with you; [*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade [8]. Be-
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, [ware
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

[1] i. e. what is supplied to us for a minute. The idea seems to be taken from the short duration of vegetable perfumes. [2] i. e. in sinews, muscular strength. [3] i. e. no *fraud, deceit.* [4] *Virtue* seems here to comprise both *excellence* and *power*, and may be explained the *pure effect.* [5] i. e. *licentious.* [6] *Chary* is cautious. [7] That is, heeds not his own lessons. [8] The literal sense is, Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand. The figurative meaning may be, Do not by promiscuous conversation make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.

Take

ach man's censure [1], but reserve thy judgement.
hy habit as thy purse can buy,
express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
apparel oft proclaims the man;
y in France, of the best rank and station,
st select, and generous chief [2] in that.
a borrower, nor a lender be:
n oft loses both itself and friend;
rrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
ove all,—To thine ownself be true;
must follow, as the night the day,
anst not then be false to any man.
ll; my blessing season [3] this in thee!
Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord. [tend [4].
The time invites you; go, your servants
Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
have said to you.
'Tis in my memory lock'd,
u yourself shall keep the key [5] of it.
Farewell. [*Exit Laertes.*
What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.
Marry, well bethought:
d me, he hath very oft of late
rivate time to you; and you yourself
your audience been most free and boun- [teous:
so, (as so 'tis put on me,
it in way of caution,) I must tell you,
not understand yourself so clearly,
hoves my daughter, and your honour:
between you? give me up the truth.
He hath, my lord, of late made many [tenders
ffection to me.
Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
d [6] in such perilous circumstance.
believe his tenders, as you call them?
I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a [baby;
ou have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
to crack the wind of the poor phrase)
ng it thus [7], you'll tender me a fool.
My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
urable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion [8] you may call it: go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks [9]. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: These blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments [10] at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether [11] may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers;
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile [12]. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noise of music within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse [13], [reels:
Keeps wassel [14], and the swaggering up-spring [15]
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

---

ure is *opinion*. [2] *Chief* is an *adjective* used *adverbially*; a practice common to our author: generous. [3] That is, infix it in such a manner as that it never may wear out. [4] i. e. your are waiting for you. [5] The meaning is, that your counsels are as sure of remaining locked y memory, as if you yourself carried the key of it. [6] *Unsifted*, for *untried*.—*Untried* signi- er not *tempted*, or not *refined*; *unsifted*, signifies the *latter* only, though the sense requires the [7] That is, if you continue to go on thus wrong. [8] She uses *fashion* for *manner*, and he *nsient practice*. [9] A proverbial saying. [10] *Entreatments* here means *company, conversa-* om the French *entrétien*. [11] *Tether* is that string by which an animal, set to graze in grounds ed, is confined within the proper limits. [12] Do not believe (says Polonius to his daughter) 's amorous vows made *to you*; which pretend religion in them *(the better to beguile)* like those d and pious vows [*or bonds*] made *to Heaven*. [13] A *rouse* is a large dose of liquor, a de- [14] See Macbeth, Act I. [15] That is, the blustering upstart, according to Dr. Johnson: . Steevens says, that *up-spring* was a *German dance*; and that the *spring* was also anciently e of a tune.

But,

But, to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, tho' perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin),
By the o'er-growth of some complexion[1],
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out[2],
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd; [hell;
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape[3],
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,—
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel[4],
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature[5]
So horridly to shake our disposition[6],
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee[7];
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive[8] your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys[9] of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—
Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets[10] me:
I say, away:—Go on;—I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost, and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear. [hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

[1] i. e. humour: as sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, &c. [2] The dram of *base* means the least alloy of baseness or vice: To *do a thing out*, is *to extinguish it*, or *to efface* or *obliterate any thing painted or written*. [3] i. e. in a shape or form capable of being conversed with.—*To question*, certainly, in our author's time signified to *converse*. [4] It was the custom of the Danish kings to be buried in that manner. [5] The expression is fine, as intimating we were only kept (as formerly, fools in a great family) to make sport for nature, who lay hid only to mock and laugh at us, for our vain searches into her mysteries. [6] *Disposition*, for *frame*. [7] i. e the value of a pin. [8] i. e. take away. [9] *Toys* for *whims*. [10] i. e. *hinders* or *prevents* me.

I could

l a tale unfold, whose lightest word
harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;
iotty and combined locks to part,
ch particular hair to stand on end
uills upon the fretful porcupine:
s eternal blazon must not be
s of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
didst ever thy dear father love,——
. O heaven! [murder.
t. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
. Murder?
t. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
s most foul, strange, and unnatural.
. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings
as swift
ditation[1], or the thoughts of love,
veep to my revenge.
t. I find thee apt;
iller should'st thou be than the fat weed
ots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
ren out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
ent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
forged process of my death [mark
abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
rpent, that did sting thy father's life,
wears his crown.
. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle?
t. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
ked wit, and gifts, that have the power
educe!) won to his shameful lust
ill of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
nlet, what a falling-off was there!
ne, whose love was of that dignity,
went hand in hand even with the vow
to her in marriage; and to decline
wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
se of mine!
tue, as it never will be mov'd,
h lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
, though to a radiant angel link'd,
te itself in a celestial bed,
ey on garbage.
t! methinks, I scent the morning air—
t me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard[2],
stom always of the afternoon,
ny secure hour thy uncle stole,
nice of cursed hebenon[3] in a vial,
the porches of mine ears did pour
nerous distilment; whose effect
such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd[4]:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd[5], disappointed[6], unaneal'd[7];
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury[8] and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire[9]:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What
else? [heart:
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe[10]. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word[11];
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn it.
Hor. My lord, my lord,—— [*Within.*
Mar. Lord Hamlet,—— [*Within.*
Hor. Heavens secure him! [*Within.*
Ham. So be it!
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord! [*Within.*

is similitude is extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is consecrated, by the *mystics*, to that stretch and flight of mind which aspires to the enjoyment of the supreme good: So that , considering with what to compare the swiftness of his revenge, chooses two of the most rapid n nature, the ardency of divine and human passion, in an *enthusiast* and a *lover*. [2] *Orchard len.* [3] That is, *henbane*. [4] *Dispatch'd* for *bereft*. [5] i. e. without the sacrament from the old Saxon word for the sacrament, *housel*. [6] *Disappointed* is the same as *unap-*; and may be properly explained *unprepared*. [7] i. e. *unanointed*, not having the *extreme* . [8] i. e. for *lewdness*. [9] i. e. fire that is no longer seen when the light of morning approaches. n this head confused with thought. [11] Hamlet alludes to the *watch-word* given every day ilitary service, which at this time he says is, *Adieu, adieu, remember me.*

Ham.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come[1].
Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?——
But you'll be secret,——
Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord. [mark,
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business and desire, shall point you;—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes 'faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear it.
Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the celleridge,—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword[2].
Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear. [ground:—
Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.
Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear by his sword.
Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the earth so fast? [friends.
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! [come[3].
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Hora-
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. [tio,
But come;——
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,——
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on,——
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
(With arms encumber'd thus; or this head-shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;——
Or such ambiguous giving out;) denote
That you know aught of me: This do ye swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Swear.
Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear. [men,
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentle-
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spight!
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius' House.
Enter Polonius, and Reynaldo.

Pol. GIVE him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Rey-
Before you visit him, to make enquiry [naldo,
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it. [sir,
Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you,
Enquire me first what Danskers[4] are in Paris;

[1] This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. [2] It was common to swear upon the sword, that is, upon the cross which the old swords always had upon the hilt. [3] i. e. receive it to yourself; take it under your own roof; as much as to say, *Keep it secret*;—alluding to the laws of hospitality. [4] *Danske* is the ancient name of Denmark.

And

ow, and who, what means, and where they keep,
ompany, at what expence; and finding,
encompassment and drift of question,
ey do know my son, come you more nearer;
our particular demands will touch it: [him;
ou, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of
,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
part, him, Do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Ay, very well, my lord. [*not well:*
And, in part, him;—but, you may say,—
't be he I mean, he 's very wild;
d so and so;—and there put on him
rgeries you please; marry, none so rank
dishonour him; take heed of that;
, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
ompanions noted and most known
th and liberty.
As gaming, my lord.
Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
ling, drabbing:—You may go so far.
My lord, that would dishonour him.
Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
ist not put another scandal on him,
is open to incontinency; [quaintly,
not my meaning: but breathe his faults so
ey may seem the taints of liberty;
h and out-break of a fiery mind;
eness [1] in unreclaimed blood,
ral assault [2].
But, my good lord,—
Wherefore should you do this?
Ay, my lord,
know that.
Marry, sir, here 's my drift;
believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
ing these slight sullies on my son,
re a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
ou, Your party in converse, him you would sound,
ever seen, in the prenominate [3] crimes,
ith, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
es with you in this consequence;
, or so [4]; or *friend,* or *gentleman,*—
ng to the phrase, or the addition,
and country.
Very good, my lord. [What was I
And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
o say? I was about to say
ng: Where did I leave?
At, closes in the consequence.
At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry;*
es with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*
m yesterday, or t' other day, [*say,*
or then; with such, or such; and, as you
s he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
lling out at tennis: or, perchance,
n enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel) *or so forth.*—See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord,—
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself [5].
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his musick.
Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell.—How now, Ophelia? what 's the matter? [frighted!
Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so af-
Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved [6] to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he? [hard;
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me. [king.
Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes [7] itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did com-
I did repel his letters, and deny'd [mand,
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgement,
I had not quoted [8] him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,

[1] *geness,* for *wildness.* [2] i. e. such as youth in general is liable to. [3] i. e. crimes already
[4] It is a common mode of colloquial language to use, *or so,* as a slight intimation of more
me, or a like kind, that might be mentioned. [5] i. e. *in your own person,* not by spies.
gyved means hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the an-
[7] To *foredo* is to *destroy.* [8] To *quote* here means to *reckon,* to take an account of.

And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jea-
It seems, it is as proper to our age [lousy!
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love[1].
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be, [him
More than his father's death, that thus hath put
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, [him;
That,—being of so young days brought up with
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,——
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry[2], and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent[3],
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern. [crantz:

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosen-
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Queen. Ay, amen!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The embassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news. [liege,

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail[4] of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the embassadors;
My news shall be the fruit[5] to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit Polonius.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand[6],—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee[7];
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business. [bour:
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took la-
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [*Exeunt Volt. and Cor.*

Pol. This business is well ended.

[1] i. e. This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet. [2] *Gentry*, for *complaisance*. [3] *Bent*, for *endeavour, application*. [4] The *trail* is the *course of an animal pursued by the scent*. [5] The *dessert* after the meat. [6] i. e. deceived, imposed on. [7] *Fee* in this place, signifies *reward, recompence*.

My

My liege, and madam, to expostulate[1]
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend.
I have a daughter;—have, whilst she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—
That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautify'd*
Is a vile phrase; but you shall hear:
These in her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reading.
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O, most best, believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me:
And, more above[2], hath his solicitings
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
[3] If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince:——out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that)
That I have positively said, *'Tis so,*
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed. [him:

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to
Be you and I behind an arras then:
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt King, and Queen.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a'-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well;
You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord? [goes,

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world
Is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog,

[1] To *expostulate*, for *to enquire* or *discuss*. [2] i. e. *moreover, besides*. [3] i. e. if either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours, [*play'd the desk or table-book*] or had connived at it, only observed them in secret, without acquainting my daughter with my discovery [*given my heart a mute and dumb working*]; or, lastly, had been negligent in observing the intrigue, and overlooked it [*looked upon this love with idle sight*]; what would you have thought of me?

Being a god, kissing carrion[1],—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive[2]: friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly, in my youth I suffer'd much extremity for love; very near this.—I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue[3] says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there 's method in 't. [*Aside.*
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant[4] sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet; there he is. [*Exit.*

Ros. God save you, sir!

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soals of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doom's-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark 's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

[1] Dr. Warburton's comment (which Dr. Johnson says almost sets the critic on a level with the author) on this passage is as follows: "The illative particle [for] shews the speaker to be reasoning from something he had said before: what that was we learn in these words, *To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thousand.* Having said this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring against Providence from the circumstance of abounding *evil.* In the next speech therefore he endeavours to answer that objection, and vindicate Providence, even on a supposition of the fact, that almost all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in question is to this purpose, *But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil? For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, which though a god, yet shedding its heat and influence upon carrion*——Here he stops short, lest talking too consequentially, the hearer should suspect his madness to be feigned; and so turns him off from the subject, by enquiring of his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make, was a very noble one, and to this purpose: If this (says he) be the case, that the effect follows the thing operated upon [*carrion*] and not the thing operating [*a god*], why need we wonder, that, the supreme cause of all things diffusing its blessings on mankind, who is, as it were, a dead carrion, dead in original sin, man, instead of a proper return of duty, should breed only corruption and vices? This is the argument at length; and is as noble a one in behalf of Providence as could come from the schools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *say*, but with what they *think*. The sentiment too is altogether in character; for Hamlet is perpetually moralizing, and his circumstances make this reflection very natural." [2] The meaning, says Mr. Steevens, seems to be, *Conception* (i. e. understanding) is a blessing; but as your daughter may *conceive*, (i. e. be pregnant,) *friend, look to 't*, i. e. have a care of that. [3] By the *satirical rogue* he means Juvenal, in his tenth satire. [4] *Pregnant* is ready, dexterous, apt.

Grif.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows:—Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We 'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinour?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am; I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserv'd love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To Guilden.*

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you[1];—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten[2] entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted[3] them on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humourous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere[4]; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of their late innovation[5].

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases[6], that cry out on the top of question[7], and are most tyrannically clapp'd for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? how are they escoted[8]? Will they pursue the quality[9] no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both

[1] An *eye of you* means, I have a glimpse of your meaning. [2] i. e. sparing, like the entertainments given in *Lent*. [3] To *cote* is *to overtake*. [4] i. e. (says Mr. Steevens) those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughter is most uneasy, which is the case with those whose lungs are tickled by the *sere* or *serum*. [5] i. e. (says Mr. Steevens) *their permission to act any longer at an established house is taken away, in consequence of the new custom of introducing personal abuse into their comedies.*—Several companies of actors in the time of our author were silenced on account of this licentious practice. [6] The poet here steps out of his subject, to give a lash at home, and sneer at the prevailing fashion of following plays performed by the children of the chapel, and abandoning the established theatres.—Little Eyases mean young nestlings, creatures just out of the egg. [7] Children that perpetually recite in the highest notes of voice that can be uttered. [8] i. e. paid; from the French *escot*, a shot or reckoning. [9] *Quality* for *profession*.

[illegible]

Guil. [illegible]

Ham. [illegible]

Pol. [illegible]

Ham. Hark you, G[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Ham. [illegible] —You [illegible]

Pol. My [illegible]

Ham. My [illegible] —[illegible]

Ros. [illegible] Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come [illegible] my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,——

Ham. Then came [illegible] —

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for [illegible] pastoral-comi[illegible] tragical-[illegible] [illegible] dable, or [illegible] nor [illegible], and the [illegible]

[illegible] —what a trea-[illegible]

[illegible] more,

[illegible] *Aside.*

[illegible] I have a [illegible]

[illegible] —and then, you [illegible] shew [illegible] judgement [illegible]

[illegible] all:—I am [illegible] friends.— [illegible] since I [illegible] in Den-[illegible] mistress! [illegible] heaven, than [illegible] chopine [illegible] a piece of uncurrent [illegible] —Masters, [illegible] We'll e'en to't like French [illegible] any thing we see: We'll have a [illegible] Come, give us a taste of your [illegible] passionate speech.

[illegible] What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,— [illegible] it was not above [illegible] I remember, pleas'd not the [illegible] to the general: but it [illegible] whose judgements, [illegible] in the top of mine, an ex-[illegible] set down [illegible] cunning. I remember, [illegible] were no sallets in the lines, to [illegible] nor no matter in the [illegible] that might indite the author of affection [illegible]

[1] To provoke any animal to rage, is to tarre him. [illegible] i. e. They not only carry away the world, but the world [illegible] the story of Hercules [illegible] Atlas: or the allusion may be to the *Globe* playhouse [illegible] Bankside, the sign of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe.* [illegible] i. e. in miniature. [illegible] *Buz, buz*, are, probably, only interjections employed to interrupt Polonius. [illegible] This seems to be a line of a ballad. [illegible] *Writ*, for *writing, composition.* [illegible] These are quotations from an old song. [illegible] Mr. Steevens explains this allusion thus: "The *pious chansons* were a kind of *Christmas Carols*, containing some scriptural history thrown into loose rhymes, and sung about the streets by the common people when they went at that season to [illegible] —Hamlet is here repeating some scraps from a song of this kind: and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the *first row* (i. e. division) of one of these, to obtain the information he wanted." [illegible] i. e. as Dr. Johnson thinks, *those who will shorten my talk.*—An *abridgement* [illegible] used for a dramatic piece in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Act V. Sc. I. [illegible] A *chioppine* is a high shoe worn by the Italians. [illegible] That is, *cracked too much for use.* [illegible] The *caviare* is the spawn of the *sterlett*, a fish of the sturgeon kind, which seldom grows above thirty inches long. It is found in many of the rivers of Russia.—*The general* means *the people*, or *multitude.* [illegible] i. e. were *higher than mine.* [illegible] *Modesty*, for *simplicity.* [illegible] i. e. convict the author of being a fantastical affected writer.

but

I'd it, an honest[1] method; as wholesome as
and by very much more handsome than
One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas
tale to Dido; and thereabout of it espe-
where he speaks of Priam's slaughter; If
in your memory, begin at this line; let
, let me see;—
igged Pyrrhus—like the Hyrcanian beast,—
so; it begins with Pyrrhus.
gged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
is his purpose, did the night resemble,
e lay couched in the ominous horse,—
ow this dread and black complexion smear'd
raldry more dismal; head to foot
he total gules[2]*; horridly trick'd*
lood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
nd impasted with the parching streets,
nd a tyrannous and a damned light
lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
s o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
es like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
ndsire Priam seeks:—So, proceed you.
'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with
ccent, and good discretion.
y. Anon he finds him,
g too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
us to his arm, lies where it falls,
ant to command: Unequal match'd,
s at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
h the whiff and wind of his fell sword
erved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
g to feel this blow, with flaming top
o his base; and with a hideous crash
risoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
was declining on the milky head
rend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
ke a neutral to his will and matter,
thing.
we often see, against some storm,
e in the heavens, the rack stand still,
d winds speechless, and the orb below
as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
nd the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
ed vengeance sets him new a-work;
ver did the Cyclops' hammers fall
s's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
s remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
lls on Priam.——
t, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
ral synod, take away her power;
ll the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
wl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
as to the fiends!
This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:——He's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

1 *Play. But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled*[3] *queen*——

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*
With bisson[4] *rheum: a clout upon that head,*
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pro-
But if the gods themselves did see her then, [nounc'd:
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whe'er he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time: After your death, you were better have a bad epitath, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odds bodikins, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs. [*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.—My good friends, [*to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinour.

Ros. Good, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

---

mlet is telling how much his judgement differed from that of others. *One said, there was no he lines, &c., but called it an honest method.* The author probably gave it, *But I called it an ethod, &c.* [2] *Gules* is a term in heraldry, and signifies *red.* [3] According to Warburton, or *mabled*, signifies *veiled;* according to Dr. Johnson, it is *huddled, grossly covered.*—Mr. Steevs, he was informed that *mab-led* in Warwickshire (where it is pronounced mob-led) signifies *ay by a will o' the whisp*, or *ignis fatuus.*—Mr. Tollet adds, that in the latter end of the reign of harles II. the rabble that attended the earl of Shaftesbury's partisans was first called *mobile vul* afterwards, by contraction, the *mob;* and ever since, the word *mob* has become proper English. *n* or *beesen*, i. e. blind; a word still in use in some parts of the North of England.

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue[1] for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause[2],
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat[3] was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lye i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless[4] villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;[5] lain!
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh!
About, my brains[6]! Hum! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent[7] him to the quick; if he do blench[8],
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I 'll have grounds
More relative[9] than this; The play 's the thing,
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause, he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught[10] on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are here about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront[10] Ophelia.

[1] i. e. the *hint*, the *direction*. [2] i. e. not quickened with a new desire of vengeance; not teeming with vengeance. [3] *Defeat*, for *dispossession*. [4] i. e. unnatural. [5] The meaning is, Wits, to your work. *Brain*, go *about* the present business. [6] i. e. search his wounds. [7] i. e. if he *shrink*, or start. [8] *Relative*, for *convictive*, according to Warburton.—*Relative* is, *nearly related, closely connected*, according to Dr. Johnson. [9] *Over-raught* is *over-reached*, that is, *over-took*. [10] To *affront*, is only *to meet directly*.

Her

, and myself (lawful espials[1])
stow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
f their encounter frankly judge;
r by him, as he is behav'd,
affliction of his love, or no,
he suffers for.
I shall obey you:—
ny part, Ophelia, I do wish,
good beauties be the happy cause
t's wildness; so shall I hope, your vir-
him to his wonted way again, [tues
our honours.
ladam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*
helia, walk you here:——Gracious, so
please you,
estow ourselves:—Read on this book;
[*To Ophelia.*
v of such an exercise may colour
eliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
nuch prov'd,—that, with devotion's vi-
s action, we do sugar o'er [sage,
l himself.
O, 'tis too true! how smart
tspeech doth give my conscience! [*Aside.*
t's cheek, beauty'd with plast'ring art,
re ugly to the thing that helps it,
ny deed to my most painted word:
burthen!
hear him coming; let's withdraw, my
lord. [*Exeunt King, and Polonius.*

Enter Hamlet.

o be, or not to be, that is the question:—
'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
s and arrows of outrageous fortune;
e arms against a sea of troubles,
pposing, end them?—To die;—to sleep;—
;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
t-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
h is heir to,——'tis a consummation
to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
! perchance, to dream;—Ay, there 's
the rub;—
at sleep of death what dreams may come,
e have shuffled off this mortal coil[2],
e us pause: There's the respect,
kes calamity of so long life: [time',
would bear the whips and scorns of
ressor's wrong, the proud man's contume-
gs of despis'd love, the law's delay, [ly,
lence of office, and the spurns
ient merit of the unworthy takes,
e himself might his quietus[4] make
are bodkin[3]? who would fardels bear,
and sweat under a weary life;
the dread of something after death,——
iscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
[*Seeing Ophelia.*
The fair Ophelia?—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did; [pos'd,
And, with them, words of so sweet breath com-
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That, if you be honest, and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none

spies. [2] i. e. turmoil, bustle. [3] Dr. Warburton remarks, that "the evils here com- of are not the product of time or duration simply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We ure, then, that Shakspeare wrote, '*the whips and scorns* of th' time.' And the description of of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation." [4] This expression probably to the writ of discharge, which was formerly granted to those barons and knights who perso- ended the king on any foreign expedition.—This discharge was called a *Quietus*. It is at this term for the acquittance which every sheriff receives on settling his accounts at the exchequer. *in* was the ancient term for a *small dagger*.

of

of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance[1]: Go to; I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit Hamlet.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form[2],
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies, most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy[3]: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger; Which, for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him
To shew his grief; let her be round with him[4];
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated[5] fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings[6]; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant[7]; it out-herods Herod[8]: Pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: For any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure[9]. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely[10], that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have

[1] i. e. you mistake by *wanton* affectation, and pretend to mistake by *ignorance*. [2] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves. [3] The word *ecstacy* was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind. [4] To be *round* with a person, is to reprimand him with freedom. [5] This is a ridicule on the quantity of false hair worn in Shakspeare's time; for wigs were not in common use till the reign of Charles II. Players, however, seem to have worn them most generally. [6] The meaner people then seem to have sat below, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. [7] *Termagant* was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent, in the old moralities. [8] The character of *Herod* in the ancient mysteries was always a violent one. [9] i. e. resemblance, as in a *print*. [10] Any gross or indelicate language was called *profane*.

some of nature's journeymen had made
l not made them well, they imitated hu-
o abominably.
r. I hope, we have reform'd that indiffe-
ith us.
O, reform it altogether. And let those,
r your clowns, speak no more than is set
r them: For there be of them, that will
res laugh, to set on some quantity of bar-
tators to laugh too; though, in the mean
ne necessary question of the play be then
nsidered: that 's villainous; and shews a
iful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go,
ou ready.— [*Exeunt Players.*
Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.
w, my lord? will the king hear this piece
of work?
And the queen too, and that presently.
Bid the players make haste.—
u two help to hasten them? [*Exit Pol.*
Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
What ho; Horatio!
Enter Horatio.
Here, sweet lord, at your service.
Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
my conversation cop'd withal.
O, my dear lord,—
Nay, do not think I flatter:
it advancement may I hope from thee,
revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
, and clothe thee? Why should the poor
be flatter'd?
the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
ook the pregnant[1] hinges of the knee,
thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
ıy dear soul was mistress of her choice,
uld of men distinguish, her election
al'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
that fortune's buffets and rewards
'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
oloodandjudgementaresowellco-mingled[2],
ey are not a pipe for fortune's finger
ıd what stop she please: Give me that man
not passion's slave, and I will wear him
heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
thee.—Something too much of this.—
s a play to-night before the king;
ene of it comes near the circumstance,
I have told thee, of my father's death.
ıee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
ith the very comment of thy soul
e my uncle: if his occulted guilt
itself unkennel in one speech,
lamned ghost that we have seen;
y imaginations are as foul
can's stithy[3]: Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.
Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft. [idle:
Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be
Get you a place.
Danish march. A flourish.
Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencruntz, Guildenstern, and others.
King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's
dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: You cannot feed capons so.
King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.
Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you play'd
once i' the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*
Pol. That did I, my lord: and was accounted
a good actor.
Ham. And what did you enact?
Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i'
the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.
Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so
capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?
Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.
Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.
Ham. No, good mother, here 's metal more
attractive.
Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*
Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*
Oph. No, my lord.
Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. Do you think I meant country matters[4]?
Oph. I think nothing, my lord. [legs.
Ham. That 's a fair thought to lie between maids'
Oph. What is, my lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry, my lord.
Ham. Who, I?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should
a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how
cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died
within these two hours.
Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear
black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens!
die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then
there 's hope, a great man's memory may outlive
his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build
churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking
on, with the hobby-horse[5]; whose epitaph is,
For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

e sense of *pregnant* in this place is, *quick, ready, prompt.* [2] According to the doctrine of the mours, *desire* and *confidence* were seated in the blood, and *judgement* in the phlegm; and the due e of the humours made a perfect character. [3] *Stithy* is a smith's *anvil.* [4] Dr. Johnson we must read, *Do you think I meant country* manners? Do you imagine that I meant to sit in ıp, with such rough gallantry as clowns use to their lasses? [5] Amongst the country may-there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and lited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous the sectaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two.

Trumpets

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows.
Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestations unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching malicho[1]; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you 'll shew him: Be not you asham'd to shew, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I 'll mark the play.

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,
"Here stooping to your clemency,
"We beg your hearing patiently."

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King, and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart[2] gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen[3]
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity. [know;
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. [shortly too;

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and
My operant[4] powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accusrt!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That 's wormwood. [move,

P. Queen. The instances[5] that second marriage
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport, and repose, lock from me, day, and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's[6] cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue my lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—— [*To Oph.*

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;

[1] Hanmer tell us, that *miching malicho* signifies *mischief lying hid*, and that *malicho* is the Spanish *malheco*. [2] A chariot was anciently so called. [3] Splendour, lustre. [4] *Operant* is *active*. [5] The *motives*. [6] *Anchor* is for *anchoret*. This abbreviation of the word is very ancient.

And

And never come mischance betwixt us twain!
[*Exit.*
Ham. Madam, how like you this play? [thinks.
Queen. The lady doth protest too much, me-
Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.
King. What do you call the play?
Ham. The mouse-trap [1]. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—
Enter Lucianus.
This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.
Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.
Ham. I could interpret [2] between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.
Oph. Still better, and worse [3].
Ham. So you mistake your husbands.
Begin, murderer.——Leave thy damnable faces, and begin. [venge.
Come——The croaking raven doth bellow for re-
Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into his ears.*
Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.
Oph. The king rises.
Ham. What! frighted with false fire!
Queen. How fares my lord?
Pol. Give o'er the play.
King. Give me some light:—away!
All. Lights, lights, lights!
[*Exeunt All but Hamlet and Horatio.*
Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play: [sleep;
For some must watch, whilst some must
Thus runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk [4] with me) with two Provencial roses on my rayed shoes [5], get me a fellowship in a cry [6] of players, sir?
Hor. Half a share.
Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon [7] dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock [8].
Hor. You might have rhym'd.
Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha!——Come, some music; come, the recorders.—
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy [9].
Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.
Come, some music. [you.
Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
Guil. The king, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him? [per'd.
Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distem-
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guil. No, my lord, with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.
Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.
Ham. I am tame, sir:——pronounce.
Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.
Ham. Sir, I cannot.
Guil. What, my lord?
Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—
Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

[1] He calls it the *mouse-trap*, because it is —— the thing, In which he'll catch the conscience of the king. [2] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly sat on the stage at all *motions* or *puppet-shows*, and interpreted to the audience. [3] i. e. according to Mr. Steevens, better in regard to the wit of your *double entendre*, but worse in respect to the grossness of your meaning. [4] Means, probably, no more than to change condition fantastically. [5] When shoe-strings were worn, they were covered, where they met in the middle, by a ribband gathered into the form of a rose.—*Rayed shoes*, are shoes *braided* in lines. [6] The allusion is to a pack of hounds.—A *pack* of hounds was once called a *cry* of hounds. [7] Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in allusion to the celebrated friendship between *Damon* and *Pythias*. [8] A *peacock* seems proverbial for a fool. Mr. Steevens, however, believes *paddock* (or toad) to be the true reading. [9] *Perdy* is a corruption of *par Dieu*, and is not uncommon in the old plays.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade [1] with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers [2].

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders [3].

O, the recorders:——let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly [4].

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages [5] with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. [*Enter Polonius.*]——God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that 's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weazel [6].

Pol. It is back'd like a weazel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.—They fool me to the top of my bent [7].—I will come by-and-by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By-and-by is easily said.——Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Ros. Guil. Hor. &c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out [blood,
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot
And do such business as the bitter [8] day
Would quake to look on. Soft;—now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent [9],
To give them seals [10] never, my soul, consent!

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes [11].

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more,
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest,
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What 's near it, with it: It is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

[1] i. e. further business, further dealing. [2] i. e. by these hands. [3] i. e. a kind of flute. [4] i. e. If my duty to the *king* makes me press you a little, my love to *you* makes me still more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*. [5] The holes of a flute. [6] The *weasel* is remarkable for the length of its *back*. [7] i. e. They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure to do it no longer. [8] The *bitter* day is the day rendered hateful or *bitter* by the commission of some act of mischief. [9] To *shend*, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. [10] i. e. put them in execution. [11] i. e. his *madness, frenzy*.

Both

Both. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself, [home:
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
The speech of vantage [1]. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, my dear lord.
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will [2];
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be fore-stalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed [3] soul; that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do 't;—And so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd [4]:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent [5]:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The King rises.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Queen's Closet.

Enter Queen, and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him: [with;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here [6].
Pray you, be round with him.
Ham. [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother!——
Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius hides himself.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended. [ed.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offend-
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak. [not budge;
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall
You go not, 'till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now! a rat?
Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[1] i. e. by some opportunity of secret observation. [2] *Will* is *command, direction.* [3] This alludes to *bird-lime.* [4] i. e. that should be considered, estimated. [5] *Hent* is *hold, or seizure. Lay hold on* him, sword, at a more horrid time. [6] i. e. *I'll use no more words.*

[*Hamlet*

[*Hamlet strikes at Polonius through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.——
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[*To Polonius.*
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose[1]
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister[2] there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction[3] plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the Herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.——Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement; And what judgement
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty;——
Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches:——
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is 't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse!
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

[1] It was once the custom of those who were betrothed, to wear some flower as an external and conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. [2] See note [1], p. 389. [3] *Contraction* for *marriage contract.*

Ham.

. On him! on him!——Look you, how
pale he glares!
n and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
make them capable.—Do not look upon
ith this piteous action, you convert [me;
rn effects: then, what I have to do
nt true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
n. To whom do you speak this?
. Do you see nothing there?
n. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
. Nor did you nothing hear?
n. No, nothing, but ourselves.
. Why, look you there! look, how it steals
away!
ner, in his habit as he liv'd!
where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*
n. This is the very coinage of your brain:
ndiless creation ecstacy
cunning in.
. Ecstacy[1]!
se, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
kes as healthful musick: It is not madness,
have utter'd: bring me to the test,
he matter will re-word; which madness
gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
t that flattering unction to your soul,
t your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
out skin and film the ulcerous place;
rank corruption, mining all within,
unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
what's past; avoid what is to come;
not spread the compost on the weeds,
e them ranker. Forgive me this my vir-
the fatness of these pursy times, [tue:
itself of vice must pardon beg;
urb[2], and woo, for leave to do him good.
n. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.
. O, throw away the worser part of it,
e the purer with the other half.
ight: but go not to mine uncle's bed:
a virtue, if you have it not.
onster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
ts devil, is angel yet in this;
the use of actions fair and good
wise gives a frock or livery,
tly is put on: Refrain to-night;
t shall lend a kind of easiness
next abstinence: the next, more easy:
can almost change the stamp of nature,
her master the devil, or throw him out
ndrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent; But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish him with me, and me with this,—
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.——
One word more, good lady.
Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse[3];
And let him, for a pair of reechy[4] kisses,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib[5],
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions[6], in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?
Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.
Ham. There 's letters seal'd: and my two
school-fellows,——
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd[7],—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my
way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist[8] with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:——
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—
Good night, mother.
[*Exit the Queen, and Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

[1] *Ecstacy* in this place, and many others, means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit. [2] That is, d *truckle*. Fr. *courber*. [3] *Mouse* was once a term of endearment. [4] *Reechy* is smoky. as a common name for a cat. [6] i. e. experiments. [7] That is, adders with their *fangs*, *nous teeth*, undrawn. [8] *Hoist* for *hoised*; as *past* for *passed*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. THERE's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—
[*To Ros. and Guil. who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us; whose providence [haunt',
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore[2],
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill, [stern!
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guilden-

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: for haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. ——Safely stow'd. But soft,——

Ros. &c. within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body? [kin.

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! —what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape[3] in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd: When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body[4]. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox[5], and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room.

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

[1] *Out of haunt*, means *out of company*.
[2] Shakspeare seems to think *ore* to be *or*, that is, gold. Base metals have *ore* no less than precious.
[3] Hanmer has illustrated this passage with the following note: "It is the way of monkeys, in eating, to throw that part of their food which they take up first, into a pouch they are provided with on the side of their jaw, and there they keep it till they have done with the rest." [4] This answer Dr. Johnson says he does not comprehend. Perhaps it should be, *The body is* not *with the king*, for *the king is* not *with the body*. [5] There is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after*.

He's

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Enter Rosencrantz.

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help[1],
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother:—Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and, so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
And, England! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set[2]
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: 'Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, with an Army.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt Fortinbras, &c.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Capt. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Capt. God be wi' ye, sir. [*Exit Captain.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt Ros. and the rest.*

[1] Dr. Johnson supposes it should be read, *The bark is ready, and the wind at* helm. [2] *To set*, is an expression taken from the gaming-table.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse[1],
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,——
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly, to be great
Is not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent[2],
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Elsinour. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, and Horatio.

Queen. ——I will not speak with her.
Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
Her mood will needs be pity'd.
Queen. What would she have?
Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears, [her heart;
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection[3]; they aim[4] at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them, [thought,
Indeed would make one think, there might be
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily[5].
Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Den-
Queen. How now, Ophelia? [mark?
Oph. *How should I your true love know*
From another one?
By his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon[6]. [Singing.
Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
O, ho!
Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,——
Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow.
Enter King.
Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.
Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.
King. How do you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter[7]. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!
King. Conceit upon her father.
Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:
To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and don'd[8] *his clothes,*
And dup't[9] *the chamber-door;*
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.
King. Pretty Ophelia!

[1] i. e. such latitude of comprehension; such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future. [2] *Continent*, in our author, means that which comprehends or encloses. [3] i. e. to deduce consequences from such premises. [4] To *aim* is to guess. [5] i. e. Though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it. [6] This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots.—The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation; for, the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. [7] This alludes to a legendary story, where our Saviour, being refused bread by the *daughter of a baker*, is described as punishing her by turning her into an *owl*. [8] To *don*, is to *do on*, to put on; as *doff* is to *do off*, put off. [9] To *dup*, is to *do up*; to lift the latch.

Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end

I Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
ung men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock[1]*, they are to blame.*
oth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed: He answers,
would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

How long hath she been thus?
I hope, all will be well. We must be
: but I cannot choose but weep, to think,
ould lay him i' the cold ground: My bro-
ill know of it, and so I thank you for your
ounsel. Come, my coach! Good night,
good night, sweet ladies: good night,
ght. [*Exit.*
Follow her close; give her good watch,
I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*
is the poison of deep grief; it springs
n her father's death: And now, behold,
rude, Gertrude,
orrows come, they come not single spies,
attalions! First, her father slain;
our son gone; and he most violent author
wn just remove: The people muddy'd,
nd unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,
d Polonius' death; and we have done but
greenly[2],
er-mugger[3] to inter him: Poor Ophelia,
l from herself, and her fair judgement;
t the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
d as much containing as all these,
ther is in secret come from France:
n his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
nts not buzzers to infect his ear
stilent speeches of his father's death;
n necessity of matter beggar'd,
hing stick our person to arraign,
nd ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
n murdering piece[4], in many places
e superfluous death! [*A noise within.*
Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

Attend. Where are my Switzers? Let
them guard the door:—
the matter?
Save yourself, my lord;
an, over-peering of his list[5],
the flats with more impetuous haste,
ung Laertes, in a riotous head, [lord;
rs your officers! The rabble call him,
the world were now but to begin,
y forgot, custom not known,
iers and props of every ward[6],

They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs[7].
King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter Laertes, with others.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all
without.
All. No, let 's come in.
Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*
Laer. I thank you:—Keep the door.—O thou
vile king,
Give me my father,
Queen. Calmly, good Laertes,
Laer. That drop of blood, that 's calm, pro-
claims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched[8] brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?——
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Ger-
trude;——
Speak, man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill. [with.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,——
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty [venge,
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your re-
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and
Winner and loser? [foe,
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then? [arms;
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.

is a corruption of the sacred name. See note [4], page 48. [2] That is, without *maturity* ment. [3] i. e. in private to inter him. [4] Such a piece as assassins use, with many It is necessary, to apprehend this, to see the justness of the similitude. [5] The *lists* are ers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass. [6] i. e. of every one of those r that nature and law place about the person of a king. [7] Hounds run *counter* when they trail backwards. [8] i. e. clean, not defiled.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgement 'pear [1],
As day does to your eye.
Crowd, within. Let her come in.
Laer. How now! what noise is that?
Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with straws and flowers.
O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be pay'd with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!——
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves [2].
Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier;*
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And on his grave rain'd many a tear;——
Fare you well, my dove! [revenge,
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
It could not move thus.
Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* [ard,
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
That stole his master's daughter [3].
Laer. This nothing 's more than matter.
Oph. There 's rosemary [4], that 's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies [5], that 's for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There 's fennel for you, and columbines [6]. There 's rue for you;—and here 's some for me;—we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference [7].—There 's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,——
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy [8],——
Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself
She turns to favour, and to prettiness. [self,
Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God a' mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you. [*Exit Oph.*
Laer. Do you see this, O God?
King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.
King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room,
Enter Horatio, with a Servant.
Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors, sir;

[1] This is an elision of the verb to *appear*. [2] Dr. Johnson explains this passage thus: "*Love* (says Laertes) is the passion by which *nature is most* exalted and *refined:* and as substances, *refined* and subtilised, easily obey any impulse, or follow any attraction, some part of nature, so purified and *refined*, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves." [3] Mr. Steevens says, the *wheel* may mean no more than *the burthen of the song*, which she had just repeated, and as such was formerly used.—Dr. Johnson says, "The story alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady stolen by the steward was reduced to *spin*." [4] *Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. [5] *Pansies* is for *thoughts*, because of its name, *Pensées*. [6] Mr. Steevens says, Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel women's weeds:* "fit generally for that sex, sith, while they are maidens, they wish wantonly."—Mr. Steevens adds, that he knows not of what *columbines* were supposed to be emblematical; but that Gerard, and other herbalists, impute few, if any, virtues to them: and they may therefore be styled *thankless*, because they appear to make no grateful return for their creation. [7] Dr. Warburton says, that *herb of grace* is the name the country-people give to *rue;* and the reason is, because that herb was a principal ingredient in the potion which the Romish priests used to force the possessed to swallow down when they exorcised them. Now, these exorcisms being performed generally on a Sunday, in the church before the whole congregation, is the reason why she says, we may call it *herb of grace o' Sundays*.—Mr. Steevens believes there is a quibble meant in this passage; *rue* anciently signifying the same as *Ruth*, i. e. sorrow. Ophelia gives the queen some, and keeps a proportion of it for herself. There may, however, he adds, be somewhat more implied here than is expressed. *You, madam,* (says Ophelia to the queen,) *may call your* RUE *by its Sunday name,* HERB OF GRACE, *and so wear it with a difference to distinguish it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely* RUE, i. e. *sorrow*. [8] This is part of an old song.

They

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.——
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the embassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore[1] of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room.

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature, [else,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender[2] bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost:
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again[3],
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio; he receiv'd
Of him that brought them. [them

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:——
Leave us. [*Exit Mess.*

HIGH and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing? [back?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*——
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone:*
Can you advise me? [come;

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,——
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,——
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

[1] The *bore* is the calibre of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel.—*The matter* (says Hamlet) *would carry heavier words.* [2] i. e. The *common race* of the people. [3] i. e. If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege [1].
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health, and graveness.——Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,——
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A Norman, was 't?
King. A Norman.
Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence [2],
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'Twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers [3] of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now out of this,——
Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time [4];
And that I see, in passages of proof [5],
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it:
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh [6],
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To shew yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i' the church. [tuarize;
King. No place, indeed, should murder sanc-
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber?
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss [7],
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated [8], and, in a pass of practice [9],
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will do 't:
And, for the purpose, I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape [10]: If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof [11]. Soft;—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,

[1] i. e. of the lowest rank.—*Siege*, for *seat, place*; Fr. [2] That is, in the *science of* defence. [3] The *fencers*. [4] Dr. Johnson says, this is obscure; and adds, "The meaning may be, *Love* is not innate in us, and co-essential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from some external cause, and, being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution." [5] i. e. in transactions of daily experience. [6] i. e. a *sigh* that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that *sighs* impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers. [7] i. e. not vigilant or cautious. [8] i. e. not blunted as foils are. [9] Dr. Johnson observes, that *practice* is often by Shakspeare, and other writers, taken for an *insidious stratagem*, or *privy* treason; a sense not incongruous to this passage, where yet he rather believes, that nothing more is meant than a *thrust for exercise*. [10] i. e. may enable us to assume proper characters, and to act our part. [11] This metaphor is taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often *blast* or *burst* in the *proof*.

Our

Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?
Enter Queen.
How now, sweet queen?
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt[1] the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead-men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas, then, is she drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire; that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*
King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Church-yard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 *Clown.* Is she to be bury'd in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight[2]: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches[3]; it is, to act, to do, and to perform:—Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: Here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: But if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been bury'd out of christian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian[4]. Come; my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture?——The Scripture says, Adam digg'd; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker: for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: Now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church: Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke[5].

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating;

[1] i. e. *aside, sideways.* [2] i. e. *make her grave immediately.* [3] Ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction; and of distinctions without difference. [4] This is an old English expression for fellow-christians. [5] i. e. When you have done that, I'll trouble you no more with these riddles. The phrase is taken from husbandry.

ing; and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last 'till doomsday. Go, get thee to Youghan, and fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit 2 Clown.*

He digs, and sings [1].

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a scull.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady worm's [2]; chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats [3] with them? mine ache to think on 't.

Clown sings.

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrowding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. There 's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits [4] now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce [5] with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance [6] in that. I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave 's this, sirrah?

Clown. Mine, sir.——

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed; for thou ly'st in 't.

Clown. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lye, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

Clown. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card [7], or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have

[1] The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called *The aged Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, who flourished in the reign of King Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a strained accusation of treason. The entire song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Antient English Poetry*. [2] i. e. The scull that was *my lord Such-a-one's*, is now *my lady Worm's*. [3] Dr. Johnson says, this is a play, in which pins are set up to be beaten down with a bowl. We have been informed, however, that the reverse is true; that the bowl is the mark, and the pins are pitched at it; and that the game is well known in the neighbourhood of Norwich.——Mr. Steevens observes, that "this is a game played in several parts of England even at this time.—A stake is fixed into the ground; those who play, throw *loggats* at it; and he that is nearest the stake, wins:—I have seen it played in different counties at their sheep-shearing feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards presented to the farmer's maid to spin for the purpose of making a petticoat, and on condition that she knelt down on the fleece to be kissed by all the rustics present." [4] i. e. subtilties. [5] i. e. the head. [6] A quibble is intended.—Deeds, which are usually written on parchment, are called the common *assurances* of the kingdom. [7] The *card* is the paper on which the different points of the compass were described.—*To do any thing by the card*, is, *to do it with nice observation.*

taken

e of it; the age is grown so picked [1], that
f the peasant comes so near the heel of
ier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast
a grave-maker?
Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't
hat our last king Hamlet overcame For-

How long is that since?
Cannot you tell that? every fool can
It was that very day that young Hamlet
; he that is mad, and sent into England.
Ay, marry, why was he sent into En-

Why, because he was mad: He shall
his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no
tter there.
Why?
'Twill not be seen in him there; there
are as mad as he.
How came he mad?
Very strangely, they say.
How strangely?
'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.
Upon what ground?
Why, here in Denmark: I have been
ere, man, and boy, thirty years.
How long will a man lie i' the earth ere

'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,
ave many pocky corses now-a-days, that
ce hold the laying in) he will last you
ht year, or nine years a tanner will last
year.
Why he more than another?
Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with
, that he will keep out water a great
nd your water is a sore decayer of your
n dead body. Here 's a scull now has
i' the earth three-and-twenty years.
Whose was it?
A whoreson mad fellow's it was;
lo you think it was?
Nay, I know not.
A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!
d a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once.
e scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's

This?
E'en that.
Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Ho-
fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent
e hath borne me on his back a thousand
nd now, how abhorr'd in my imagination
y gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips,
ave kiss'd I know not how oft. Where
gibes now? your gambols? your songs?
your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set
the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your
own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you
to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint
an inch thick, to this favour she must come;
make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell
me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o'
this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. It were to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw [2]!
But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king;

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, the corpse of Ophelia, with Lords and Priests attending.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites [3]! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo [4] its own life. 'Twas of some estate [5]:
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctify'd have lodg'd
'Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants [6],
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial [7].

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done;
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem* [8], and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

mart, so *sharp*, says Hanmer, very properly; but there was, Dr. Johnson thinks, about that *picked* shoe, that is, *a shoe with a long pointed toe*, in fashion, to which the allusion seems likewise made. *Every man now is smart; and every man now is a man of fashion.* [2] Winter's [3] i. e. imperfect obsequies. [4] To *fordo*, is to undo, to destroy. [5] i. e. some person rank. [6] *Crants* is the German word for *garlands*, and it was probably retained by us from ons. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is practice in rural parishes. [7] *Burial*, here, signifies interment in consecrated ground. *uiem* is a mass performed in Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased.

Laer.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.
Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!
Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!
[*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.
Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Laertes leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To over-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
Ham. [*advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*
Hamlet the Dane.
Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!
All. Gentlemen,—
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. Shew me what thou 'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up Esil[1]? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't.——Dost thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; 'till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd[2],
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exit.*
King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.— [*Exit Hor.*
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To Laertes.*
We 'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;—

[1] Mr. Theobald comments on this passage thus: "This word has through all the editions been distinguished by Italic characters, as if it were the proper name of some river; and so, I dare say, all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in Denmark; and there is none there so called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yssel*, from which the province of Overyssel derives its title in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be: but he rather seems to mean, wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature? and, behold, I am as resolute. The poet wrote: *Wilt drink up* Eisel! *eat a crocodile?* i.e. wilt thou swallow down large draughts of *vinegar?* The proposition, indeed, is not very grand: but the doing it might be as distasteful and unsavoury, as eating the flesh of a *crocodile*."——On this comment Mr. Steevens remarks as follows: "Hamlet certainly meant (for he says he will rant) to dare Laertes to attempt any thing, however difficult or unnatural; and might safely promise to follow the example his antagonist was to set, in draining the channel of a river, or trying his teeth on an animal whose scales are supposed to be impenetrable. Had Shakspeare meant to make Hamlet say—*Wilt thou drink vinegar?* he probably would not have used the term *drink up*; which means *totally to exhaust*; neither is that challenge very magnificent, which only provokes an adversary to hazard a fit of the heart-burn or the cholic. The commentator's *Yssel* would serve Hamlet's turn or mine. In an old Latin account of Denmark and the neighbouring provinces I find the names of several rivers little differing from *Esil*, or *Elsill*, in spelling or pronunciation. Such are the *Essa*, the *Œsil*, and some others." [2] Mr. Steevens says, to *disclose* was anciently used for to *hatch*. To *exclude* is the technical term at present.—During three days after the pigeon has *hatched* her *couplets*, (for she lays no more than two eggs,) she never quits her nest, except for a few moments in quest of a little food for herself; as all her young require in that early state, is to be kept warm, an office which she never entrusts to the male.

ıember all the circumstance?
member it, my lord!
', in my heart there was a kind of
;hting,
not let me sleep; methought, I lay
the mutines in the bilboes[1]. Rashly,
i be rashness for it—Let us know,
etion sometime serves us well,
leep plots do fail: and that should
ach us,
livinity that shapes our ends,
them how we will[2].
at is most certain.
p from my cabin,
wn scarf'd about me, in the dark
) find out them: had my desire;
ıeir packet; and, in fine, withdrew
wn room again: making so bold,
)rgetting manners, to unseal
l commission; where I found, Horatio,
avery; an exact command,—
h many several sorts of reasons,
Denmark's health, and England's too,
such bugs[3] and goblins in my life,—
ıe supervise, no leisure bated[4],
stay the grinding of the axe,
hould be struck off.
't possible?
ere's the commission; read it at more
ıisure—
ou hear now how I did proceed?
y, 'beseech you. [lainies,
Being thus benetted round with vil-
d make a prologue to my brains,
begun the play;—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists[5] do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service[6]: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary; [rish,
As love between them like the palm might flou-
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma[7] 'tween their amities;
And many such-like as'es of great charge,—
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.
Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other; [safely;
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it
The changeling[9] never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation[10] grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

es, the French word for seditious or disobedient fellows in an army or fleet: *Bilboes*, the *on.*—Mr. Steevens adds, that "the *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by inous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, Spain where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand e's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the of-y close together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind *kind of fighting that would not let him sleep.* Every motion of one must distu[illegible] his partner nent." [2] Dr. Johnson comments on this passage thus: Hamlet, delivering an account of , begins with saying, That he *rashly*—and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness wisdom. I rashly—praised be rashness for it—*Let us* not think these events casual; but *let* at is, *take notice and remember*, that we sometimes succeed by *indiscretion*, when we *fail* by and infer the perpetual superintendance and *agency* of the *Divinity*. The observation is just, allowed by every human being who shall reflect on the course of his own life." [3] A *bug* s a terrific being than a goblin. We call it at present a *bugbear*. [4] *Bated*, for *allowed*.—ignifies to *deduct*; this deduction, when applied to the person in whose favour it is made, is llowance: Hence our author takes the liberty of using *bated* for *allowed*. [5] Dr. Johnson ıe following lines thus: "Hamlet is telling how luckily every thing fell out; he groped out ıission in the dark without waking them; he found himself doomed to immediate destruction. ; was to be done for his preservation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the compa-e method with another, or by a regular deduction of consequences, but before he *could make to his brains, they had begun the play:* Before he could summon his faculties, and propose to ıat should be done, a complete scheme of action presented itself to him: His mind operated had excited it." [6] A *statist* is a *statesman*. [7] i. e. did me eminent service. [8] Dr. John-ns this expression thus: "The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity of sentences; is the note of *abruption* and disjunction. Shakspeare had it perhaps in his mind to write, s England complied with the mandate, *war should put a* period *to their amity;* he altered of diction, and thought that, in an opposite sense, he might put, that *Peace should stand a tween their amities.*"—This (he adds) is not an easy style; but is it not the style of Shak-

[9] A *changeling* is a *child* which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that which

[10] *Insinuation*, for corruptly obtruding themselves into his service.

Hor.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popt in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit [1] him with this arm; and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life 's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours [2]:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.——Dost know this water-fly [3]?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious: for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough [4]; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit: Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion——

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember——

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith.—Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences [5], of very soft society, and great shewing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry [6]; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see [7].

Ham. [8]Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail [9]. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve [10] me:—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed [11], he 's unfellow'd.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impon'd [12],

[1] i. e. to requite him; to pay him his due. [2] Or, *I will make account* of them, i. e. *reckon upon them, value them.* [3] A *water-fly* skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler. [4] A kind of jackdaw peculiar to Cornwall. [5] i. e. full of *distinguishing* excellencies. [6] i. e. the general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *calendar* by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. [7] i. e. *You shall find him containing* and comprising every *quality* which a *gentleman* would desire to *contemplate* for imitation. [8] Dr. Warburton says, this is designed as a specimen and ridicule of the court-jargon amongst the *précieux* of that time. The sense in English is, "Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best, it would still come short of him. However, in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character so rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we must look into his mirrour, and his imitators will appear no more than his shadows." [9] *Raw* signifies *unripe, immature;* thence *unformed, imperfect, unskilful.*—The best account of him would be *imperfect,* in respect of his quick sail. The phrase *quick sail* was, I suppose, a proverbial term for *activity of mind.* [10] To *approve,* is to *recommend to approbation.* [11] i. e. in his excellence. [12] Dr. Johnson conjectures that *impon'd* is pledged, *impawned,* so spelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering English words with French pronunciation.

six French rapiers and poniards, with
s, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of
s, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very
to the hilts, most delicate carriages,
liberal conceit.
hat call you the carriages?
new, you must be edified by the mar-
you had done.
carriages, sir, are the hangers.
he phrase would be more germane[2] to
, if we could carry a cannon by our
ould, it might be hangers 'till then.
Six Barbary horses against six French
ir assigns, and three liberal-conceited
that 's the French bett against the Da-
is this impon'd, as you call it?
e king, sir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen
een yourself and him, he shall not ex-
ree hits: he hath lay'd on twelve for
it would come to immediate trial, if
ip would vouchsafe the answer.
ow if I answer, no?
nean, my lord, the opposition of your
ial.
ir, I will walk here in the hall: If it
majesty, it is the breathing time of day
et the foils be brought: the gentleman
d the king hold his purpose, I will win
I can; if not, I will gain nothing but
, and the odd hits.
ll I deliver you so?
o this effect, sir; after what flourish
e will.
mmend mydutyto your lordship. [*Exit.*
ours, yours.—He does well, to com-
mself; there are no tongues else for 's

is lapwing runs away with the shell on

e did compliment with his dug, before
it. Thus has he (and many more of the
d, that, I know, the drossy age dotes
ot the tune of the time, and outward
ncounter; a kind of yesty collection,
ies them through and through the most
vinnowed opinions[4]; and do but blow
eir trial, the bubbles are out[5].

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all, are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment[6] to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds[7]. But thou would'st not think, how ill all 's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving[8], as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osrick, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman. [heard,
This presence knows, and you must needs have

[2] Warburton very properly observes, that in the old books the gloss or comment was usually the *margent* of the leaf. [2] More *a-kin*. [3] The meaning, Mr. Steevens believes, is a *forward* fellow. [4] The meaning is, "These men have got the cant of the day, a readiness of slight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, yet carries them through the most select and approved judgements. This airy facility of manners imposes upon wise men." [5] i. e. These men of show, without solidity, are like bubbles raised from soap and water, which dance, and glitter, and please the eye, but if you extend them by blowing hard, separate into a mist: so if you oblige these specious talkers to extend their talk to a serious conversation, they at once discover the tenuity of their intellects. [6] i. e. mild and temperate conversation. [7] Hamlet means to say, I shall succeed with the advantage which I am allowed, to make more than *nine* hits for Laertes' *twelve*. [8] *Gain-giving* is the same as *mis-giving*. Johnson comments on this passage thus: "Since *no man knows aught of* the state of life which he is leaving, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of *leaving* life? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness or an interception of calamity? I despise the superstition of augury and omens, which has no footing in reason or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of Providence."

How

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet;
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he 's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
'Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: but, 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me. [rance

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine igno-
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand. [Cousin Hamlet,

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:—
But since he 's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: these foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups[1] of wine upon that table:——
If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ord'nance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union[2] shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,——again,——

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl[3] is thine;
Here 's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound, shot goes off.*

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.
[*They play.*
Come, another hit; What say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He 's fat, and scant of breath.——
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think 't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
[*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afraid, you make a wanton[4] of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*Play.*

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.
[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
[*The Queen falls.*

Hor. They bleed on both sides:——How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is 't, Laertes? [Osrick;

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!——
The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd—
[*The Queen dies.*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [slain;

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

[1] A *stoup* is a *flaggon*, or *bowl*. [2] An *union* is the finest sort of pearl, and has its place in all crowns and coronets. [3] Under pretence of throwing a *pearl* into the cup, the king may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him,—*Is the union here?* [4] A *wanton* was a man feeble and effeminate.

l, and envenom'd: the foul practice
rn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
› rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
more;—the king, the king's to blame.
The point envenom'd too!—
enom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
'reason! treason!
O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned
Dane,
ff this potion:—Is the union here?
ny mother. [*King dies.*
He is justly serv'd;
ison temper'd by himself.—
ge forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
d my father's death come not upon thee;
ıe on me! [*Dies.*
Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
thee.
ıd, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!
look pale and tremble at this chance,
but mutes or audience to this act,
ıt time, (as this fell serjeant, Death,
n his arrest) O, I could tell you,—
t be:—Horatio, I am dead;
'st; report me and my cause aright
nsatisfied.
Never believe it;
re an antique Roman than a Dane,
'et some liquor left.
As thou 'rt a man,—
the cup; let go; by heaven, I 'll have it.
—Horatio, what a wounded name,
tanding thus unknown, shall live behind
me?
idst ever hold me in thy heart,
hee from felicity a while,
ıis harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
ıy story.——
[*March afar off, and shout within.*
rlike noise is this?
'oung Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland,
mbassadors of England gives
ike volley.
O, I die, Horatio;
nt poison quite o'er-grows my spirit;
live to hear the news from England:
prophesy, the election lights
ıbras; he has my dying voice;
n, with the occurrents[1], more or less,
ıve solicited[2],——The rest is silence.
[*Dies.*
low cracks a noble heart:—Good night,
sweet prince;
ts of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
s the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, the English Embassadors, and others.

For. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it, you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock!—O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine infernal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?
Emb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his[3] mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots, and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.——
Take up the bodies:——Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt: after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

[1] ncidents.—The word is now disused.
[2] *Solicited*, for brought on the event.
[3] i. e.

OTHELLO[1].

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of VENICE.
BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio.*
LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*
OTHELLO, *the Moor.*
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant.*
IAGO, *his Ancient.*
RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman.*
MONTANO, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*
ÆMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*
BIANCA, *Mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and Attendants.
SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

VENICE.

A Street.

Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Rod. NEVER tell me:—I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.
Iago. But you 'll not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators; *for, certes*[2], says he,
I have already chosen my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife[3];
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric[4],
Wherein the toged consuls[5] can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster[6];
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

[1] The story is taken from *Cynthio's Novels.* [2] i. e. certainly, in truth. Obsolete. [3] On these lines Dr. Johnson observes, "This is one of the passages which must for the present be resigned to corruption and obscurity. I have nothing that I can, with any approach to confidence, propose." —Mr. Tyrwhitt ingeniously proposes to read, "damn'd in a fair *life*;" and is of opinion, that "Shakspeare alludes to the judgement denounced in the Gospel against those *of whom all men speak well.*" He adds, that "the character of Cassio is certainly such, as would be very likely to draw upon him all the peril of this denunciation, literally understood. Well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable and useful, but not sufficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors. It may be observed too, that Shakspeare has thought it proper to make Iago, in several other passages, bear his testimony to the amiable qualities of his rival." [4] *Theoric*, for *theory.* [5] *Consuls*, for *counsellors.* [6] It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with *counters.*

And I, sir, (bless the mark[1]) his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there 's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter[2], and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor[3].

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and, when he 's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves[4]: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one I do profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune[5] does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spy'd in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho! thieves!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst[6], you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee: and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange[7].

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians. You 'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you 'll have your nephews[8] neigh to you: you 'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets[9] for germans.

Bra. What profane[10] wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two[11] backs.

[1] It has been observed, that the Scots, when they compare person to person, use this exclamation. [2] i. e. by *recommendation* from powerful friends. [3] The meaning is, *Do I stand* within *any such* terms *of propinquity* or *relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?* [4] *Knave* is here used for *servant*, but with a mixture of sly contempt. [5] *Full fortune* may mean a complete piece of good fortune. To *owe* is in ancient language, to *own*, to possess. [6] i. e. broken. [7] That is, "You are in a populous city, not in a *lone house*, where a robbery might easily be committed." *Grange* is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery, where the religious reposited their corn. But in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a *grange*. [8] *Nephew*, in this instance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and signifies a grandson, or any lineal descendant, however remote. [9] A *jennet* is a Spanish horse. [10] That is, *what wretch of gross and licentious language?* [11] This is an ancient proverbial expression in the French language, whence Shakspeare probably borrowed it.

Bra.

Bra. Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are—a senator. [Roderigo.
Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd [1] even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
To an extravagant [2] and wheeling stranger, [self:
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy your-
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already:—
Light, I say! light!
Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast [3] him; for he 's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war,
(Which even now stands in act) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.
[*Exit.*

Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what 's to come of my despised [4] time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.
Bra. O heaven!—how got she out?—O treason of the blood!— [minds
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd [5]? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother.—O, 'would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I 'll call;
I may command at most:—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might.—
On, good Roderigo; I 'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff [6] o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast marry'd? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico [7] is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double [8] as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being

[1] Dr. Johnson observes, that the *even* of *night* is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into *even* parts.—Mr. Steevens thinks that *odd* is here ambiguously used, as it signifies *strange*, *uncouth*, or *unwonted*; and as it is opposed to *even*; but acknowledges that the expression is very harsh. [2] *Extravagant* is here used in the signification of *wandering*. [3] That is, *dismiss* him; *reject* him. [4] *Despised time*, is *time of no value*. [5] i. e. by which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and to false imaginations. [6] *Stuff of the conscience*, is *substance*, or *essence*, of the conscience. [7] The chief men of Venice are, by a peculiar name, called *Magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes*. [8] *Double* has here its natural sense.—The president of every deliberative assembly has a *double* voice. For example: the lord mayor in the court of aldermen has a double voice.

From men of royal siege [1]; and my demerits [2]
May speak, unbonneted [3], to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused [4] free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Cassio, with others.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends;
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls [5], rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests [6],
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-carrack [7];
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He 's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to——Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you [8].

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers.

Iago. It is Brabantio;—general, be advis'd [9];
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I 'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled [10] darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear [11], not to delight,
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken motion [12]:—I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Offi. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke 's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away;
Mine 's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] i. e. men who have sat upon royal *thrones*. [2] *Demerits*, here has the same meaning as *merits*. [3] i. e. *without taking the cap off*. [4] i. e. free from *domestic* cares: a thought natural to an adventurer. [5] *Consuls* seems to have been commonly used for *counsellors*; as before in this play. [6] *Quests* are *searches*. [7] A *carrack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon*. [8] This expression denotes *readiness*. [9] i. e. be *cautious*; be *discreet*. [10] *Curled*, is *elegantly and ostentatiously dressed*. [11] i. e. to terrify. [12] Theobald proposes, and we think justly, to read, "*That weaken* notion, instead of *motion*; i. e. that weaken her *apprehension*, right *conception* and *idea* of things, *understanding*, *judgement*, &c."—Hanmer would read, perhaps with equal probability, "*That* waken motion:" and it is to be observed, that *motion*, in a subsequent scene of this play, is used in the very same sense in which Hanmer would employ it: "But we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts."

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Council-chamber.

Duke and Senators, sitting.

Duke. There is no composition[1] in these news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred-and-seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred-and-forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where they aim[2] reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor [*within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!
Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.
Offi. A messenger from the galleys.
Duke. Now? the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question[3] bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace[4],
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage[5], a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
Offi. Here is more news.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after-fleet.
1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?
Mes. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccheśe, is not he in town?
1 *Sen.* He 's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us; wish him, post, post-haste: dispatch.
Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant [Moor.
Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.
Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To Brab.*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.
Duke. Why, what 's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not——
Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action[6].
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.
All. We are very sorry for it.
Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To Othello.*
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have
Their dearest[7] action in the tented field; [us'd
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver

[1] *Composition*, for *consistency, concordancy.* [2] To *aim* is to *conjecture.* [3] i. e. more *easy endeavour.* [4] i. e. State of defence. To *arm* was called to *brace on* the armour. [5] To *wage* here, as in many other places in Shakspeare, signifies to fight, to combat. [6] i. e. were the man exposed to your *charge* or *accusation.* [7] That is, *dear* for which much is paid, whether money or labours. *Dear action*, is action performed at great expence, either of ease or safety.

Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test[1],
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary[2],
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

[*Exeunt Two or Three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.— [*Exit Iago.*

And, 'till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How did I thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd:
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres[3] vast, and desarts idle[4],
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders[5]. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively[6]: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,

[1] i. e. open proofs, external evidence. [2] This means the sign of the fictitious creature so called, i. e. an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver. [3] i. e. caves, dens. Dr. Warburton remarks, that "Discourses of this nature made the subject of the politest conversations, when voyages into, and discoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the Bastard Faulconbridge, in *King John*, describes the behaviour of upstart greatness, he makes one of the essential circumstances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The fashion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality should be struck with the history of an adventurer." Dr. Johnson adds, that "Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shews his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity." [4] i. e. wild, useless, uncultivated. [5] Dr. Johnson says, "Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time." [6] *Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous.

Destruction

on on my head, if my bad blame
he man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
erceive in all this noble company,
ost you owe obedience?
y noble father,
eive here a divided duty:
am bound for life, and education;
nd education, both do learn me
espect you; you are the lord of duty,
herto your daughter: But here's my
husband;
uch duty as my mother shew'd
referring you before her father,
I challenge that I may profess
he Moor, my lord.
od be with you!—I have done:—
your grace, on to the state affairs;
her to adopt a child, than get it.—
her, Moor:
give thee that with all my heart,
ut thou hast already, with all my heart
eep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
l at soul I have no other child;
scape would teach me tyranny,
clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
Let me speak like yourself; and lay a
sentence,
s a grise[1], or step, may help these lovers
r favour.
medies are past, the griefs are ended,
the worst, which late on hopes depended.
n a mischief that is past and gone,
xt way to draw new mischief on.
nnot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
her injury a mockery makes.
b'd, that smiles, steals something from
the thief;
himself, that spends a bootless grief.
o let the Turk, of Cyprus us beguile;
it not, so long as we can smile.
the sentence well, that nothing bears
ree comfort which from thence he hears[2]:
ears both the sentence and the sorrow,
pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
ntences, to sugar, or to gall,
ong on both sides, are equivocal:
ls are words: I never yet did hear, [ear[3].
e bruis'd heart was pierced through the
y beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state.
The Turk with a most mighty prepara-
es for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of
the place is best known to you: And though we
have there a substitute of most allow'd sufficiency,
yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws
a more safe voice on you: you must therefore be
content to slubber[4] the gloss of your new fortunes,
with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.
Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven[5] bed of down: I do agnize[6]
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reverence of place[7], and exhibition[8];
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.
Bra. I will not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke;
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice[9],
To assist my simpleness.
Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind[10];
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.
Oth. Your voices, lords:—I do beseech you, let
Her will have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, (the young affects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind[11]:
And heaven defend[12] your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me; No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness,
My speculative and active instruments[13],

[1] *e*, from *degrees*. A *grise* is a step. [2] Meaning, the moral precepts of consolation, which ally bestowed on occasion of the sentence. [3] Dr. Johnson observes, that the consequence *ise* is sometimes matter collected; and this can no way be cured without *piercing*, or letting [4] To *slubber*, here means to *obscure*. [5] A *driven* bed, is a bed for which the feathers ted, by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. [6] i. e. acknowledge, avow. [7] i. e. precedency suitable to her rank. [8] *Exhibition* is *allowance*, and here im- *nue*. [9] i. e. Let your favour *privilege* me. [10] i. e. The greatness of his character re- me to his form. [11] *Affects*, stands in this passage, not for *love*, but for *passions*; for that, h any thing is *affected*.—*I ask it not*, says Othello, *to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires*, the of youth which I have now outlived, or *for any particular gratification of myself, but merely ay indulge the wishes of my wife*. [12] To *defend*, is to forbid; from *defendre*, Fr. [13] All rds mean no more than this: *When the pleasures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for he duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them.*

That

That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart. [again.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we 'll meet
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.——
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To Brab.*
If virtue no delighted [1] beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt Duke and Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage [2].—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt Othello, and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years: and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea hen [3], I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it sterile with idleness, or manur'd with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect [4] or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow thou these wars; defeat [5] thy favour with an usurped beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration [6];—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts [7], shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport.

[1] *Delighted*, for *delighting*, or *delightful*.—Shakspeare often uses the active and passive participles indiscriminately. [2] i. e. fairest opportunity. [3] A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant term for a prostitute. [4] A *sect* is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting*. [5] To *defeat*, is to *undo*, to *change*. [6] The poet probably here uses *sequestration* for *sequel*.—*Sequestration*, however, may mean no more than *separation*. [7] The fruit of the *locust-tree* is a long black pod, which contains the reeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice, of much the same consistency as fresh honey.

There

There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I 'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd. I 'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse. [*Exit Roderigo.*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
But I for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio 's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery,—How? how!—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have 't;—it is engender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Capital of Cyprus.

A Platform.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mont. WHAT from the cape can you discern at sea? [flood;

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail. [land;

Mont. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
Seems to cast water on the burning bear, [main,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole[1]:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronese[2]: Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself 's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that 's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even 'till we make the main, and the aërial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let 's do so:
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance[3];
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure[4].

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

[1] Alluding to the star *Arctophylax*. [2] By *a Veronese*, a ship of Verona is denoted. [3] *Expert and approv'd allowance*, is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertness*. [4] The meaning, Mr. Steevens thinks, is, Therefore, my hopes, not being destroy'd by their own excess, but being reasonable and moderate, are likely to be fulfilled.

Cas.

Cas. What noise?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends, at least. [*Guns heard.*
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.
Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*
Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency [1]. How now? who has put in?

Re-enter Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mont. What is she? [captain,
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Æmilia.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!—
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he 's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.
[*Within.*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns heard.*
Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news.— [*An attendant goes out.*
Good ancient, you are welcome;——Welcome, mistress. [*To Æmilia.*
Let not it gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.
[*Kisses her.*
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.
Des. Alas, she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
Æmil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical [2].
Des. Come on, assay:——There 's one gone to the harbour.
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd:
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.
Æmil. How, if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.
Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that 's foul and foolish?
Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself [3]?

[1] That is, She excels the praises of invention, and in *real* (the author seeming to use *essential* for *real*) qualities, with which *creation* has *invested* her, *bears all excellency*. [2] That is, *censorious*.
[3] Dr. Johnson says, *To put on the vouch of malice*, is to assume a character vouched by the testimony of malice itself.

Iago.

go. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail[1];
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,——

es. To do what?

go. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer[2].

es. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy and.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most ane[3] and liberal[4] counsellor?

as. He speaks home, madam; you may relish more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

go. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, said, whisper: with as little a web as this, I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, e upon her, do; I will gyve[5] thee in thine courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: ich tricks as these strip you out of your lieu- ntry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your e fingers so oft, which now again you are t apt to play the sir in. Very good; well 'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so indeed. again your fingers to your lips? 'would, they e clyster-pipes for your sake!— [*Trumpet.* Moor,—I know his trumpet.

as. 'Tis truly so.

es. Let's meet him, and receive him.

as. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

th. O my fair warrior!

es. My dear Othello!

th. It gives me wonder great as my content, see you here before me. O my soul's joy! fter every tempest come such calmness, y the winds blow till they have waken'd death! l let the labouring bark climb hills of seas, mpus high; and duck again as low hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die, ere now to be most happy; for, I fear, soul hath her content so absolute, t not another comfort like to this ceeds in unknown fate.

es. The heavens forbid, that our loves and comforts should increase, n as our days do grow!

th. Amen to that, sweet powers!— nnot speak enough of this content, tops me here; it is too much of joy;
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now! But I'll let down the pegs that make this music, As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.— News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd. How do our old acquaintance of this isle?— Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus, I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet, I prattle out of fashion[6], and I dote In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago, Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers: Bring thou the master to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness [mona, Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desde- Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant; as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard[7]:—First, I must tell thee this,—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus[8], and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does; a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds[9] look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

[1] i. e. to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. [2] i. e. to *keep the accounts of a household.* [3] i. e. is of language, of expression broad and brutal. [4] i. e. a *licentious talker.* [5] i. e. catch, shackle. [6] i. e. out of method, without any settled order of discourse. [7] i. e. the place where the guard sters. [8] i. e. on thy mouth, to stop it while thou art listening to a wiser man. [9] Minds not fully formed.

Rod.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition [1].

Iago. Bless'd figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle in the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index, and obscure prologue [2] to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not; I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline [3]; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden [4] in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by-and-by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,— Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: The thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards: And nothing can or shall content my soul, 'Till I am even with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,— If this poor trash [6] of Venice, whom I trash [7] For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip [8]; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb [9],— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd; Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Herald, with a proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere [10] perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest, [love;
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
[*To Desdemona.*
That profit 's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us [11] thus early, for the love of his Desdemona: whom let us not there-

[1] i. e. qualities, disposition of mind. [2] Indexes were formerly *prefixed* to books. [3] i. e. throwing a slur upon his discipline. [4] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent. [5] i. e. whose resentment shall not be so *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well tasted*, as not to retain *some bitterness*. [6] A trifling, insignificant fellow may, in some respects, very well be called *trash*. [7] To *trash* a *hound* is a term of hunting still used in the North, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to correct, to *rate*. [8] A phrase from the art of wrestling. [9] *Rank garb* may mean *grossly*, i. e. *without mincing the matter*. [10] *Mere* in this place signifies *entire*. [11] That is, *appointed us to our stations*, according to Dr. Johnson; whereas Mr. Steevens thinks, that *cast* us only means *dismissed us*, or *got rid of our company*.

fore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too [1], and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle [2],—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse [3] already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [*Iago sings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

[4] *King Stephen was a worthy peer* [5],
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the taylor— [6] *lown.*
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this: let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mont. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;

[1] i. e. slily mixed with water. [2] i. e. As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum;* as quick in opposition as fire and water. [3] A *rouse* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large. [4] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find in Percy's *Relicks of Ancient Poetry.* [5] i. e. a worthy fellow. [6] i. e. sorry fellow, paltry wretch.

'Tis

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him,
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.
Mont. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle [1].
Mont. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees not; or his good-nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?
Enter Roderigo.
Iago. How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Rod.*
Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity [2]:
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.
Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,*—Help! help!
Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.
Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mont. What 's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen [3] bottle.
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Cas. Drunk? [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to Rod.*
[*Exit Roderigo.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
Who 's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.
Enter Othello, and Attendants.
Oth. What is the matter here?
Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—
he dies [4].
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,
—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
shame! [this?
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety [5].—What is the matter,
masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know; friends all but now,
even now,
In quarter [6] and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus
forgot [7]?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What 's the matter,
That you unlace [8] your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion [9], for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.
Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you——
While I spare speech, which something now of-
fends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that 's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity [10] be sometime a vice:
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgement collied [11],
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd [12] in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!

[1] i. e. If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. [2] i. e. an infirmity *rooted, settled* in his constitution. [3] A *twiggen bottle* is a *bottle* covered with wicker. [4] i. e. he shall die. He may be supposed to say this as he renews the fight. [5] i. e. from her regular and *proper state*. [6] i. e. in their quarters; at their lodging. [7] i. e. you have thus forgot yourself. [8] i. e. slacken, or *loosen*, put in danger of dropping; or perhaps strip of its ornaments. [9] i. e. throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. [10] Care of one's self. [11] Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgement. To *colly* anciently signified to *besmut, to blacken as with coal*. The word is still used in the midland counties. [12] i. e. he that is convicted, by proof, of having been engaged in this offence.

The

'Tis monsterous.—Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affin'd [1], or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.——

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting: Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:—
Lead him off.— [*To Montano, who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt. Manent Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood [2], a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he 's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot [3]? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she 'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

[1] *Affin'd*, is bound by proximity of relationship; but here it means related by nearness of office.
[2] i. e. ejected in his anger. [3] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?
When this advice is free[1] I give, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements[2]: And then for her [tism,
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his bap-
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel[3] course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
As I do now: For, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence[4] into his ear,—
That she repeals[5] him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh[6] them all. How now, Roderigo?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.—My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice. [tience!

Iago. How poor are they, that have not pa-
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning:
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone.— [*Exit Roderigo.*
Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains, [general.
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow,
[*Musick plays, and enter Clown.*

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus[7]?

Mus. How, sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clown. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know.—But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away.
[*Exeunt Mus.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman

[1] i. e. has an appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will. [2] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. [3] i. e. a course level, and even with his design. [4] *Pestilence*, for *poison*. [5] That is, recalls him. [6] A metaphor from taking birds in nets. [7] The venereal disease first appeared at the siege of Naples.

that

that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in for your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently:
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't. [see 't?

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we

Gent. We 'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf. [husband,

Æmil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord, [assur'd,
You have known him long; and be you well
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Æmilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame[1], and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at a distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I 'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say? [what.

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning[2],
I have no judgement in an honest face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him: Good love, call him back.

[1] It is said, that the ferocity of beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep. [2] *Cunning*, for design, or purpose, simply.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home.
I meet the captains at the citadel. [morn;
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he 's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on[1]. What! Michael Cassio, [time,
That came a-wooing with you; and so many a
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize[2] and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,—
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight. [teach you;
Des. Æmilia, come:——Be it as your fancies
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exit with Æmil.*
Oth. Excellent wretch[3]! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again[4].
Iago. My noble lord.—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago? [lady,
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
Know of your love? [ask?
Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it.
Oth. O yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;——Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord? [me,
Oth. Think, my lord;—By heaven, he echoes
As if there were some monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What didst not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed!*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou do'st;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty, [breath,—
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that 's just,
They are close delations[5], working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none[6]!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there 's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of
The worst of words. [thoughts
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

[1] To hesitate, to stand in suspence. [2] i. e. of weight. [3] The word *wretch*, in some parts of England, is a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. [4] i. e. *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end;* i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. [5] i. e. *occult* and *secret accusations, working* involuntarily *from the heart*, which, though resolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its *passion* of resentment. [6] i. e. *would they might no longer seem*, or bear the shape of *men*.

Utter

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful [1]?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I—perchance, am vicious in my guess [2],
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock [3]
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er, [loves!
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless [4], is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsuffolate and blown surmises [5],
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy. [reason
Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty [6], be abus'd; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most [7].
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak [8],—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are mov'd;—

[1] The poet's meaning is, "Who has a breast so little apt to form ill opinions of others, but that foul suspicions will sometimes mix with his fairest and most candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to enquire of the offences apprehended?" [2] i. e. am apt to put the worst construction on every thing. [3] i. e. loaths that which nourishes and sustains it. This being a miserable state, Iago bids him beware of it. [4] i. e. unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures. [5] The allusion is to a bubble. [6] *Self-bounty*, for inherent generosity. [7] Dr. Johnson observes, that "this and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniencies they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence. The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue." [8] *Close as oak*, means, *close as the grain of the oak*: To *seel* is an expression taken from falconry.

I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues [1], nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success [2]
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend:
My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point: As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank [3],
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature, doubtless, [folds.
Sees and knows more, much more, than he un-
Iago. My lord,—I would, I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means [4]:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment [5]
With any strong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government [6].
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned [7] spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard [8],
Though that her jesses [9] were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune [10]. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers [11] have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that 's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague [12] is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:
Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I 'll not believe it.
Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders [13]
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame. [well?
Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Why, that 's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin [14] is too little;
[*She drops her handkerchief.*
Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt Des. and Oth.*
Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he 'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his phantasy.
Enter Iago.
Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

[1] *Issues*, for conclusions. [2] Iago means, "Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such infamous degree of success, as my thoughts do not even aim at." [3] A *rank will*, is *self-will* overgrown and exuberant. [4] i. e. You shall discover whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady. [5] i. e. press hard his re-admission to his pay and office.—*Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. [6] i. e. do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. [7] *Learned*, for experienced. [8] A *haggard* hawk is a *wild* hawk, a *hawk difficult to be reclaim'd*.—It appears also, that *haggard* was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton. [9] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. [10] Dr. Johnson observes, that the falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and *prey'd at fortune*. [11] i. e. men of intrigue. [12] In allusion, according to Dr. Johnson, to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. Or, according to Dr. Percy, the *forked plague* may mean the *cuckold's horns*. [13] *The generous islanders* are the islanders of *rank, distinction*. [14] i. e. your pocket-handkerchief.

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?—It is a common thing.

Æmil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. O, is that all? what will you give me now For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona; That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence; And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up[1]. Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import, Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad, When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't; I have use for it. Go, leave me. [*Exit Æmil.*
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, And let him find it: Trifles, light as air, Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong As proofs of holy writ. This may do something. The Moor already changes with my poison:— Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons, Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste; But, with a little act upon the blood, Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora[2], Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep Which thou ow'dst[3] yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd, Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust? I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me: I slept the next night well, was free, and merry; I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips: He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen, Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp, Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body, So I had nothing known: O now, for ever, Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content! Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars, That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, The royal banner; and all quality, Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war! And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit, Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore; Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; [*Catching hold on him.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul, Thou hadst been better have been born a dog, Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop, To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me, Never pray more: abandon all remorse[4]; On horror's head horrors accumulate; Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd; For nothing canst thou to damnation add, Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me! Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?— God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!— O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world, To be direct and honest, is not safe.— I thank you for this profit: and, from hence, I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool, And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world, I think my wife be honest, and think she is not; I think that thou art just, and think thou art not; I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives, Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, I'll not endure it.—'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion; I do repent me, that I put it to you. You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will. [lord?

Iago. And may; But, how? how satisfied, my Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on? Behold her tupp'd[5]?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think, To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then, If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster, More than their own! What then? how then? What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? It is impossible, you should see this,

[1] i. e. I being *opportunely* here, took it up.
[2] The *mandragoras*, or *mandrake*, has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind.
[3] i. e. *possessedst*, or *hadst*.
[4] i. e. pity.
[5] A ram, in Staffordshire and some other counties, is called a *tup*.

Were they as prime [1] as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.
Oth. Give me a living [2] reason that she 's dis-
Iago. I do not like the office: [loyal.
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty, and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry,—*O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh, and kiss; and then
Cry,—*Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion [3];
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I 'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief
(I am sure, it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne [4],
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught [5],
For 'tis for aspicks' tongues!
Iago. Pray, be content.
Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood! [change.
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
Oth. Never, Iago: Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable [6] and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yon marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Iago kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever [7].
Oth. I greet thy love, [teous,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance boun-
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio 's not alive. [quest:
Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your re-
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.
Des. Why, man?
Clown. He 's a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.
Des. Go to; Where lodges he?
Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can any thing be made of this?
Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edify'd by report?
Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and make them answer.
Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.
Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [*Exit.*
Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Æmil. I know not, madam.

[1] *Prime* is *prompt*, from the Celtic or British *prim.* [2] *Living* for speaking, manifest. [3] *Conclusion*, for fact. [4] *Hearted* throne, is the heart on which thou wast *enthroned.* [5] i. e. *swell*, because the draught is of poison. [6] i. e. ample; capacious. [7] Mr. Tollet explains this passage thus: "Let him command any bloody business, and to obey shall be in me an act of pity and compassion for wrong'd Othello.—*Remorse* frequently signifies pity, mercy, compassion, or a tenderness of heart, unattended with the stings of a guilty conscience.

Des.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes[1]: And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Æmil. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.
Æmil. Look, where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now, 'till Cassio be
Call'd to him.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady. [sorrow.
Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no
Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck? [you.
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with
Oth. I have a salt and sullen[2] rheum offends
Lend me thy handkerchief. [me;
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault: That handkerchief
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give:
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't, or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is it possible?
Oth. 'Tis true; there 's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course[3] two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed! is it true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to it well.
Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and[4] rash?
Oth. Is it lost? is it gone? speak, is it out of the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief,——
Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—
Oth. The handkerchief.——
Des. In sooth you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit Othello.*
Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there 's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio? what 's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour; I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be by benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,

[1] A Portugueze coin (so called from the cross stamped upon it), in value three shillings sterling.
[2] i. e. a *rheum obstinately troublesome.* [3] i. e. number'd the sun's courses. [4] i. e. *vehement, violent.*

And

And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms[1].
Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour[2], as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure[3],
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Æmil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*
Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,——
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice[4],
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
'Tis even so; for let our finger ache,
And it endues our other healthful members
Even to that sense of pain: Nay, we must think,
Men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Æmilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior[5] as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.
Æmil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.
Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Æmil. Lady, Amen.
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*
Enter Bianca.
Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:
But I shall, in a more continuate time[6],
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out[7].
Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copied:
Take it and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd[8].
[*Exeunt.*

[1] The meaning, according to Mr. Steevens, is, "I will put on a constrained appearance of being contented, and shut myself up in a different course of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief from the accidental hand of charity."—We think, however, it means no more than that he would try what Fortune would do for him in some other course of life. [2] In *look*, in *countenance*. [3] i. e. within the shot of his anger. [4] Some treason that has not taken effect. [5] *Unhandsome warrior*, is *unfair assailant*. [6] i. e. a time *less interrupted*, time which I can call more my own. [7] i. e. "Copy this work in another handkerchief." [8] i. e. Your civility is now grown conditional.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. WILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm[1]?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being her,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She's protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,——

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:——
Thou saidst,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That 's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced[2] or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well assured,
No more than he 'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that 's fulsome. Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hang'd for his labour. —First, to be hang'd, and then—to confess:—I tremble at it.—Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus[3]:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips[4]:—Is it possible?—Confess! —Handkerchief!—O devil!——

[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say!—Othello!——How now, Cassio?

Enter Cassio.

Cas. What 's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by-and-by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.——

[*Exit Cassio.*

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man 's a monster, and a beast.

[1] This observation, Dr. Warburton says, seems strangely abrupt and unoccasioned. We must suppose that Iago had, before they appear in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel and his nuns. To this we must suppose Othello here replies; and like a good protestant. For, so the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, Shakspeare little heeds how these sentiments are circumstanced. [2] *Convinc'd*, for *conquer'd, subdued.* [3] Dr. Johnson's comment on this passage is as follows: "There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, *Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without* instruction: *It is not words that shake me thus.* This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." [4] Othello is imagining to himself the familiarities which he supposes to have passed between Cassio and his wife.

Iago.

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that 's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there 's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper [1] beds, [ter.
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain. [be.
Iago. Stand you a while apart:
Confine yourself but in a patient list [2].
Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your grief,
(A passion most unsuiting such a man)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy [3];
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself [4],
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,——
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.
Iago. That 's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello withdraws.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—
Enter Cassio.
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish [5] jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me. [on 't.
Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure
Now, this suit lay in Bianca's power,
[*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed!
Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue: I think, indeed, she loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aside.*
Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*
Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman [6]? do you triumph? [*Aside.*
Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer [7]! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh, that win. [*Aside.*
Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.
Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Oth. Have you scor'd me [8]? Well. [*Aside.*
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.
Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [*Aside.*
Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;——
Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*
Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—
Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*
Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.
Enter Bianca.
Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew [9]! marry, a perfum'd one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?
Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I 'll take out no work on 't.
Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

[1] *Unproper*, for *common*. [2] *List*, or *lists*, is *barriers, bounds*.—Keep your temper, says Iago, within the *bounds of patience*. [3] i. e. *trance*. [4] i. e. hide yourself in a private place. [5] *Unbookish*, for *ignorant*. [6] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically.—*Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. [7] A common woman, one that invites custom. [8] To *score*, says Mr. Steevens, originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance; but it was soon figuratively used for setting a *brand* or *mark* of disgrace on any one. [9] A polecat.—A *pole-cat* was anciently one of the cant terms for a strumpet.

y heaven, that should be my handkerchief!
[*Aside.*
. An you 'll come to supper to-night, you
n you will not, come when you are next
d for. [*Exit.*
. After her, after her.
I must, she 'll rail in the street else.
. Will you sup there?
I intend so.
. Well, I may chance to see you; for I
very fain speak with you.
Pr'ythee, come; Will you?
. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*
How shall I murder him, Iago? [vice?
. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his
O, Iago!
. And did you see the handkerchief?
Was that mine?
. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he
he foolish woman your wife! she gave it
id he hath given it his whore.
I would have him nine years a killing:—
woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!
. Nay, you must forget that.
Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd
t; for she shall not live: No, my heart is
to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.
world hath not a sweeter creature: she
ie by an emperor's side, and command him

. Nay, that 's not your way.
Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So
e with her needle!—An admirable musi-
D, she will sing the savageness out of a
—Of so high and plenteous wit and inven-
—
. She 's the worse for all this.
O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And
f so gentle a condition!—
. Ay, too gentle.
Nay, that 's certain: But yet the pity of it,
—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give
tent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it
near nobody.
I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!
. O, 'tis foul in her.
With mine officer!
. That 's fouler.
Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—
t expostulate with her, lest her body and
unprovide my mind again:—this night,

. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her
ven the bed she hath contaminated.
Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very

And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker:
all hear more by midnight.
[*A trumpet within.*
Excellent good.—What trumpet is that
same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, [him.
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, sir.
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[*Gives him a letter.*
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
Des. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. '*This fail you not to do, as you will*—'
[*Reads.*
Lod. He did not call; he 's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them [1], for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. By my troth, I am glad on 't.
Oth. Indeed?
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des Why, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil: [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this. [nice.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Ve-
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:——
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress,——
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord? [turn?
Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she 's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

[1] i. e. to reconcile them.

And

And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!—
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys[1]! [*Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call—all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure[2].
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife! [knew,
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet 'would I
That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak [him;
What I have seen and known. You shall observe
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Castle.
Enter Othello, and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Æmil. Never. [nothing?
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That 's strange.
Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither;—go—[*Exit Æmilia.*
She says enough;—yet, she 's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets: [do't.
And yet she 'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her
Re-enter Æmilia, with Desdemona.
Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy 's this? [mistress;
Oth. [*To Æmilia.*] Some of your function,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.
[*Exit Æmilia.*
Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord;
Your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves [damn'd,
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
Swear—thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it. [hell,
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as
Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?
Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head:
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn[3]

[1] Mr. Malone remarks, that "in this exclamation Shakspeare has shewn great art. *Iago*, in the first scene in which he endeavours to awaken his suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, tells him it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be "as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkeys*."—These words, we may suppose, still ring in the ears of *Othello*, who, being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation:—*Iago's* words were but too true;—now indeed I am convinced that they are as hot as "*goats* and *monkeys*." [2] i. e. my opinion. [3] Mr. Rowe reads "*hand* of scorn;" and succeeding editors have followed him.—Mr. Steevens, however, would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read, with the old copy, "*the* time *of scorn*;" and adds, "We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*;—the time when we are to be judged, *the day of judgement*;—the instant when we suffer calamity, *the moment of evil*: and why may we not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of scorn*?"

To

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd [1] up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads [there!
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'Would, thou hadst ne'er been born!
Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed [2]!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deed.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—Impudent strumpet!
Des. By heaven, you do me wrong!
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is it possible?
Des. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
Enter Æmilia.
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[*Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good
Des. 'Faith, half asleep. [lady?
Æmil. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?
Des. With who?
Æmil. With my lord, madam.
Des. Who is thy lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Æmilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remem-
And call thy husband hither. [ber;—
Æmil. Here is a change indeed. [*Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?
Enter Iago, with Æmilia.
Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you? [babes,
Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter, lady? [her,
Æmil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.
Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.
Æmil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet [3].
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!
Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?
Des. Nay, heaven doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones! [company?
What should he call her, whore? who keeps her
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious [4] knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions [5] thou 'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!
Iago. Speak within door [6]. [was,
Æmil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without [7],
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

[1] i. e. treasured up my heart. [2] This word in Shakspeare's time, besides its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love. Hence perhaps it is so often repeated by *Othello*. [3] *Callet* is a lewd woman. [4] *Notorious*, for *gross*, not in its proper meaning for *known*. [5] *Companions*, i. e. *fellows*. [6] i. e. do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house. [7] That is, *inside out*.

Iago.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Des. O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Des. If 'twere no other,—
Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt Desdemona, and Æmilia.*
Enter Roderigo.
How now, Roderigo? [me.
Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with
Iago. What in the contrary?
Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.
Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?
Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.
Iago. You charge me most unjustly.
Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.
Iago. Well; go to; very well.
Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.
Iago. Very well.
Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.
Iago. You have said now.
Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.
Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.
Rod. It hath not appear'd.
Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night shew it: If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.
Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?
Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.
Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.
Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.
Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?
Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.
Rod. And that you would have me to do?
Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.
Rod. I will hear further reason for this.
Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Æmilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.
Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.
Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.
Des. Your honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walk, sir?—O, Desdemona!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look it be done. [*Exit.*
Des. I will, my lord. [he did.
Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than
Des. He says, he will return incontinent:

He

i commanded me to go to bed,
de me to dismiss you.
l. Dismiss me! [*lia,*
It was his bidding; therefore, good Æmi-
e my nightly wearing, and adieu:
st not now displease him.
l. I would, you had never seen him!
So would not I; my love doth so approve
him,
en his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
e, unpin me,—have grace and favour in
them. [*the bed.*
l. I have laid those sheets you bade me on
All 's one:—Good father! how foolish are
our minds!—
die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me
of those same sheets.
l. Come, come, you talk.
My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
s in love: and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad[1],
d forsake her: she had a song of willow,
thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
: dy'd singing it: That song, to-night,
t go from my mind; I have much to do,
go hang my head all o' one side,
g it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch.
l. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
No, unpin me here.—
odovico is a proper man.
l. A very handsome man.
He speaks well.
l. I know a lady in Venice, would have
barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his
lip. [*tree,*
[2]*The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore*
Sing all a green willow; [Singing.
hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
resh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans;
Sing willow, &c. [*stones;*
salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the
these:
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow, &c.
e, hye thee; he 'll come anon.—
g all a green willow must be my garland.
2.
obody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
at 's not next.——Hark! who is it that
knocks?
l. It is the wind.
I call'd my love, false love: but what said
he then?
Sing willow, &c. [*men.*
court more women, you 'll couch with more
thee gone; good night.——Mine eyes do
itch;
hat bode weeping?
il. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.——O, these men,
these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Æmilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
Æmil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the
world?
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!
Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;
I might do 't as well i' the dark.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the
world? [*price*
Æmil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great
For a small vice.
Des. In troth, I think thou would'st not.
Æmil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't,
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a
thing for a joint ring; nor for measures of lawn;
nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty
exhibition: but, for all the whole world,—Why,
who would not make her husband a cuckold, to
make him a monarch? I should venture purga-
tory for 't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
for the whole world.
Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the
world; and, having the world for your labour,
'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might
quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think, there is any such woman.
Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the van-
tage[3], as
Would store the world they play'd for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies, [*us,*
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike
Or scant our former having[4] in despight!
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some
grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see, and
smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth; Is 't frailty, that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.
Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such
usage[5] send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *wild, frantick, uncertain.*—We still call a wild girl a *mad-cap.* [2] This song is printed in
t volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.* [3] i. e. to boot, over and above.
our former allowance of expence. [4] *Usage* is an old word for *custom.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Iago, and Roderigo.

Iago. HERE, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.
Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.
Iago. Here at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Stands apart.*
Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat[1] almost to the sense, [Cassio,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.
No,—he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.
Enter Cassio.
Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'st.
[*He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.*
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.
[*Fight. Cassio wounds Roderigo: Iago cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.*
Rod. O, I am slain!
Cas. I am maim'd for ever;—Help, ho! murder! murder!
Enter Othello, above.
Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O, villain that I am!
Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.
Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace: Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit Othello.*
Enter Lodovico, and Gratiano, at a distance.
Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage[2]? murder! murder! [ful.
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans; it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits; let 's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Enter Iago, with a light.
Lod. Hark!
Gra. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who 's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago. What 's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help. [this?
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done
Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To Lod. and Gra.*
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That 's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[*Iago stabs him.*
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O, O!
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
Lod. He, sir. [villains.
Iago. I cry you mercy; Here 's Cassio hurt by
Gra. Cassio!
Iago. How is it, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.

[1] This is a passage much controverted among the editors, who variously propose to read *quab* (a gudgeon), *quail*, *gnat*, and *knot*.—Dr. Johnson, however, adopts *quat*, which, he says, in the midland counties is a *pimple*, that, by rubbing, is made to smart, or is *rubbed to sense*.—Roderigo, he adds, is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed, in low language, a *scab*.—*To rub to the sense*, is *to rub to the quick*. [2] i. e. No passengers? nobody going by?

Iago.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is 't that cry'd?
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio! [suspect
Iago. O notable strumpet!——Cassio, may you Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No. [to seek you.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been
Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come; Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no? Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman, Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon; These bloody accidents must excuse my manners, That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that 's well said;—the chair:— [*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence; I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress, [*To Bianca.*
Save you your labour.——He that lies slain here, Cassio, [you?
Was my dear friend; What malice was between
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To Bianca.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [*Cassio is borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. 'Las, what 's the matter? what 's the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Æmilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.
Æmil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!
Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
Æmil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me, or fordoes[1] me quite.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber: Desdemona in bed, asleep. A light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. [2]It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I 'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Takes off his sword.*
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men[3].
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light[4]!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relumine.——When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I 'll smell it on the tree.—
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

[1] To *fordo*, as has been before observed, is to undo, to ruin, to destroy. [2] Dr. Johnson assigns the following meaning to this soliloquy: "I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but *it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause.*"—Mr. Steevens adds, that "Othello full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received." [3] "This is the second attempt of Othello (continues Mr. Steevens) to justify what he has undertaken. First he says, *It is the cause*, i. e. his own *cause*; now he is willing to suppose himself the preventer of succeeding mischief to others." [4] Dr. Farmer observes, that "this has been considered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* dispute about it with the *author himself* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton (and which we have adopted), gives a spirit to it which I fear (adds he) was not intended. It seems to have been only a *play upon words*. *To put the light out*, was a phrase for *to kill*."

Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:——Once more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes.—
Des. Who 's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight. [that?
Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.
Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul;—
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. O, heaven, have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, Amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice[1]:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't[2].
Des. O, my fear interpets then,—What, is he dead? [revenge
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,——
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*

Æmilia within.

My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.——
So, so.
Æmil. What ho! my lord, my lord!
Oth. Who 's there?
Æmil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you. [dead.
Oth. Yes;—'tis Æmilia:—by-and-by.—She 's
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were 't good!
I think, she stirs again:—No.—What 's the best?
If she come in, she 'll sure come to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
Æmil. I do beseech you I may speak with you,
O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee; O, come in, Æmilia:
Soft, by-and-by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

[1] The meaning is, (says Dr. Johnson,—who adds, that this dreadful scene is not to be endured,) "*Thou hast harden'd my heart, and makest me* kill thee with the rage of a *murderer*, when *I thought to have sacrificed* thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim." [2] i. e, has taken measures. Where

Where art thou?——What's the matter with thee now? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!—

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. [1] O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what? [voice:—

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Des. No body; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water [2].

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else:
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say, thy husband.

Æmil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!
My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband; Do'st understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Æmil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt [4]. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Tho' I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Æmil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this, villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou did'st not, thou 'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:——
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue [5].

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

[1] Mr. Steevens is of opinion, "that some theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello says, Not dead? not yet quite dead? I, that am cruel, am yet merciful; I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—*So, so*—he then stabs her, repeating the two last words, as he repeats the blow. After a repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again, with propriety, and yet very soon expire. The first resolution of Othello was to poison her; but from this measure he is dissuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to use the poniard; but, his tenderness awaking, he cannot bear to deform those beauties which he had so often approached with other sensations and for different purposes. Therefore, says he,—I'll not shed her blood, nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster: And this resolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averse to employing those means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect." [2] As water, that will support no weight, nor keep any impression. [3] *Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of a violent passion. [4] She means to say, *I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict.* [5] i. e. Apply some power, strong as a *charm* would be, to your tongue; for, nothing less can stop its volubility.

All,

All. O heavens forefend!
Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Æmil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!——
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villainy!
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home. [speak;
Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:——
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*Othello looking on his wife.*
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, she was foul!—— [*Rising.*
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know, this act shews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I once gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, sir? no,
No, I will speak as lib'ral[1] as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Æmil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give it my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest. [men:
Æmil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentle-
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
[*Iago stabs his wife, then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven [lain!
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious vil-
Gra. The woman falls; sure he has kill'd his wife.
Æmil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather: I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. *Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper[2];—
Or, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.
Re-enter Gratiano.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
The very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench[3]!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

[1] *Liberal* is free, under no controul. [2] Steel is hardened by being put red-hot into very cold water. [3] *Wench* originally signified only a young woman.

Enter

Enter Lodovico, Cassio brought in; Montano, with Iago, prisoner; and Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet[1];—but that's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[*Othello wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice[2] of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on. [us:

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean[3], threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this, [*Falling upon Desdemona.*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog[4],
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To Iago.*
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure[5] of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, inforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. [2] i. e. in the *snare*, by the *stratagem*. [3] By the *Judean* (which is the reading of the elder quarto, and adopted by Theobald and Warburton), the latter says, is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamnè is so apposite to this speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in Hamlet, where an ill player is described "—to *out-herod* Herod."—The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. [4] The dogs of Spartan race, says Hanmer, were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind. [5] i. e. the sentence.

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